

THE AUSTRALIAN OVER 320,000 COPIES Sold Every Week. FREE NOVEL.

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Vol. IV. No. 24. Registered at the General Post Office, Sydney, for transmission by post as a newspaper. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1936. 56 PAGES. PRICE 3d. SYDNEY



In the garden of your making,
In the warm and scented air,
You will find your heart awak'ning
To the dreams you've planted there.

GARDEN

Where the crimson rose is blowing
And the hollyhock unfolds,
All your hopes will seem as glowing
As the gleaming marigolds.

-P. D. N.

The STRANGE CASE of MRS. FREER

Interest Provoked by Official Secrecy

Unusual Aspects of Immigration Ban Discussed by Lawyer

The strange case of Mrs. M. M. Freer has provoked unusual discussion throughout Australia. The secrecy observed by the Government first focused public attention on the case. But later interest centred on the personal drama involved.

Was she shadowed by Commonwealth officials on board a liner in Australian ports, and given the dictation test, on account of circumstances which would not have been offences against the ordinary laws?

That is the grave question which arises from an examination of the case. It is discussed below by a constitutional lawyer.

THE known facts of the case can be told briefly.

Mrs. Freer was a passenger to Australia from India by the P. and O. liner *Maloja*.

On the arrival of the vessel at Fremantle, Customs officers boarded it and informed Mrs. M. M. Freer, an English woman, who had joined the ship at Bombay, that she would not be allowed to land on Australian soil, unless she passed a dictation test under Section 17 of the Immigration Act 1901-1925.

Mrs. Freer declined to undertake the test in Italian which was given her, and was thereupon ordered not to leave the ship, and the captain was required to enter into a bond of £100 to prevent her landing. This bond remained in force while the ship was in any Australian port.

She remained on board the *Maloja* in Sydney Harbor from October 29 until October 31, when she was removed by Customs officers to the Wanganella, which left that day for New Zealand.

Seeking a Divorce

INTERVIEWED by a representative of The Australian Women's Weekly, Mrs. Freer stated that she was at a loss to know why her entry to Australia was barred.

She was not accused of any political or international activity. The Commonwealth authorities told her that the reason of her rejection was "best known to herself."

Mrs. Freer is a slim young woman, apparently in her early thirties, with

blonde hair and a typical English complexion.

She told The Australian Women's Weekly that she was educated in England and on the Continent, but had been living in India with her parents for some time past. She stated that divorce proceedings with her husband were going on in England.

Children in England

IN a newspaper statement Mrs. Freer said: "I have no idea why I am prevented from landing in Australia. I am a British subject travelling with a British passport."

"I suspect that domestic trouble is at the bottom of it, but as nobody has told me that, it is only a guess. My own affairs are quite all right. I was granted a divorce from my husband, who was a British Army officer in India, but is now in civil occupation."

"A few months ago I met my fiancé in Lahore. He is a Melbourne man with a wife and family, who is not yet divorced. He travelled in the ship with me from Bombay to Melbourne."

"I have two children, who are at present with my own people in England. It really tore my heart out to leave them, but I felt I was doing the right thing to make my life over again with my fiancé."

"It gives me a little comfort to know that they are being well looked after."

When Mrs. Freer landed in New Zealand last Thursday no objection was made to her entry.

On the contrary, Customs officers

visited her in her cabin and gave her the official assurance of the Minister for Customs that she would be welcome in New Zealand, and expressed the hope that she would have a pleasant time.

This later development caused lively interest throughout Australia, particularly in regard to the official secrecy surrounding the motives of the Commonwealth.

In the Federal Parliament last week, Mr. McCall, a New South Wales member of the House of Representatives, asked Mr. Paterson, Minister

for the Interior, whether it was a fact that General Jess had made representations on behalf of Mrs. Dewar, wife of Lieutenant Dewar, of the Defence Department, that Mrs. Freer proposed to marry Lieutenant Dewar if she were allowed to land in Australia.

Mr. Paterson replied that he had exercised the discretion given him by the Immigration Act in excluding



MRS. FREER, who has been allowed into New Zealand, after having been refused permission to land in Australia.

—Women's Weekly photo.

persons whose entry into the Commonwealth may be regarded as not being in the best interests of the Commonwealth.

In reply to further questions from the floor of the House, Mr. Paterson said: "The most jealously guarded privilege we have in this country is the right to exclude persons whose presence might be regarded as undesirable."

He had nothing, he said, to add to his statement.

Lieutenant Dewar, in a Press interview in Melbourne, said:

"My only connection with the affair is that I left the *Maloja* at Fremantle to get a solicitor for Mrs. Freer. I know nothing about the statements that have been made in Parliament linking my name with that of Mrs. Freer."

LEGAL COMMENT — By a Lawyer

THERE are two important aspects to this case, which must be considered separately.

FIRST, there is the question of the rightness or the wrongness of the action taken by the Government.

SECOND, there is the secrecy which has been observed.

As to the first point, there is no doubt about the Government's legal power. It becomes, therefore, a question of the facts of the case. As these are not disclosed, it is not possible to offer a final opinion. The assumption is that the Government gave very serious thought to what steps it took.

The point of view of the Government, as outlined in answer to questions in Parliament by Mr. Paterson, Minister for the Interior, is that "a nation has an inviolable right to decide who shall or shall not enter its gates."

This is a principle to which no one could possibly object.

In the past, however, the Government has mainly applied this principle for political reasons—either to preserve the White Australia policy or to exclude undesirable agitators. The dictation test was adopted as a simple method of excluding such persons.

In the present instance an entirely new principle seems to have been adopted by the Government.

What has happened is that the Government seems to have gone into personal and private reasons for preventing the landing in Australia of a British woman.

New Zealand has, if anything, a stricter code than Australia, and the fact that Mrs. Freer has been officially welcomed in that country has undoubtedly created an unusual position.

On the question of secrecy, it is an axiom that secret legal action has been ever repellent to the sense of British justice.

The Government may have had satisfactory reasons for taking the action it

did against Mrs. Freer. But by resorting to the dictation test to secure its end it adopted a procedure which was bound to meet criticism.

In ordinary circumstances a person's private affairs are his or her own concern. They do not become a matter for official action unless they transgress some specific law.

Such alleged transgressions are examined in the light of day by judge and jury, and the public has full knowledge of the proceedings, and so is at all times able to judge of the justice with which the law of the country is being administered.

Personal Affairs

THE question of whether the Government should exercise authority in such a case is political rather than legal.

By that I mean that the question is one of public policy, and it is decided by the Minister in that light. When the Minister's decision is endorsed by Cabinet it becomes a matter of Government action.

Any Government action can be controlled by Parliament, and therefore, in this case it would be quite open for Parliament to demand the full particulars which are being withheld by the Minister.

Although the Minister's action un-

doubtedly savours of the methods of the Court of Star Chamber, it is quite open to Parliament to redress the position.

As to the merits of the case itself, I have already said that it is impossible to offer a final opinion in the absence of full facts.

It appears obvious, however, that the general position is somewhat as follows:

Although Mrs. Freer is a principal party in the case, she apparently is not the only party. This second party is a citizen of Australia.

Representations were apparently made to the Government in respect to the personal affairs, not only of Mrs. Freer, but also of the other person concerned.

On those representations the Minister acted.

It seems probable that these representations did not contain any charges which would have been offences against the law if all parties concerned were residents of Australia.

In other words, the dictation test was arbitrarily applied to achieve an end which might have been impossible in the ordinary courts of the land.

On the other hand, the Minister may have information, undisclosed to the public, which justified his action on the grounds of public policy. In that event it would have been politic on his part to disclose his reasons.

There is a further important aspect to the case, and I notice this is to be raised in the House of Commons.

In the past there has been a general idea that the citizen rights of an English person and an Australian apply equally, and that it was just as possible to go backwards and forwards from Sydney to London, as from Melbourne to Sydney, or Manchester to London.

AND NOW THE

Cuti-Skoop...



IN EACH BOX OF
ATKINSONS
REVELRY
FACE POWDER

THE newest, brightest notion in the beauty field... Revelry presents the handy, attractive and very useful Cuti-skoop! A Cuti-skoop is given to you in every box of Atkinsons Revelry Face Powder, so that you won't waste one precious speck of this enchantingly clinging powder. Open the box by cutting a circle about 1/4 inch from the edge with the pointed end of the Cuti-skoop and then fill your flapjack with the scoop.

For emergency manicures, the Cuti-skoop has an emery board, a rounded end for dressing the cuticle and a pointed end which makes a splendid orange stick.

2'6
A BOX
At all Chemists
and Stores.

Atkinsons
Revelry
FACE POWDER

J. & R. ATKINSON (AUSTRALIA) LTD. 30.10.37

Let's Talk Of Interesting People



Fifty Years an Actress

MARIE TEMPEST, whose popularity remains undimmed after fifty years on the stage, began her career in light opera in London. At twenty-three she went to America as a light opera star, and while there sang "Carmen" with great success.

After her return to London in 1895, in the midst of musical successes, she turned to comedy, and by 1909 was without rival on the London stage as comedy actress. For years one of best-dressed women on the stage; even now she is able to wear an ivory dress of flowing stuff and look not more than 40.

Of her, Hector Bolitho recently wrote "Biography of a Well-Loved Lady."



Believes in Seeing Australia

THE man who sells us the idea of seeing Australia first, and tempts overseas visitors to see it as soon as possible, is Mr. Charles Henry Holmes, director of the Australian National Travel Association.

In the course of his career he has learned so much about this Continent that he was able to write "We Find Australia," a successful travel book, published by Hutchinsons, London.



Espinosa To Visit Us

ESPINOSA, world-famous exponent of operatic dancing, will visit Australia and New Zealand next year.

He is chairman of the British Ballet Organisation, with which is incorporated the Operatic Dancing Teachers' Society, and was responsible for the establishment of examinations in dancing.

He is coming to Australia at the request of many teachers, and will lecture as well as conduct examinations while here.

Espinosa has held the position of ballet master and principal dancer in about 300 productions in famous cities of the world. He has written numerous technical works on operatic dancing.

HER JOB to Discipline WOMEN

London's Monocled Woman "Cop" Has Organised Police of Five Countries

OFFICERS CALL HER "SIR"

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in England

It is the job of women to discipline women, according to Commandant Mary Allen, London's stiff-shirted, monocled policewoman, who has been responsible for the organisation of women police in five countries.

Her uniform, though picturesque, is formal and severe, and of the type likely to be altered if Scotland Yard proceeds with the recently-announced plan of brightening the uniform of all its policewomen.

Commandant Allen's dauntless enthusiasm in the cause of women has taken her into many countries to emphasise the necessity of women disciplining women.

GAOLED four times for breaking windows, first of the hunger-strikers, Miss Allen is now the super-woman of London's police. She is one of the world's remarkable women.

Last year, when she visited America, she was a headline sensation as "The Monocled Lady Cop."

She attended gangster trials, and was horrified at the publicity and adulation given women criminals. In one prison she was formally presented to a convicted murderer.

Despite the masculine atmosphere in the Commandant's office, where her officers call her "Sir," she has an amazingly feminine outlook.

"There can never be equality of sexes," she said. "I emphatically do not agree that women should have equal rights with men. There are necessary limitations to the activities of women, and to a certain extent they must not abandon the privileges of their sex, because it is women's duty to carry on the race."

Back to Domestic Life

MODERN women are reaching a point of saturation in the crazy, post-war search for excitement, but I think there will be a reversion to domesticity.

"Marriage is undoubtedly women's sphere, and the majority of women are better married. They need security and protection."

"I have the utmost contempt for women who exploit marriage. Young women who have no loyalty to their vows, who prove unsatisfactory wives, and divorce their husbands to secure comfortable incomes in alimony, constitute a direct menace to society. These are the women responsible for the decline in marriage."

In choosing women as police, she went on, "I am careful to select women to whom marriage is not attractive, who have no desire for domesticity or children. They must be intelligent, sensible, sympathetic, and, above all, they must be women who know women."

Seventy more policewomen are to be appointed to Scotland Yard, which will bring the strength up to 142.

In pursuance of the decision to brighten uniforms the Metropolitan Superintendent (Miss Dorothy Peto) will tour the Continent to gather ideas for improving the London policewoman's uniform, which has been the subject of jests because of its severity.

Honored in Turkey

TURKEY accorded Commandant Allen an extraordinary honor on the occasion of her visit. They brought out a special postage stamp, using a photograph of her taken with one of the



COMMANDANT MARY ALLEN, who says that discipline for women should be administered by women. Note the dangling monocle ribbon.

pilots of the Women's Reserve in England, which she has organised to cover all branches of war-time activities.

Commandant Allen, from the London headquarters, puts applicants for the reserve in touch with the centre in the town nearest to them, whether this be Edinburgh, Sheffield, Liverpool, Bournemouth, Glasgow, or elsewhere.

Cadets attend the rallies and lectures on the same lines as those used in London. Members have enrolled in various parts of the Empire, and there are branches in Montreal and South Africa.

The uniform of the Women's Reserve includes an inexpensive but neat and effective coat, beret, and scarf that give them a tidy and trim appearance when assembled in large numbers in drill-hall or lecture-room.

The range of subjects set by the Commandant is varied and extensive, and with the exception of one or two items such as drill and first-aid, trainees make their own choice as regards their course of study.

The subjects include first-aid, drill, gas-mask instruction, firearms instruction, fencing, swimming, and ambulance course.

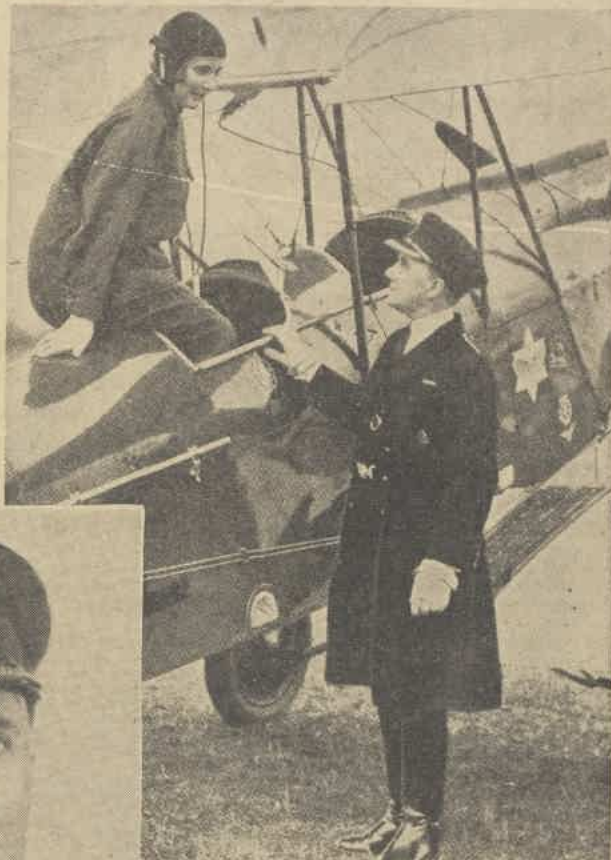
Praises Germany

AT the invitation of Russell Pasha, the commandant went to Egypt to organise a women's police force to break up the vice-dens of the East.

She has just returned from Germany, full of admiration for the high standard of womanhood fostered by Germany's "ideal" woman, Frau Scholtz-Klink.

"Germany is more scientific in its treatment of women," she said. "When they are young they are encouraged to enter trades and professions, though care is taken to see that there is no overcrowding."

"But the carrying on of the race is recognised as women's greatest work, and to encourage



INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE Women's Reserve. Commandant Allen gives orders to a woman pilot. A reproduction of this photo was the basis of the special Turkish stamp issued in honor of Miss Allen.

marriage a bonus is given to all women wishing to make homes."

Physical attributes for police-women of London are not very exacting. They must be 5 feet 4 inches in height, have good eyesight and useful weapons of any kind.

Poland has the finest women's police force in the world. Amazons of magnificent physique, armed with business-like automatics, they are engaged in stamping out the white-slave traffic. It is recognised that in the event of war they would form the nucleus of a women's army.

In China a women's police force has recently been formed, and its members wear trousered military uniforms with peaked caps, and carry revolvers.

Both these countries have been guided and advised by the level-eyed woman with the quiet voice who has experienced amazing adventures in so many countries in her crusade against crime and social evils.

I Want YOU Next!



ALFRED J. BRITTON, Australia's Leading Physical Director, Founder of "Health and Physical Culture" Magazine.

I'll Make You Feel Alive!

I'll give you a new and wonderful THRILL. I'll put glorious new LIFE into every cell, nerve, and organ of your body. Many things happen when I start working on that body of yours. And they happen FAST. Floods of vitality surge through you, your vital organs come up and start hitting on all six; your muscles begin to GROW. In 30 days you're a changed man. You feel better, and look better than you ever did in your life. Your body has been completely rebuilt—you wonder where those big, beautifully-proportioned muscles came from.

Another MIRACLE IN MUSCLE. Yes, and this time it's YOU. Just give me a few minutes a day in your own home—and watch yourself.

30,000 People Have Read This FREE BOOK!

GET YOURS FREE! I don't ask you one penny for this great book; the book that has changed the lives of hundreds of fellows. It's the finest piece of reading you ever set eyes on. I swear you'll never blink an eyelid until you turn the last page.

It's crammed full of pictures of athletes who have taken the course, pictures of myself, it'll tell you how to get the most out of every muscle in your body. It's a real life-saver. If it doesn't, you'd better roll over—you're dead. Come on, then, take out the old pen or pencil, and sign your name and address on the coupon. But get to it. Do it NOW. To-morrow you may forget. Remember, it's completely free, and no strings attached, no obligation. Grab it!

RIP THIS OUT AND MAIL NOW

ALFRED J. BRITTON, Dept. W11, 107 Pitt St., Sydney

Dear Sir:—Please send me, absolutely FREE, a copy of your latest book "The Secrets of Muscular Strength."

NAME

FULL ADDRESS

.....

GIRL'S HIGH-SPEED Dash Around WORLD

"Nelly Bly's" Delightful Diary
of Modern Air Transport

By Air Mail from Our Special Correspondent in New York

In an exclusive release of the diary of her flight round the world, newspaper girl Dorothy Kilgallen shows wit, sparkling humor, and keen observation. She calls this nonechalant, roughly-pencilled record of an experiment in high-speed travel (which was written in the air and cabled from various landing places) "The diary of Nelly Bly, the Girl who WOULD fly."

Attempting to girdle the world by regular sea, land and air transport in 21 days in a race against two other American reporters, she arrived back in the United States just four days behind schedule.

IN the China Clipper airliner circled the globe in 18 days 14 hours 56 minutes. With her was Leo Kieran, another reporter who took part in the race. The winning competitor of the trio, H. R. Ekins, arrived in New York, well ahead of schedule, having

Women Definitely Diet Conscious

THE hundreds of congratulatory letters received from readers since the publication of our first authoritative article by a medical writer on health and slimming diets definitely show that women are vitally interested in this series.

In this issue our medical writer deals graphically with health dieting and slimming in the light of modern science, and next week a comprehensive series of diets for health and weight reduction will be given.

course as Jean Batten over Palestine, Arabia she says:

"The wheels of time have turned with almost invisible slowness here for many centuries, but I zipped through Gaza, just another milk station on the way around the world, so fast to-day that it must have made even Samson turn a whizzer.

"The blazing orb of the rising sun lifted the mists over the delta of the Nile, repulsed to be the world's most fertile soil, and for an hour we soared over its many wide mouths where fel-



THE THREE COMPETITORS in the dramatic round-the-world race—Leo Kieran (New York "Times"), Dorothy Kilgallen (New York "Evening Journal"), and H. R. Ekins (World Telegram and Scripps-Howard papers).

lans (Hi! fellahs!) in loin-cloths labored in green patches on the black soil. "Then we sighted a narrow greenish-blue ribbon rolling away to the south. "Suez Canal!" shouted our pilot (handsome Englishman). "Lifeline of empire and all that."

"We made a stirring trip from Africa in four hours, 50 minutes—a two-continent hop with an amazing diversity of scenery.

"So we did a Moses, and exodusd ourselves out of Egypt to the promised land. Breakfast in Gaza. Over more desert, spotted with tiny villages, and above the railroad.

"Gaza is the spot where Samson took hold of the two middle pillars upon which the house stood . . . and he bowed himself with all his might . . . and the house fell."

"Well, Gaza hasn't got over it.

"Or maybe those ruins can be attributed not to Samson, but to the three big battles fought here during the World War, when it was bombed and blasted and half the population chased out.

"Now it's a hamlet of deserted white, square houses, dingy bazaars, and dirty crooked streets, surrounded by sand dunes.

"It figured in history as long ago as 1500 B.C. when Thutmose III grabbed it. Alexander the Great fought for and won it. So did Napoleon Bonaparte.

"They can have it."

Here is a note from the diary about clothes, written somewhere in the air:

"One good thing about dashing from country to country is that one doesn't have time to 'go native.' I even resisted buying a fez and burnoose, and spent a few plasters acquiring a smart white skirt and two blouses.

"Oh! I'm outshining my rivals in the

clothes department all right. Kieran is still on his second brown shirt."

At Alexandria she dipped into her history-book. "I remembered that Julius Caesar played around with Cleopatra about 47 B.C., and was beaten up by the mob."

"I remembered also," she says, "that, despite Caesar's reputation, Antony tried the same thing and got away with it—which sounds a lot like news stories I've reported back home."

City of Sorrow

ACROSS to India, the girl was enthralled by the land of the Moguls. "Karachi squats on the westernmost end of the delta of the Indus River. The city is built on a low, sandy shore, and is surrounded on all sides by dense mangrove swamps. It is a case of hit the city or sink in the swamps."

Then, on to Cawnpore, with this cryptic note: "This is a city of sorrow for England. In July, 1857, the native ruler, Nana Sahib, massacred every living white man, woman, and child."

The dash across treacherous Bay of Bengal prompted these musings:—

"Shallow and muddy from the waters of the Ganges, it is a dangerous territory for either sailor or flier. Winds form far up near Mt. Everest and sweep down across the bay. Monsoons whirl and rear, driving planes from their course."

Followed Burma and Siam; then Hongkong and ship to Manila. And heigh-ho for home!

[All three journalists crossed the Atlantic in the German airship Hindenburg. In Europe Mr. Ekins caught a Dutch airliner to Batavia, whereas Miss Kilgallen and Mr. Kieran travelled in an Imperial Airways airliner to Singapore. Mr. Ekins arrived at Manila in time to catch the American flying-boat Hawaii Clipper. The others caught the China Clipper, which arrived in America on October 25.]



Always Remember!

Right choice brings happiness, even in Tea. Always remember: Nicest flavor comes from bud-leaves, rich and fragrant.

In a packet of Bushells Blue Label, the tea of flavor, you get only choice young tea buds. So carefully are they selected that for each pound of Bushells four whole tea plants must be nipped of their freshest tips!

Fine flavor in tea is a matter of choice: Choice when the tea-leaves are picked. Choice when you buy from your grocer. So always buy Bushells.

The Tea of Flavor

HIGH HONOR for Sydney DANCER Wins Gold Medal at German Olympic Festival

By Cable from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Correspondent in London.

Irene Vera Young, one of Sydney's leading exponents of the modern dance, has just been informed that she carried off one of the highest honors at the German "Tanzwett Spiele" dance festival held recently in connection with the Olympic Games.

Miss Young, although she did not officially represent Australia, was the only British soloist to receive the gold medal awarded for the most valuable contribution to dancing at the festival.

MISS YOUNG, on her voyage to London earlier in the year, met Herr Von Laban, one of the foremost dancing teachers of Germany, and it was on his advice that she decided to compete at the festival.

She applied for permission to the Australian Olympic Committee, which was granted, although the members had not been informed that the festival was being held.

Canada and other parts of the Empire were represented, but the festival was not held in conjunction with the Olympic Games because most of the

dancers who competed were professionals.

Irene Vera Young is the wife of Mr. C. Throsby Young, a well-known Sydney solicitor, and prior to opening a school of dancing, spent several years of arduous study at the Mary Wigman School of Dancing in London.

In January last she made a tour of the East, during which she spent some months making herself familiar with Japanese dancing, and on her return gave a few Japanese dance items at one of her recitals.

Daughter Barbara, who is also a dancer of distinction, recently sailed for England to join her mother.

Nothing is Safe

Continuing our brilliant serial of Julia and Terry, and the bewilderment of their lives when their parents get a divorce and marry again.

EVERYTHING was very happy for Julia and Terry until mummy and daddy decided they did not like each other any more and got divorced. Julia and Terry go to their grandmother's home, and they have a strange feeling of being unwanted by their parents. Trips are planned for them by their mother to keep them amused. Now read on.

SO mummy told her about Peggy, who was soon going to take a holiday in her tiny car, and would very likely be motoring in Wales and perhaps come and see them. If grandmamma would be kind enough to let her.

And that, thought Julia, means that it's already settled, about our staying on here.

On the whole she was glad. There was Chang—and Tucker—and the lovely puddings on Sundays—and perhaps she'd get a ride on one of the Drummonds' ponies. And, after all, Terry was much safer here than with Uncle Tom, or even Petah.

The day after mummy's arrival Julia and Terry went to spend the afternoon with the Drummonds.

Since grandmamma disapproved of shorts for little girls, Julia never wore them at the Plas, and she was therefore obliged to put on a pair of clean cotton knickers under her yellow cotton frock, and they stuck to her body in the most uncomfortable way. When she pulled them away grandmamma said: "Julia, you must not do that. It's dreadful!"

Julia started out feeling rather cross, and a side-glance at Terry's face showed her that he had on his worried look.

Probably it was partly because he didn't want to go to the Drummonds. But it was partly because of mummy. Julia felt certain. Mummy wasn't being

Hush!

Gently there! for life has brought her
One beloved baby daughter,
Very sweet and very small,
Scarcely any age at all!
Hush! do not disturb her sleeping,
She who has a babe in keeping,
She who whistles peaceful lies
(Day be softer on her eyes),
Lightly tread, for life has sought her,
Blessed her with a baby daughter.

—Yvonne Webb.

much like her old self, that was certain. She didn't seem to be properly attending to things half the time, and she'd been shut up for ages talking to grandpapa and grandmamma that very morning, and hunch had been rather awful, and nobody had laughed. Besides, Julia had caught the word "India," as she came down the stairs, and had suddenly felt afraid that mummy and Uncle Tom might be going to India sooner than they'd thought.

She sat beside Terry in the car, silently.

When they were nearly there Terry said apologetically:

"I'm sorry if I've been unsociable."

"You haven't a bit!" said Julia.

"I've been thinking. Did you know that I might be going to my Public School next term?"

"No, I didn't. Shall you be glad or sorry?"

"I shall be glad to leave St. Gregory's," Terry answered.

She noticed that he didn't say he'd

be glad to go to a Public School.

"Which Public School will it be?"

"That's just it. Nobody seems to know. It will be a most fearful expense, and they don't know how to pay for it."

"Gosh! Are we much poorer than we used to be, or anything like that?"

"They're always going on about expense nowadays. I should have thought we were richer, if anything, from the size of 'Rosslyn' and the new car."

"Those are his," said Terry. "Don't you see? Uncle Tom isn't poor, I don't think, at all, but we're not his—thank heaven. He doesn't pay anything for us, only for mummy. And mummy hasn't any money of her own."

"Then who—"

"Daddy, of course. We're his children and he's got to pay for us. It's the law. (Though of course he'd want to, anyway.) But he's got to keep Petah as well, so of course he's poor."

"Poor daddy! What a shame," said Julia. "It's a pity we can't pay for ourselves, isn't it?"

"One day we shall. If either of us got a scholarship it'd help."

"I expect you could, easily."

"No, I couldn't. Even an ordinary term-end exam. sends everything straight out of my head. Anyway, they wouldn't put me in for one. Mr. Hall said last term that I'll never be any credit to myself or to anybody else until I get grit."

"Then who—"

"Daddy, of course. We're his children and he's got to pay for us. It's the law. (Though of course he'd want to, anyway.) But he's got to keep Petah as well, so of course he's poor."

"Poor daddy! What a shame," said Julia. "It's a pity we can't pay for ourselves, isn't it?"

"One day we shall. If either of us got a scholarship it'd help."

"I expect you could, easily."

"No, I couldn't. Even an ordinary term-end exam. sends everything straight out of my head. Anyway, they wouldn't put me in for one. Mr. Hall said last term that I'll never be any credit to myself or to anybody else until I get grit."

"Then who—"

"Daddy, of course. We're his children and he's got to pay for us. It's the law. (Though of course he'd want to, anyway.) But he's got to keep Petah as well, so of course he's poor."

"Poor daddy! What a shame," said Julia. "It's a pity we can't pay for ourselves, isn't it?"

"One day we shall. If either of us got a scholarship it'd help."

"I expect you could, easily."

"No, I couldn't. Even an ordinary term-end exam. sends everything straight out of my head. Anyway, they wouldn't put me in for one. Mr. Hall said last term that I'll never be any credit to myself or to anybody else until I get grit."

"Then who—"

"Daddy, of course. We're his children and he's got to pay for us. It's the law. (Though of course he'd want to, anyway.) But he's got to keep Petah as well, so of course he's poor."

"Poor daddy! What a shame," said Julia. "It's a pity we can't pay for ourselves, isn't it?"

"One day we shall. If either of us got a scholarship it'd help."

"I expect you could, easily."

"No, I couldn't. Even an ordinary term-end exam. sends everything straight out of my head. Anyway, they wouldn't put me in for one. Mr. Hall said last term that I'll never be any credit to myself or to anybody else until I get grit."

"Then who—"

"Daddy, of course. We're his children and he's got to pay for us. It's the law. (Though of course he'd want to, anyway.) But he's got to keep Petah as well, so of course he's poor."

"Poor daddy! What a shame," said Julia. "It's a pity we can't pay for ourselves, isn't it?"

"One day we shall. If either of us got a scholarship it'd help."

"I expect you could, easily."

"No, I couldn't. Even an ordinary term-end exam. sends everything straight out of my head. Anyway, they wouldn't put me in for one. Mr. Hall said last term that I'll never be any credit to myself or to anybody else until I get grit."

"Then who—"

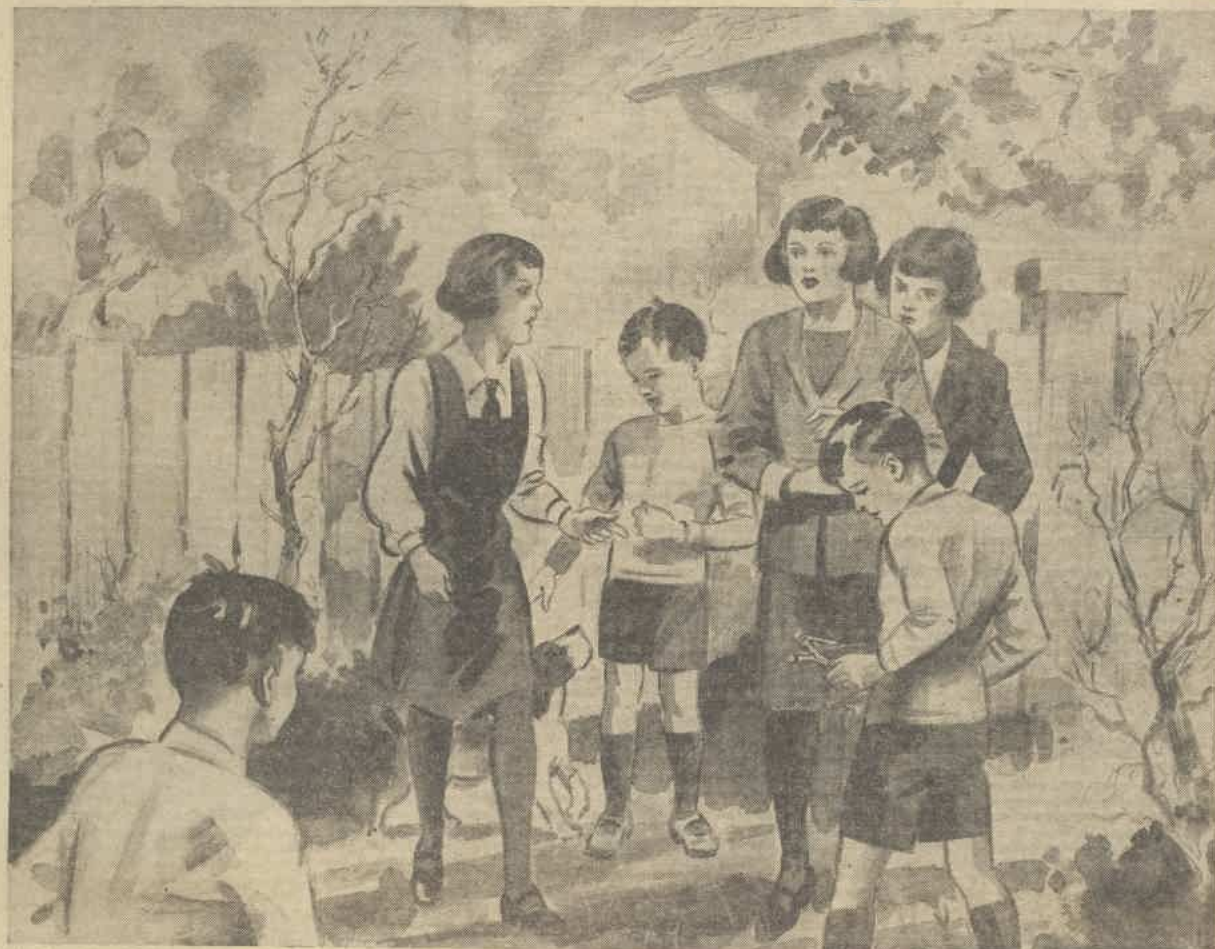
"Daddy, of course. We're his children and he's got to pay for us. It's the law. (Though of course he'd want to, anyway.) But he's got to keep Petah as well, so of course he's poor."

"Poor daddy! What a shame," said Julia. "It's a pity we can't pay for ourselves, isn't it?"

"One day we shall. If either of us got a scholarship it'd help."

"I expect you could, easily."

"No, I couldn't. Even an ordinary term-end exam. sends everything straight out of my head. Anyway, they wouldn't put me in for one. Mr. Hall said last term that I'll never be any credit to myself or to anybody else until I get grit."



Illustrated by Noel Cook

seemed to know what to do or say next, and they just stood and looked at one another.

At last Julia broke the silence:

"Where's Katherine?"

"She's getting the tennis court ready."

"Oh," said Julia.

"Would you like to go and find her?"

"I should think we might," Julia said, and was afraid that she didn't sound very nice—but it was so difficult to know what to say.

While they walked round the house—which was enormous, and had three magnolias on one side of it—Julia kept close to Terry and let the twins walk on.

None of them said a word.

Katherine was easier to get on with than the twins. She came to meet them as soon as they got within sight of the tennis court, and spoke to them in a grown-up sort of way.

"It's very hot, isn't it?" Katherine said.

"Boiling," Julia answered.

She hoped they wouldn't play tennis.

"Would you rather stay out or go indoors?" Katherine relentlessly inquired, looking straight at Terry.

"I don't mind at all," said Terry.

"But you must say."

"What would everybody else like?"

"Go indoors," said Julia, trying to guess which Terry really wanted to do.

she didn't much like Katherine, quite suddenly she found that she did like the twins, after all.

The field was a huge one, and it was partly covered with sheaves and uncut corn, and partly with short, prickly stubble. It was frightfully interesting to watch the reaping and binding machine as it moved down the standing corn, and then threw it out in sheaves, all neatly tied up. And, although Terry didn't care for the machine, or even look at it much, Julia saw that he was interested by the sheaves, and by a white dog belonging to one of the men.

She was astonished when Katherine said:

"I'm afraid it's tea-time. But we can come back afterwards."

They went back to the house. Ollie, whom Julia had forgotten all about, was in the schoolroom, and shook hands very high up in the air, just as she'd done last year.

The smell of the schoolroom also "came back" to Julia—a sort of mixture of geranium leaf, and dogs, and strawberry jam, and polished floor, she thought.

Tea wasn't very exciting—though the sponge cake was good. Ollie did most of the talking, asking questions about school. Julia replied to these as shortly as possible, because she always hated

least, I mean, it's just a house with furniture in it that mummy—that uncle—that we're renting."

"How funny," said Pergus.

"That will do, Pergus," said Ollie.

"Chang will come home directly we've got a house. Why, he's belonged to us ever since he was a tiny puppy. He's entirely ours."

"I wouldn't like to have a dog that belonged to me staying months and months with other people. I expect he's forgotten all about your house by now," David said.

Horrible boy!

Julia shot him a look of intense hatred.

Then, to her immense astonishment, Terry suddenly spoke of his own accord—a thing he never did, as a rule.

"Julia's quite right. Chang belongs to my father, but it isn't convenient for us to have him in London just now. Besides, a large dog like that is better in the country."

When Terry had said this, very seriously and in rather a loud voice, everybody was silent for a moment, and Julia thought that Ollie and the Drummonds were nearly as much surprised as she was herself.

She thought that it was marvellous of Terry to have spoken like that, and it made her adore him more than ever. If possible, she added to herself.

Nothing else that was very interesting happened. Julia tried hard to find out if Katherine had any new and exciting-sounding books, but Katherine wasn't in the least interested in books, and couldn't understand why anybody else should be.

She kept on saying that if they went into the garden again they might find her mother had come in.

"She's been opening a sale of work on the other side of the county," Katherine explained.

"She said it at least three times, as though it was something to be proud of."

Julia purposely refrained from asking anything about the sale of work, but she heard Terry inquiring where it was, and whether a great many people would be there, and if Katherine's mother was going to make a speech.

Julia remorsefully thought how very, very good Terry was. He didn't really like Katherine any better than she did, but there he was—being nice and polite to her.

"Only paying a visit there, because we've left the house we used to live in and the new one isn't ours. At

By

E. M. DELAFIELD

"Stay out," shouted the twins. "Let's go and see the corn being out in Morgan's field."

"Would Julia and Terry like that?" Katherine inquired—exactly like a grown-up person.

"Very much, thank you," said Terry gravely.

"Very much," echoed Julia, feeling that anything would be better than just hanging about.

Things then became very much easier. There was a steep slope at the end of the tennis court, and they all ran down it, and later on there was a ditch that was called a ha-ha, which gave them something to talk about, and although Julia continued to feel that

talking about school, except to people who were actually part of it. Terry, she knew, shared this feeling.

Once Ollie said, very brightly indeed: "That's a lovely dog your grannie has got now, isn't it? The Chow, I mean."

"He's ours," Julia replied, coldly and distinctly. "Not grandmamma's. We've always had him."

"Then why doesn't he live with you?" David inquired.

"He does," Julia cried, before she could stop herself.

"What a story! He's been at the Plas for simply ages."

"Only paying a visit there, because we've left the house we used to live in and the new one isn't ours. At

Please turn to Page 37

To Please a Lady

It was incredible—Bettina in love with one of those fellows who play the piano for a living. And his name was Beppo.



"AREN'T they simply divine," said Bettina, with a nod towards the roses.

This, she would have protested, was merely keeping up appearances before the servants. But that wasn't true. She was, deplorably enough, using the roses as a matador uses his red scarf.

"Would you care for one for your buttonhole?" she added.

That was inexcusable. The tender of the roses was the subject of a heated conversation this morning. Her father made a supreme effort at self-control, but at that instant his grapefruit squirted juice in his eye.

He grabbed his napkin. "Remove—remove those dashed flowers," he directed the maid thickly.

"And put them in my room," added Bettina sweetly.

The maid, outwardly decorous, but inwardly gleeful, obeyed. As she departed Bettina gazed at her father round-eyed.

"Why, father!" she reproved. "Talking like that before the servants! If mother were here—"

"I'll wire your mother this morning," interrupted her father. "It's time she was back—"

"I think so too," agreed Bettina concernedly. "You'll be having one of your indignation spells again."

Her mother was staying with her sister in town. She would be at such a time, fumed Bettina's father. Leaving him, who was a busy, harassed man, and whose home life should be serene and restorative to deal with Bettina, who, as usual—

THE thought broke off. "Understand one thing," he announced. "This is my house. I have a right to say who shall enter it and who shall not."

"Oh, heavens!" interrupted Bettina. "I'll bet you're going to forbid Beppo the house!"

Beppo! He gazed at the very name. An Italian to begin with. And worse

Complete
Story

By ...

**ROYAL
BROWN**

still to William Harrison Bainbridge, one of those almost incredible human beings who played the piano for a living!

Women seemed to fall for them. But women were like that. But not William Harrison Bainbridge. He was broad-minded, but—

"Who are all the roses from?" he had asked, as he entered the dining-room this morning.

His tone had been almost benign. He had believed then that the tender was well and favorably known to him. Bettina had, in fact, read his mind like the open book it often was at odd moments.

"You're wrong," she had replied innocently. "These aren't from the Crown Prince—it's much more exciting than that."

The Crown Prince was the frivolous

way she referred to young Samuel Thayer nowadays. The lord knew why—her father didn't. If Sam had been up-stage that might have explained it. But he wasn't. He was merely young and attractive, the sort of youngster who played a rattling good game of golf, and yet never neglected the affairs of the business dynasty he had inherited!

In short, a typical Anglo-Saxon, with none of the temperamental vagaries of the Latin.

Moreover, Sam was in love with Bettina. He always had been. There wasn't anything he wouldn't do for her—and he could do a lot for her.

What more could a girl ask?

"You'll look long before you find another like Sam," he had seen fit to warn her, out of his own wide experience.

Bettina had merely yawned. "Oh, I never look for a man," she had retorted. "They come to me."

"Will you give me one good reason why you won't marry Sam?" he had interrupted.

He was prepared to give her a hundred reasons why she should—quite apart from the Easterly Steel and Wire Company, with its 1500 employees, which Sam had inherited.

Bettina had, however, supplied her own reason. "Certainly, I just don't seem to feel an irresistible impulse that way."

"You didn't always feel like that. I can remember when—"

"When I cried with delight when he gave me a smile, and trembled with fear at his frown?" inserted Bettina, not bothering to deny it. "Oh, I suppose I did—but I've been out and about since."

"And seen so many so much better," he had commented. "Young—"

"Rich and handsome," supplied Bettina satirically. "What have I done to deserve him?"

"You don't," he assured her forcibly. "But if he's willing—"

"Willing seems rather a mild term for Sam's attitude."

"If you could name a single defect I might understand it," he persisted. Bettina had given him a glance. "I wonder if you really would," she answered. "Especially if I say—I fear he might grow up and become a father like you."

"Father like me?" he echoed, outraged. "What—"

"I mean who would talk in the way you do to his daughter—try to be an old-fashioned parent, with a new-fashioned daughter. It really can't be done—"

"Just because I want to see you happily married. To feel that—"

"You are the proud father-in-law of Easterly's own Crown Prince," Bettina cut in, not quite fairly, but not wholly without truth. "Perhaps I should be more grateful. But—well, we live but once and I prefer, somehow, to select the man I'm going to spend my life with myself. That may be unreasonable I suppose, but—"

"You'd do what many another girl has done—walk through the forest, and at the end, pick up a crooked stick."

"Instead of a nice straight one—like Sam? Perhaps. But somehow crooked sticks sound more fascinating, don't you think?"

To which she added, reminiscently, "Beppo really is awfully nice—and yet so charmingly impetuous. Quite different from the men one meets here."

"Impetuous?" echoed her father. He swallowed. "Look here, Bettina, how far has this gone?"

"Oh, it's still at the most exciting stage—just beginning," retorted Bettina blissfully. "He hasn't even kissed me yet—"

"Kissed you?" he exploded. "You mean to say he—"

"Wants to? Well, most men seem to, sooner or later. But—virtuously—I really don't think it's a habit to be encouraged. Of course, I try not to be too Mid-Victorian about it, but—"



"You—you've been seeing this Beppo—encouraging him—"

"I've been seeing him—but not exactly encouraging him. He doesn't need any encouragement truly. He's quite Latin, you see. He kisses my hand and—"

"Kisses your hand!"

"Actually. And, believe it or not, I like it. It gives me a thrill that nothing else—"

"Will you marry him?" said her father, in effect. He then became intelligible.

"You are not to go up to town again without my express permission—"

"Oh, I shan't want to go for a time, anyhow. Beppo is coming here for several days—"

"Coming here—to Easterly?"

"I've been urging him to. I want to show him off a bit—"

"Show him off! An Italian! A pianist—"

"And a celebrity—and such a satisfactory one," added Bettina. "He's really awfully good-looking and very charming. He has all his clothes made by the best London tailor, and somebody or other in Paris—I forget the name, but it's quite celebrated too—makes a special perfume for him—"

"P—perfume!" he stammered incredulously.

"You sound like an echo," protested Bettina. "Don't let the perfume mislead you. Wait until you see Beppo."

"Some day you'll wish you had listened to me," was the best he could manage as he rose from the breakfast table.

The bank and its affairs awaited him. There at least he was an absolute autocrat. Like many another business man, his private office and not his home was his castle.

This morning he entered it, the monarch of all he surveyed.

"Get Mr. Thayer on the phone for me," he snapped, as his secretary greeted him.

One might have assumed that this was business. The Easterly Steel

Illustrated
by
Fischer

Sam was no flower. He was, in more ways than one, the lineal descendant of the hard-headed ancestor who had laid the foundations of the family fortune.

But he was a sportsman besides, and had narrowly missed winning the middle-weight boxing championship of his university.

"I saw him last coming—but thought I could beat him to it," was the way he had explained that narrow miss to Bettina, who, as her father often re-

Bettina walked straight into his arms. "Oh, Sam—I thought I had lost you."

she assured him, would be glad to marry him.

They—he and she—were just very good friends, she would have said. The sort of friend she could ring up with a request that he should make Beppo his guest at the golf club.

"And he'd be idiot enough to do it for her," had been her father's conclusion.

That was why he was ringing Sam up this morning. He admired Sam's business ability, but he suspected that Sam didn't know a lot about women. Or at least about Bettina. He needed advice. In fact, he had some time ago gone so far as delicately to suggest to Sam that a show of interest in some other girl might not be such a bad idea.

"Probably a good one," Sam had agreed courteously.

To himself, however, Sam had added: "And I never suspected he read anything but bank statements and trade returns."

But instead of following good advice, Sam had just gone on in the same way with Bettina, which obviously would get him nowhere. And now—well, now this piano player was coming to Easterly, and if somebody didn't give Sam a tip—

A Win for Father's Choice

and Wire Company, founded in 1819, had shared the industrial growth of the nation it served. It had made the first wire blocks and experimented with piano wire even before women wore hoop skirts and crinoline wire became a major asset. Invention had given the firm a new fillip by developing telegraphy, the telephone, and wireless. All—even the last, curiously—demanding wire!

The Thayers had grown rich. Some had gone into politics, some into the diplomatic service. They had taken on culture along with their millions and so far as Bettina's father was concerned—Sam was the fair flower of all this.

Metaphorically, he meant. Actually

mindful her, had not been at all oblivious to him in those days.

"I was wrong," Sam had added, with a grin. "But I didn't discover that until somebody had counted ten."

After two years of travelling about the world to complete his education, Sam had returned to Easterly for good. He was ready to take up his duties there—and also ready to marry Bettina.

"Whenever and wherever you say," he had informed her.

That had been two years before. If he had dangled on ever since it was not, Bettina would have protected, because she kept him dangling. She had, in fact, urged him at various times to marry any one of a dozen girls who

Please turn to Page 16

PRETTY But LOOR

Recording the adventures in Gay Paris of a man, out of a job, and a girl, beautiful but without any money.



THE tall young man who sat on the terrace of the Cafe du Boulevard was counting his stack of saucers for the third time. There was assurance in the tasteful nonchalance of his tweeds. The nose was bold and the firm, clean-shaven chin uncompromising. But beneath the turned-down brim of his hat the eyes of Peter Graham were faintly puzzled.

It was after the sixth sock that Peter looked up and beheld something which opened both his drooping eyes.

From a table near-by a pretty little girl was smiling frankly at him. She was a very small girl with a tiny hat perched on a blonde head, and she sat there primly smiling as though he were one of the party. The first thing that struck Peter was that she was quite lovely. Then it occurred to him that she was obviously American, and quite capable of paying for six three-franc saucers.

Three days before such thoughts would never have stirred in Peter's mind. Three days before he had had a job, an apartment near the Etoile and credit, unlimited, at Harry's New York Bar. But now—a man with but five francs in his pocket.

The garcon had approached to take her order.

"Qu'est-ce que vous voulez, madame?" he asked pleasantly.

"Out," she returned brightly.

This didn't seem to help the waiter. He adjusted the towel on his arm and tried once more. "Que voulez-vous, madame?"

"Out," responded the girl without a moment's hesitation. She seemed very much pleased with herself.

The pleasure did not extend to the waiter. He made several futile gestures with his hands, then bent over in one last desperate attempt to reach an understanding. At this point Peter came over.

"Perhaps I can help you," he offered. "What is it you wish to order?"

Maples After Frost

*This morning each tall maple is
A Scottish Highland lad,
All the green leaves turned by frost
To vivid tartan plaid.
Scarves and caps and pleated kilts;
Bought, bare at the knees—
Never was a clan so proud
As this, called Maple Trees.
See them marching down the street,
Brief, bright skirts around!
Listen! What a sweet, wild tune
Their windy bagpipes shriek!*
—Ethel Fuller.

She lifted her eyes and said with undisguised delight: "Oh, how nice! I'd love some of what you were having over there—that broken stuff."

"That was beer," Peter exclaimed. "I'll get you some." He gave the order to the grateful waiter and sat down beside her. "May I?"

"Please do. And won't you have some with me?"

Peter thought he would. The waiter was sure he would. He had brought two. Then, very thoughtfully, he transferred Peter's saucers to his new table. At the sight of the saucers, Peter cleared his throat.

"I am, by profession, an interpreter and guide," he exclaimed pointedly. "One of the best." Peter decided that he might just as well be one of the best.

The girl was impressed. "Why, how nice. Then you can guide me to a Paris garret."

"A garret? Just what sort of a garret, Miss . . ."



Illustrated
by
RIDGWAY

"La Botts," she volunteered hastily. "Murphy La Botts."

"Are you sure?" Peter asked incredulously.

The girl was very sure. And now she wanted one of those green things like the man with the whiskers was drinking over there. Peter ordered the green thing and another beer for himself. Then he asked:

"Aren't you very young to be all alone in Paris, Miss—La Botts?"

Miss La Botts looked up over her green thing. "I was twenty last Thursday, and I like being alone in Paris. All my life," she continued dreamily. "I've wanted to live in a Paris garret and suffer and starve. Alone and penniless in a foreign city."

Peter felt the first stirrings of uneasiness within him. The stack of saucers had assumed alarming height. He smiled very weakly. "But, of course, you're not broke, Miss La Botts?"

"Oh, yes. 2 am," replied Miss La Botts cheerfully. "When Mrs. Columbine ran off with the Duke I had only fifty francs in my pocketbook. Now I have three."

MRS. COLUMBINE, Murphy explained, was her employer. She had come to Paris as this lady's companion, and then this lady had run across a duke. Mrs. Columbine, in normal circumstances quite dippy, had completely forgotten her companion, and had run off with the Duke, leaving no address and no money. "I am very happy it happened," Murphy concluded. "Now I can do all the things I've wanted to do. Live by my wits, and so forth."

The beer in Peter's mouth had suddenly become flat and tasteless. He glanced at the saucers and then at the waiter, who at that moment was studying them with a calculating eye.

"Perhaps, I'd better tell you another story," Peter suggested, "and then we can laugh together. It seems a certain young man also had a dippy employer."

Peter went on to explain that this young man for two years had worked on the Paris staff of the New York "Examiner." All had gone well until, in early spring, he had won five hundred francs on a horse named Grande instead of attending an important Viteuse. The consequence was that, instead of attending an important function for his paper, he had gone to the Auteuil race track. That had caused enough bother, but the final disaster had occurred just three days ago when the story of the abduction of the Morley baby had broken at Cannes. Instead of being on duty, he was at Longchamps losing a week's salary on Bete Noir. And now, as a result of this little oversight, he was looking for a job.

"And that particular young man is I, Miss Murphy La Botts," Peter explained.

Murphy laughed musically. "Well, I did imagine, when I saw you, that perhaps you had money," Murphy admitted. "But it was a very nice mistake, I think. You have nice brown

Peter felt the first stirrings of uneasiness. "But, of course, you're not broke, Miss La Botts?"

eyes and white teeth and you look very innocent. That makes it easier when one is living by one's wits."

Murphy took another sip of her green stuff and explained her point. "When I found I had three francs, I knew very well I couldn't pay my bill at the Chillon, so I put my clothes in a laundry basket underneath my laundry. The bell-boy carried it out to a taxi, and I drove to the railway station and left it in the cloakroom. You see, I'm so sweet-looking no one would have thought of looking underneath my laundry."

"If you get your laundry basket, maybe you can carry off these saucers," Peter suggested a little shortly. The incongruity of the girl's fine spirits in face of those saucers vexed him a bit.

"But I haven't my basket," she pointed out. Then her deep blue eyes became suddenly alive. She sat up like an alert squirrel with a handsome nut and looked about her. "It seems very simple," she said. "I'm going out to get a cab. When you see me driving up to the kerb, you send the waiter for two more. As soon as he disappears inside, you scout for the cab and say 'Vite!'—that's the word. And before he returns we'll be somewhere else. Isn't that neat?"

So indisputably neat did it seem to Murphy La Botts that she forthwith rose and made her way out to the Boulevard des Italiens. As she melted into the afternoon crowd, Peter was willing to concede her wit. Very neatly Murphy had slipped out, leaving him holding the bag—or, rather, about thirty francs' worth of saucers.

By LEW DIETZ

The afternoon was moving towards the apertif hour and the terrace was rapidly filling up. Peter's particular waiter was at that moment two tables off, collecting the debris from a neighboring table with one hand and dropping the tip into a vest-pocket with the other. He walked over and inclined his head quickly:

"Un autre, M'sieur?"

Peter most certainly didn't want another. But somehow, he didn't like to admit it at that moment. He ordered a double whisky. "And you might just as well know right now, Charlie," he added in careful English, "that you are not getting paid. What do you think of that?"

The garcon had barely disappeared when Peter saw something which amazed him. A taxi swung up to the kerb, and there was Murphy La Botts nodding frantically through the window. Peter didn't wait to recover his astonishment. He took up his hat and scouted.

"Vite! Bols de Boulogne!" he shouted to the driver and bounced in beside her. Saying "Vite" to a Paris taxi-driver is like saying "Spaghetti" to a homesick Italian. The effect is electric and the result alarming. People with weak hearts should never say "Vite" to Parisian taxi-drivers. Before Peter could catch his breath, the cab had catapulted down the boulevard and out into the whirling traffic to the Place de la Concorde.

Murphy looked up from the floor of the taxi righting her hat.

"Just as pretty as you please," she said happily. "I knew we could do it."

For several minutes they shot about. Finally, Peter indicated the meter with his thumb.

"Just what have we done?" he exclaimed groggily. The meter showed eight francs seventy-five. It clicked and became nine francs.

"Well," Murphy said, "now it's your turn to think of something. Say, by the way, I don't know what to call you."

"Peter. Peter Graham, Miss Murphy La Botts. And to tell you the truth, it is a very difficult job to convince a Paris taxi-driver that he is Santa Claus."

The meter showed ten francs, then eleven. For a moment, Peter wished he were back with his saucers. You have some sort of control over mounting saucers.

As they were roaring through a narrow alley, Peter leaned forward and tapped the driver. The cab drew up in the thoroughfare beside a market. The face which turned from the front seat was dark and bewhiskered. An altogether very forbidding face it was.

"I will speak to him," declared Peter resolutely.

Murphy had, meantime, been acquainting herself with the surrounding landscape. Suddenly she scrambled out of the taxi. "Look at those lovely carrots! You tell him to wait, Mr. Graham, while we buy some carrots."

Peter was very glad to look at the lovely carrots. Anything that might postpone this imminent unpleasantness was welcome. He spoke to the driver and followed Murphy into the shop. She was fingering the vegetables speculatively. She whispered very sweetly to Peter.

"Mr. Graham, I am going through that back door, and you are going to spend several minutes picking out some nice carrots. When you go back to pay for them, there is the door. I think," Murphy added, "that will do very nicely."

SEVERAL moments later Peter and Murphy were bouncing up the Boulevard Raspail in a second taxi. "Did you have to get another cab?" Peter demanded sternly. "Haven't we had just about enough of taxis, Miss Murphy La Botts? This is positively the last one—is that clear?"

"But we are not going to pay him," Murphy protested. "Perhaps he was going this way, anyhow."

Had it not been for the World War this particular taxi-driver might not have realised quite so soon the state of affairs. "The English phrase?" "We're not going to pay him," held singularly bitter memories. The cab came to a jarring halt.

"Eight francs, m'sieur-dame," he announced. "Now, if you please."

Murphy looked at Peter in amazement.

"He—he speaks English."

"So it seems," Peter agreed uneasily.

Peter studied the swarthy face of the driver and found it devoid of benevolence.

He said, haughtily, in French, "We wish to go to Rue Vavin, my good man."

The driver emitted the French counterpart of "Oh yeah!" He climbed out and opened the rear door. He thrust a belligerent thumb at the meter. "Eight francs m'sieur." And to make himself very clear, held eight extended fingers under Peter's nose.

Please turn to Page 40

The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Lait,
sketched by Petrov

EVENING coats and jackets are almost as important as the dresses worn beneath. They are certainly more varied. Each style of frock has several types of suitable covering.

There are capes in every length, elbow, waist, and finger-tip. Cut circular or pleated, they usually tie high at the throat. Over plain chiffon dresses they can be of chiffon in the same or in a contrasting color, over print frocks, the same print or one of the colors in the design.

Most attractive are the capes made entirely of flowers—these can be chiffon or organdie, poppies, being big and floppy or of large pique flowers if you wear it over a cotton dress.

Taffeta is also suitable for making these flowers with which the entire cape is covered. A French model ensemble shows a lime-green crepe dress and a short cape entirely covered with little mauve violets.

Elbow and waist-length capes can be worn over slim or bouffant dresses. Finger-tip length capes should show a slim skirt below.

The next type of evening covering, taking them in order of length, is the hip-length jacket. This can be tailored like a suit-jacket with lapels and fitted waist, or it can hang loose from the shoulders.

The former are made of taffeta, satin, cotton and crepe—often quilted, they have short or long sleeves rather big on top, and they have usually little basques that flare slightly from the waist.

CHOOSE a COAT or CAPE!

It can range in length from the shoulder to the hem

And the fabric can be chiffon, net lace, crepe or taffeta

• **BELOW:** Fingertip-length swagger jacket in very heavy shiny satin. The sleeves are wide, the back full. Mauve is the color used, and it is worn over a dark mauve dress. Jackets of this type can be of firm or flimsy fabrics.

• **BELOW:** Tunic evening jacket—pale blue taffeta printed with black flowers. The waist fits tightly and the peplum flares fully beneath. Dress beneath in pale blue chiffon, with finely-pleated skirt.

THESE jackets can be of print over plain frocks or vice-versa, or in a contrasting color and fabric to the dress; they can also be worn with full-skirted as well as with tight evening dresses.

The next variety is the wrist, finger-tip or three-quarter length jacket. These come in two styles: The first is a very full loose jacket with most of the fullness coming from the back; the other is the tunic jacket, slim bodies, tight waist, and very full flaring-peplum or skirt.

These flowers have rather wide sleeves and just simple revers or roll-back edges. There is one sketched second from the left of this page.

The tunic jacket is nearly always made of printed taffeta, although plain can be effective over a contrasting skirt. The peplum must be very full under the tight waistline; it can flare gradually from waist to hem or be gathered at the waist. These tunic jackets look best over a slim skirted dress, as do the loose jackets already described.

Last, but not least, is the full-length coat. This is really the most practical of all, as it will go over any dress. It is ideal to wear over a bouffant frock, because it can follow the same line. If you have an organdie or net dress with a full skirt, have an organdie or net coat—either matching or contrasting—with short puff sleeves or tight waist and a very full skirt. (See the last sketch on this page.)



• **ABOVE:** A full-length coat in bright green taffeta is worn over a white dress. The sleeves are very big on top, the lapels wide, the waist tight. Green flowers are tucked into the belt of the dress and come out.

• **CENTRE:** Over a full-skirted dress of palest grey chiffon is worn this attractive cape of bright pink organdie poppies. The huge shaggy poppies entirely cover a plain organdie cape.

• **OVER A SLIM** black satin dress, wear this long coat of black net, with short puff sleeves and black satin leaves appliqued down the front and on the collar. This net coat could be worn equally well over a full-skirted net or organdie dress. Black net and organdie coats are also most effective worn over pink and pale blue dresses, or over a print with black in it.

POPULAR Summer SUITS



• **LITTLE WHITE** pique mess jackets are so smart and versatile that they are overwhelmingly popular at present. The version photographed above has leg-o-mutton sleeves and nipped-in waistline. It is worn over a dainty navy crepe frock printed in white. Flat pique bow at the neck.

—Fashions by courtesy Grace Bros.

• **THREE** attractive suits are photographed in the group above. That at the left is a smart three-piece in American waffle-cloth. It has a fine criss-cross design in blue and white. The unusual blouse is fastened with large bone buttons and features quaint little sleeves. The matching coat is hip-length.

• **IN THE CENTRE** of the group is a suit of the type which is probably the most popular of all for practical summer wear. It is beautifully tailored and worn with a blouse in luggage-tan.

• **AT THE RIGHT** of the group is an attractive little two-piece suit in a cool new shade of mist-green. The fabric is sandara crepe. The belted jacket is trimmed with an appliqued design in white. Side pleats give fullness to the skirt.

• **A DELIGHTFUL** color combination distinguishes the suit at the right. A new shade of crushed strawberry is allied with burgundy and the result is most fetching. This "wee-kit three-piece" is of moss crepe. The "wee-kit" buttons to the neck and is smartly belted. An unusual job of metal and glass adorns the jacket.



Amazing

HEARNE'S Bronchitis Cure obtains its amazing results **WITHOUT** the use of narcotics. Doctors are fighting for many a life to-day because a "simple cold" was neglected in its early stages. If all "Colds" were promptly treated with HEARNE'S, there would be fewer cases of Pneumonia.

**HEARNE'S
BRONCHITIS CURE**

C12

MARCH OF THE MODE by RENE

So... Here's to the Scotch and Soda Dress!

You mix a dash of gold or silver with its sobriety

● THE HAT sketched below is perfect to wear with the "Scotch and soda" dress, made on dressmaker lines like that illustrated on the extreme right of this page. Made of ink-navy tulle, the petal-like treatment at the front is lined with silver-grey shining satin, to reflect the silver kid on the frock.

● THE MODEL at the left is done in black slipper satin. It is just a three-tiered cap with slightly high-draped peak at front. Worn straight on the top of the head with curls brushed up round the edge to give a broken line. A black silk tassel dangles from the base of the hat on to the back of the neck.



Rene's Fashion Advice

THIS week I am giving you THE most serviceable frock to put in your wardrobe. This is the new garment which America calls the "Scotch and soda" dress. It is either extremely formal or informal. Fashioned of lush materials, the design must be definitely tailored and severely simple. The most voguish is the shirtmaker type.

As to color, there are only four which are correct. Black is the first choice; ink navy a close second; very dark nigger or the darkest shade of bottle-green is permissible as third. The only trimming a dash of gold or silver. These ingredients make the perfect frock for cocktails, dinner, bridge, or the cinema.

● ABOVE, AT LEFT: Lustrous black satin makes this "Scotch and soda" dress, fashioned on simple shirtmaker lines. The belt is silver kid and the bangle is of silver.

● ABOVE: The frock is simply made in black crepe, but adds a dashing note with a large bow at neck and waist, one side of which is made of gold kid, and gold kid gloves.

● ABOVE: Ink - navy tulle, embroidered with a tiny silver metal flower, makes this dressmaker type of "Scotch and soda," featuring shirring on front of bodice and ruffled sleeves.

Rene

SNIPER

*A dramatic story
of Armistice Day*



THE girl with the golden hair clasped the rifle to her breast and smiled at Kurt Friedmann. Kurt smiled back. She raised the rifle. "Like a shot, sir? Pocket of gaspers for four down."

Her pert Cockney accent told him that she had said something mildly amusing, but his limited English collapsed before this mysterious idiom. She might just as well have spoken in Chinese.

So he gave her a queer little nod. "Excuse. I cannot understand."

She laughed, a ripple of unaffected amusement that sounded quite charming to him, but was, in truth, rather rude.

"You're a foreigner. You don't know what I'm saying?"

"So."

"Do you want to shoot... shoot with this for a prize... seven shots for six pence... understand now?"

"Ja, ja. I shoot... ver' goot."

They both laughed and Kurt felt in his pocket for some loose change. Like all travellers in a strange land, he had found that coppers had a way of accumulating. But his wallet bulged comfortably as well. Ah, this English exchange was good. Not even in the far-off days before the war had he known such a profitable return for German currency. Before the war...

The rifle which the girl was handing to him drew his mind sharply along this path. War. Four cruel, unforgettable years of it. And here he was, standing at this garish shooting gallery in a London street.

Yet only yesterday London had seemed to him the symbol of the wealth and icy pride of the hated Englanders.

He smiled a little grimly at the golden-haired girl, and spread a pile of coppers on the brass-railed counter of the rifle-range.

She handed him the rifle and he examined it critically. He raised it to his shoulder and the butt crunched into the old familiar position, as though the good wood was glad to feel the firm control of a marksman after the trembling, erratic hands of incompetent casuals.

The girl spoke to him again: "One two three four... then you get cigarettes, to smoke, see?" He turned and winked at her roguishly.

And then his face settled into the grim watchfulness of a sharpshooter.

ABOUT WOMEN

Women set strange barricades
Against the cannon's thunder:
Tuffles at the window
To keep out death and plunder.

Pools of homely lamplight
To circle loved ones in,
Four walls for peace and safety—
But, oh! the walls are thin.

Close on the other side of them
The tinder piles up high;
Bullets start their clattering,
Shadows fill the sky.

They could be stopped. But a woman,
Like a savage mummbling charms,
Says: "Let us hope," and gathers
Her sons into her arms.
—Anita Cushing.

The painted ducks bobbed gravely along as he slowly brought the sights into line. His finger tightened on the trigger.

The German sniper crawled like a nest through the slime of war. He reached the pile of scarred masonry, weighed into a familiar hole, raised his head with infinite care, and looked upon chaos.

He was lost, hopelessly lost, a frightened atom in a sea of tumbling earth. Death and decay had left an ineffaceable mark on the waste of mud before him, a dreary monotony of crater and trench in which the shattered wire hung limply, like fisher's nets after a frightful storm. In the morning, sunshine, water-filled shell craters gleamed, silver bosses on a dishonored shield. How quiet everything seemed. Only the drumming of artillery... from an immense distance. Suddenly he dropped on his belly

and froze to a rigid heap of muddy rags. Something had flashed in the unliving warscape. Slowly he raised himself. Must have been a rat or some nameless fragment slumping into the filth of a shell hole. Nothing had changed during the week he had been haunting this sector, a ghost in field grey, silent servant of a pale captain. There had been three of them when they left the battalion and started this lonely trail. Otto and Franz... now there was only one.

Yes, and there was the isolated strong-point, hastily constructed in a gaping crater, that he had made so hot for the Englanders. Time and time they had tried to locate him, tried to discover how his deadly bullets flew at such incredible angles.

Once there had been a bombing party, a gallant rush, a scramble of grey-faced, desperate men, panting and sweating, blood-lust battling with panic in their eyes. But when they reached the hide-out, there was no sniper to bomb. He had disappeared. And three of them he had sent to Eternity as they crept back to the outpost.

But this morning the outpost was deserted. Silence brooded over the face of the mud. Even the artillery had ceased. It was uncanny, as though the world had suddenly been drained of all noise, color, terror and life.

The sniper, used to lonely days, unrelieved by the crowded companionship of the dug-out, stared blankly, without understanding, at the waste. He kept thinking of the Flood, the earth when the waters had receded.

But his logical Westphalian mind could not survive the idea of himself as Noah. A patriarch with a rifle and steel helmet! He smiled, easing his position.

"Aaaaaah!" He drew his breath sharply and peered with unbelieving eyes. Along the fatal communication trench which led to the strong-point, a British soldier was walking... walking with a blind unconcern, as though he was an orderly at the Base, strolling along to collect requisition chits. The sniper fixed his rifle between two lurching fragments of stone and covered the distant figure. It was a beautiful shot... an impossibly easy target. He waited, his finger on the trigger.

GOTT in Himmel, what was the man doing? The Englander had scrambled out of the trench and was walking in No Man's Land. The sniper relaxed his trigger finger in amazement.

He knew that his countrymen were retiring, a strategic retreat that would draw on the Aisles to their doom. That much he had heard before he left the others weeks ago, and went out with Otto and Franz. But they couldn't have retired so far that a soldier might walk on No Man's Land without a burst of machine-gun fire or the whistle of a sniper's bullet.

And where were the other Englanders? He gazed through the telescope sights of his rifle. The Englander was raking about in the strong-point searching for something or someone. But no other man was in sight.

He pulled the trigger, and the recoil jarred his shoulder. Through the faint wreath of smoke he saw the English soldier jump like a marionette when the showman jerks the string. The shot echoed into silence... no shouts, no counter-volley followed the report. This silence... it was unreal... unnatural... it wasn't war.

He crouched low in the fortified crater, bending over the Englishman he had sniped. A thin-faced little fellow was lying, head on arm, like a small boy in an orchard, as though utter weariness had struck him down.

He was resting on his side. Now and again his mouth oozed blood into the seeping clay. His tin hat had fallen over his eyes, and his big hands were slowly clawing the mud. The Westphalian looked at him stupidly. He had crawled to the crater in slow and subtle circles like a snake drawn by the mystery of this silence. With ever-widening eyes he saw that the whole sector was deserted.

A wild hope surged in his heart that somehow the British had been outmanoeuvred and swept back to the sea. Had the eagles of Germany flown triumphantly in the wake of a scattered enemy while he slept or dreamed? No that couldn't be. Defeat... victory would have meant an

A Complete Short Story

By

CYRIL JAMES

inferno of raging noise. But this silence... it was like an eternal query. If only the Englander would talk. He might try him with a few rough words of English.

"Tommy. Tommy." He shook the wounded soldier gently. Slowly the prostrate soldier opened his eyes. Fright flamed brightly for a moment, and then he collapsed into a broken heap. The blood soaked slowly through his khaki.

"Tommy. Tommy. I speak English."

What was the man trying to say? He was asking whether... "Ja," muttered the German with a strangely crestfallen look. "I shoot... up there."

Please turn to Page 24



Fashion
Stresses
Simplicity

BLACK crepe fashions this pinaflore dinner frock. The sheathlike skirt has its fullness centred at the back below the knees, forming a small train. The full white crepe sleeves are caught in at the elbow.

—Air Mail photo.

"Three-Three's always please"

9-6d. : 18-1/- : 27-1/6
Also Flat 50's, Flat 100's, and Round
Airtight 50's

4877-10-8

An Editorial

NOVEMBER 14, 1936.

NURSING AS A CAREER



RECENTLY public attention has been directed to various hardships suffered by nurses (and especially hospital nurses) throughout Australia.

Long hours, insufficient and "scrappy" meals, and overwork have been instanced as privations suffered by nurses in public hospitals. In some private hospitals nurses' conditions are even worse.

In many of the latter female "hospital assistants" are employed, who, for a small wage, are expected to carry out, besides the duties of a nurse, such tasks as sweeping, dusting, cooking, preparing meals, and assisting in the moving of patients.

They are, as a fact, glorified domestic servants, with the difference, so it is claimed, that they are paid on a lower scale and have to work irregular hours with a minimum of time off—and broken time at that.

It has been argued on behalf of public hospitals that, owing to unsatisfactory financial backing, under-staffing and, consequently, long hours and overworking are necessary evils, still further increased in city hospitals by overcrowding of patients, due to demands for admission outrunning accommodation.

If this be so, it is surely time that such a vital service as the public hospital should be placed on a sounder financial footing.

Under present conditions, nursing as a career involves a life of hard work, devotion, self-sacrifice, and renunciation of all the little pleasures and vanities which, for the average woman, make life worth living.

It is true that many young women take up nursing, imagining it a romantic job of flitting about wards in a trim uniform, and ending in marriage with a wealthy patient or a handsome young medico.

But the truth is, as a cynic once put it, that nursing is an unromantic but necessary job, concerned with sordid tasks and realities. Actually, a nurse needs to possess "the strength of a horse, nerves of steel, and the patience of an angel."

Even so, if hospitals can only carry on by working their nurses to the breaking-point of physical and mental strain at starvation wages, reform is obviously due—even if it involves the revision of the hospital systems, public and private, throughout Australia.

—THE EDITOR.

POINTS OF VIEW

CONDUCTED BY LESLIE HAYLEN

Good Music

THAT delightful personality and consummate musician, Dr. Malcolm Sargent, in bidding us farewell at Perth, was divided in appreciation between our spacious hospitality and our very real appreciation of good music.

Dr. Sargent is not the first great artist to be impressed by Australian audiences. Some had publicity in the past, by mediocre performers, has more or less created a legend that high-class music is not appreciated in Australia. Facts do not support this. Any eminent artist is as safe in booking for an Australian tour as he would be in accepting a London or New York contract.

Being so far away from the accepted cultural centres of the world, Australians revel in the opportunity of seeing and hearing world-famous artists.

They also like them to deliver the goods. If they can do that, and as Malcolm Sargent has done, put great performance behind a great name, their success is assured and their tour a triumphal procession.

Old Days Forgotten

WITH both Melbourne and Adelaide having reached their first hundred years, and Sydney approaching the 150th anniversary of foundation, we, as a nation, should have a not inconsiderable storehouse of historical records and traditions. On the contrary, Defence Minister Parkhill laments the fact that our historical records are so limited. In England everything old is preserved; every local idiom on a great person or event jealously preserved.

Australia, apparently, is allowing the early records and incidents to die out entirely, or be kept alive haphazardly and inaccurately in the loquacity of the oldest inhabitants.

Have You?

HAVE you a phone fool in your office?

Lord Strabolgi, British efficiency expert, has been making discoveries and says there is one in almost every office. This is their usual bit of dialogue:

"WHAT say?"
"WHO is it?"
"I can't HEAR you."
"Who ARE you?"
"WHAT name did you say?"
"WHO do you want?"
And then the inevitable and dreary words:

"Oh—JUST a minute."
Again, if it is a question of leaving a message, the usual formula is: "Oh, just a minute while I get a pencil."

At the next "Hallo" one begins hopefully dictating, to be greeted with: "Oh—just a minute while I get a piece of paper."

But some organisations do not suffer phone fools gladly. Lord Strabolgi says that Government offices and newspapers have the best telephonists, but even they may have a phone fool lurking in the background.

Lyric of Life

Exiled

Sometimes in far and alien lands
The strange interests and the new pursuits
Will suddenly seem empty;
Then we close our eyes
That are sick with a nostalgia for home.
We wonder how its bondage ever liked,
What waywardness
Caused us to uproot our life
And set it down again elsewhere.
Yet sometimes this new life is stronger
Than the old.
Not all of us can break its ties,
Not all of us can . . . go home.

—PHYLLIS DUNCAN-BROWN.

Asleep While Driving

FALLING asleep while driving a car was called a "sudden illness" by an English Court which dismissed a charge against a man of driving without due care.

The motorist said he was very tired and fell asleep at the wheel, and his car collided with some trees. Had the collision been with pedestrians there would have perhaps been a more tragic case of sudden illness.

In all the propaganda of road safety, undue fatigue should be mentioned as one of the moods of dangerous driving.

The Right Idea

ONCE upon a time the modest hero of some hazardous adventure would dismiss his exploit with a wave of the hand and "It was nothing." Nowadays this sort of inverted modesty has gone out of date.

Hear Jimmy Mollison at the conclusion of his Atlantic flight:



MRS. H. STERNE, the Queenlander who says Sweden is a country where women avoid motherhood. See Col. 4.

"I was scared stiff—literally petrified with fright. While flying over the rolling wastes of ocean I decided that I ought to be a much better Christian. I drank brandy on the trip, because I like it."

Mollison seems to have the right idea. What merit is there in a flight by someone whose cold Olympian courage is as high as the storms he rides?

We like the human being who gets cold feet and needs Dutch courage, but gets there, just the same.

History Will Tell

THESE armament manufacturers aren't as black as they are painted. The New York "Herald-Tribune" has discovered that 1,450,000 tons of "dud" shells have been recovered from the fields of France, while another 200,000 tons were destroyed on the spot. All this in the last six years, in areas which were supposedly cleared up.

Which gives rise to interesting speculations: Were the munition-makers unapologetic enough to sell vast quantities of "dud" shells to the combatants for greater profit to themselves; or were they decent gentlemen at heart determined to keep the slaughter at a minimum and output at a maximum?

Perhaps history will answer that one for us some day!

Country Where Women Avoid Motherhood

In a world crying out for babies and population, an Australian traveller has found one country without babies—Sweden. It is a "country where women avoid motherhood," she says.

THAT is the impression gathered by Mrs. H. Sterne, of Warwick, Queensland, who has just returned from a world trip which was the prize she received as the "most popular woman in Queensland," in a competition conducted by The Australian Women's Weekly.

In appreciation of the trip, which she said gave her unique opportunity of studying women's conditions in other countries, Mrs. Sterne has brought back a wealth of information.

She is State Treasurer for Queensland of the Country Women's Association, and was Government representative at the recent conference of Country Women of the World in Washington, U.S.A.

Sweden is invariably quoted by travelling Feminists as the ideal country for women's conditions, and Mrs. Sterne was there several months.

She found women enjoying equal rights of work and status, but avoiding motherhood.

"The birth rate is causing concern," she said. "There are two great divisions of old and young, but birth control is a great national problem."

"Everyone has a job. There are women in important government positions. There are grey-headed married women in good jobs. They have husbands working in office jobs."

"Homes are perfectly run, because cheapness of electricity means that every house and flat is equipped with modern electrical conveniences."

No Domestic Problem

THERE is no unemployment problem, and no domestic service problem. This is partly because of the excellent home mechanics, and partly because there is not the acute social distinction between mistresses and maids which there is in Australia.

"Unmarried mothers are not penalised—far from it, as they have equal rights with married mothers."

"In our eyes the moral standards are startlingly different."

"Social services of the country are the most wonderful in the world. They are conducted by private organisations, instead of being Government controlled, which gives a much more homely and freer atmosphere."

"One of the finest was the Mothers' Home in Stockholm, conducted for the benefit of working mothers, whether married or not. There is no discrimination."

"In a huge building of beautifully-outfitted flats, of which any quite well-to-do woman might be proud, these mothers can have home life, leaving their children in central nurseries of the building while they go to their work."

"The babies are looked after by a staff of trained nurses in nurseries and kindergartens in the building."

"There are no hidebound restrictions on mothers regarding the use of evening leisure, though, of course, the building, which is ten stories high, is well-conducted."

Homes for Aged

MRS. STERNE mentioned the Swedish flower fund by which, instead of sending sympathy-wreaths to funerals, Swedish people send the money to the fund, which provides for the upkeep of a home for aged women.

There are six such homes caring for 1600 women, while there is a waiting-list of 2000.

They are under the charge of a notable Swedish woman, Miss Alma Redin, who inaugurated the Flower Fund. The provision of such organised homes for the aged in Australia is now being discussed, and Mrs. Sterne's inquiries about conditions abroad should be of value in their establishment here.

Mrs. Sterne visited the model civil farms, which are usually dairying concerns.

The largest was of 3000 acres and employed thirty families.

It had its own cheese factory. She also visited a number of small farms, some of which were run by women. The standard of agricultural and home duties of women is high.

Commenting on working wives, Mrs. Sterne said that the Swedes considered it a ridiculous thing to suggest that they should not retain their jobs after marriage.

Australian girls mostly take it for granted that they will give up their work and run homes of their own, but Stockholm women expect to continue work.

She discovered a quaint community in the country, where Swedes obviously so from appearance and physique, had Scottish names such as Douglas and McNeil.

They were descendants of 10,000 Scots who went to Sweden during the wars about 1600 A.D., and established families which have lived there ever since, and are fiercely proud of their Scottish descent.



MISUNDERSTOOD—a Tragedy IN ONE ACT

It's Fatal to Try to be a Villain to Your Own Mirror

By L. W. LOWER
Australia's Foremost Humorist

ILLUSTRATED
By WEP

I intend to go in big for amateur theatricals. I believe I have a lot of latent talent going to waste.

Now look at that girl, What's-er-name. She used to indulge in amateur theatricals, got a screen test, and now she's in Hollywood or Elstree or some place being paid by the bushel.

And then there was that other girl who was standing on the beach when Zane Grey's skiff was being hauled up. "You will be junior lead in my next picture," he said. And blow me if she wasn't starring in his next picture.

Of course, it might become a bit monotonous standing on the beach day after day waiting for a film director to come along, and I prefer the other indirect approach—amateur theatricals and the repertory theatre.

I HAVE written a small play which, I think, suits me down to the ground. It's about a polished villain (ME) called Trevor De Vere. Thwarted by a woman in his youth—she short-weighted him on threepenny worth of licorice allsorts—he resolved to have his revenge on all women.

He soon developed into a sinister figure, because he went away and got tuition on "How to play the banjo in three easy lessons." Also "Cure that blushing habit," and "Why be a wallflower?" and

"Become a jazz drummer and see the world."

Needless to say, it was no time before he was moving in circles. The best circles. Before that he could only zig-zag and used to get run-in and fined ten bob or the rising.

He soon gained the confidence of a number of beautiful women, mostly married women. He would sing to them in his rich baritone voice, accompanying himself on his banjo, and then they would weep softly and say they were prepared to do anything for him.

even run away with him so long as he didn't take the banjo with him.

Then he'd blacklead them and squeeze every penny out of them until at last they would dive into the river never to be seen again. De Vere would just stand on the edge of the river and curl his moustache with a sneer.

Eh? Oh, did I? I meant blackmail. Sorry!

Anyhow one day he was holidaying in the country on his ill-gotten gains and was strolling through a grassy lane when he met a simple country lass. She had wide blue innocent eyes and hair of reddish hue, and freckles as big as two bob pieces.

"Well, my pretty lass," said De Vere. "Where are you going?"

"I am going to paint the village maypole, sir," she replied.

"Come then, let us paint it together," he said, taking the paint-pot from her.

When they had gone a little way he told her to wait for him for a while, and ducked off with the paint-pot and went to a certain pawnbroker and said, "How much will you give me on this?" That's the sort of hound he was.

You don't want to hear any more? A pity.

Anyhow a good woman reformed him in the end, and the last scene before the curtain goes down is De Vere surrounded by his wife and ten children being elected Mayor of the town and presented with an inscribed crucifix.

The Loughboy Mystery

If anyone were to challenge me I dare say I could train myself as an actor without any outside assistance. I was having a go at it in front of the mirror only the other day.

"You," I shrieked, pointing at myself. "I thought you were dead. Go! Go! Before it is too late. Have you come here to ruin my life?"

I sneered at myself.

"So you are very happily married, eh? Does your so-called husband know that you are already married to a goblin?"

A murderer?

I went down on my knees to myself and sobbed.

"Have you no pity? Have you no heart beneath that vest with the soup stains on it?"

It was about this time when I was standing heaving down at myself kneeling before me that my wife came in.

"I was just looking for a stud I dropped, dear," I said, getting up off the floor.

"Who have you got in here with you? I'll swear I heard voices."

Then she looked under the bed and proceeded to look in the wardrobe and behind the wardrobe, and was about to make her way towards my loughboy.

"No, no," I cried. "Not there!"



As an actor L. W. Lower is an excellent plumber. But he doesn't think so and has terrorised "Wep" into drawing him as he would have you believe he appears on the stage—or anywhere else.

She swept me aside, opened the door of the loughboy, and found my half-flask of whisky.

This has rather dampened my en-

thusiasm for theatricals in the home. But, after all, there are plenty of other places. Places where you can act naturally. I'm going to one now.

Why not
SLIM while
you sleep



EVERYONE wants to be slim nowadays and why not? It's fashionable, and healthy too, if you "slim while you sleep" with the aid of Bile Beans.

No fatiguing exercises or drastic dieting, just two Bile Beans nightly before you get into bed. And you are quite safe in taking Bile Beans regularly for they are purely vegetable, and improve your health along with your figure.

So, why not "slim while you sleep" and keep gloriously fit and well with the aid of Bile Beans?

BILE BEANS

MAKE YOU SLIM AND IMPROVE YOUR HEALTH

"I was putting on so much weight that it was almost too much to get about. Since taking Bile Beans regularly I have reduced sixteen pounds and I feel much more energetic and alert. I am continuing with Bile Beans to improve my figure still further." — Mrs. M. H.

"As I lost a lb. in the first fortnight I kept on with my nightly Bile Beans. Now my weight is down by 15 lbs. and my health is improved in every way. When my costume-maker measured me recently I was four inches less in bust, waist and hips." — Mrs. T. D.

Every Woman who sews should read this letter!



HERE is a letter from one of the greatest authorities on dressmaking in Australia. What a message it conveys to every woman who sews! "I insist on Gutermann's Pure Silk Sewing Thread. Its strength is essential in holding seams firmly," writes Madame PELLIER from the salon of PELLIER LTD., at St. James Buildings, Sydney. You can take Madame's word for it—Gutermann's is indeed the best of all pure silk sewing threads.

Gutermann's Sewing Silks

IN HUNDREDS OF SHADES AT ALL GOOD STORES

Over
1,000,000 JARS
Sold every year



FLATLY REFUSE IMITATIONS

read this

Dear Sirs:
"I am delighted to be able to tell you that after about four years of terrible suffering from Rheumatism and Neuritis, I am better than I have been for ages after only a short treatment with Schumann's Salts. I was unable to walk, swelling and pain has gone and I am able to go about my duties."
(Sgd.) Mrs. J. O'Halloran.

SCHUMANN'S SALTS
RHEUMATISM, NEURITIS, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, & ALL URIC ACID CONDITIONS AND CONSTIPATION

Schumann's Salts bring quick and lasting relief to sufferers from

**RHEUMATISM
CONSTIPATION
NEURITIS, SCIATICA
LIVER DISORDERS**

1/6 and 2/9 Everywhere.



**GIVE HIM
A RAZOR**

READY FOR USE

77 Extra Full Hollow Ground, 1 1/2 in. wide 10/6
POST FREE FOR CASH WITH ORDER

W. JNO. BAKER LTD. 3 Hunter St., SYDNEY

Cheaper Rates And The Books You Want?

BOOKSTALL CIRCULATING LIBRARY

the home of thousands of good books which are loaned at the lowest possible cost to you.

CITY:

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:	Three months	Six months	Twelve months
1 book and 1 magazine	8/6	15 0	31 7 6
2 books and 1 magazine	12/6	21 2 6	42 0 0
3 books and 1 magazine or 4 books	15/-	27 7 6	52 10 0

COUNTRY:

8 books at a time	—	£1 15 0	£2 15 0
10 books at a time	—	£2 5 0	£3 7 6

The best offer ever made by a library, so write for our New Catalogue (post free) right away, or phone M231.

N.S.W. BOOKSTALL COMPANY LIMITED
General and Educational Booksellers,
MARKET AND CASTLEBAGH STREETS, SYDNEY.

NEW BOOKS

Conducted by LESLIE HAYLEN

Warwick Deeping Finds Deep Humanity in War Heroes of Medical Corps

Those who revelled in Warwick Deeping's "Sorrell and Son" and "Sackcloth Into Silk," which appeared as a serial in *The Australian Women's Weekly*, will find that the author has broken fresh ground in his latest book, "No Hero—This."

IN fact, this latest novel can be honestly classed as Deeping's finest work, even if it is not able to compete with the overwhelming popularity of "Sorrell and Son."

The war left a deep and abiding impression on the mind of Deeping. In almost every one of his novels its impact or implication has drawn all the humanity and tenderness of which his pen is capable.

In "No Hero—This," he has devoted a full book to the war.

Although war books seem in inexhaustible supply there is no need to shun Deeping's novel on that account. A good craftsman, he has waited for many years to get the right perspective. There are no neurotic screaming of

death and destruction; no gentlemen of the "ours not to reason why" breed in the book. On the contrary it depicts everyday human beings caught up in the perplexities of war, with its bawdy humors and its senseless sacrifices.

Deeping the novelist, loves to create the atmosphere of an action, some testing ground into which his hero barges ill-equipped for the battle with forces greater than himself.

In this novel the arena is war, and into this strange and frightening new world stagers the civilian equipped for anything but the stern business of battle and sudden death.

Sincerity

THE hero is Lieutenant Brent, and the yarn deals mostly with the life of a medical officer in the war. There is fire in the book; the fires of a persistent truth and a burning sincerity. But these fires are banked under the ashes of the years. The war is over and we are possibly marching to a new one, and Deeping glimpses the tragedy of this in a perspective which is calmly accurate and unhysterical.

Character drawing is brilliant. The medical men are splendidly portrayed.



WARWICK DEEPING has written a masterly war novel in "No Hero—This," reviewed on this page.

Their great work is told in the sum of each young doctor's activity, and there is a valiant humor in the book. Colonel Frost is a magnificent piece of literary portraiture, one of the most vividly real characters in a story in which well-drawn types abound. The book has minor faults. Deeping is too ardent a writer not to over-color some of his characters, and he is addicted to prosy passages of preachiness which spoil the easy flow of the narrative.

These are small things, however, in a book which must take a high place among war novels for its restraint and its sincerity.

"No Hero—This." Warwick Deeping. (Casell. 7/6.) Our copy Dymocks.

SHORT... REVIEWS

"SIR PERCY LEADS THE BAND."

Baroness Orczy. Sir Percy Blakeney returns again in this story of the French Revolution. There is the same background of danger and hair-breadth escapes which distinguishes tales of the Scarlet Pimpernel, and the same smooth writing. As a thriller the adventures of Sir Percy have survived the years. It's a rattling good love and adventure yarn with well-known characters moving through it to the happy ending. (Hodder and Stoughton. 7/6.)

"THE MARRIAGE OF NICHOLAS COTTER."

Nelle M. Scanlan. This novel of the intrusion of young love into the life of a middle-aged bachelor is handled with humor and insight. It concerns Nicholas Cotter and what happened to him and his sister, Zoe, when a young and beautiful girl comes into the home so capably managed for years by the rather austere Cotter sister. Miss Scanlan could have made a deep dark epic of this tale, but wisely she chose the lighter treatment without losing any of the fundamental interest of the plot. Wit, humor, and, occasionally, pathos are cleverly blended in a novel women will enjoy. (Hale. 7/6.)

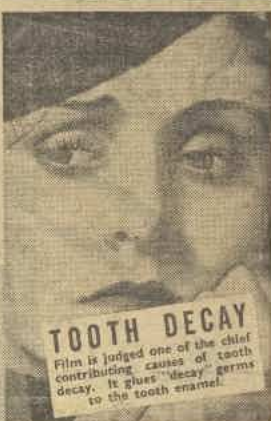
"TO MARY, WITH LOVE."

Richard Sherman. One of the most delightful novels written for many a long day. As modern as this morning. It has nevertheless a flavor of romance about it which belongs to another age. It tells of Bill, in love with Mary all his life; how he sees her married to his best friend; her disillusionment—and, finally, Mary coming to Bill (a lawyer) for arrangements for divorce. Then Bill writes this tender little story to Mary, with love, in an effort to prevent the divorce of the two people he likes so much. As the best friend he calls up their early happiness out of the past—cleverly, subtly, tenderly. He tells: "Of the things you had done together, you and Jack, the things you had done and the words you had spoken, and the rooms you had lived in; it would be made up of songs you had sung and streets you had walked." A charming book, beautifully written. (Faber and Faber.)



BOOKWORM'S CHOICE

A GOOD thriller is always welcome, but when it adds a treasure hunt for Treva gold to the plot it's almost sure of popularity. In "MISSING FROM THE SHELF" Michael Sakelid tells his story with finish and adrenalin. As a first novel it's a fine piece of work. Good leisure-hour reading, with excitement the keynote. (Selwyn and Blount. 7/6.)



when FILM is linked with these conditions...

Make sure you use the special film-removing tooth paste which removes film effectively and safely.

The way to remove film safely.

COMMON sense says that dangerous film should be removed and kept away regularly. But how? Many dentifrices may claim to remove film. But are they safe? To millions of people, Pepsodent is known as the special film-removing tooth paste.

The simple reason for Pepsodent's efficiency is the use of a revolutionary new cleansing and polishing agent. This material is unequalled in film-removing power. No other leading dentifrice contains it and it is so safe that in impartial tests Pepsodent has been proved the least abrasive... therefore, *safer*—of 15 leading tooth pastes and 6 tooth powders.

So, if you really want naturally white teeth and greater freedom from common mouth disorders, take the first step now. Start removing ugly, dangerous film daily with Pepsodent Tooth Paste.

Along with daily brushing, eat foods your dentist would advise to promote strong, healthy teeth. And be sure to see your dentist regularly twice a year.



PEPSODENT
the Special Film-Removing Tooth Paste
THE 2 1/2" SIZE IS THE MOST ECONOMICAL

Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen.
When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."



"What kind of brain has she got?"
"About a thousand scandal-power."



"What do you take for insomnia?"
"Brandy and soda at regular intervals."
"Does that make you sleep?"
"No; but it makes me satisfied to stay awake."



"Do you mean to say such a physical wreck as your husband gave you that black eye?"
"But he wasn't a physical wreck till he gave me this black eye."



"I expected you to wear the gown I gave you last week."
"I was going to, darling, but a horrid moth ate it last night."



HE: I would go to the end of the world for you.
SHE: Yes, Adolphe, but would you stay there?



Woman's Intelligence —is wanted in advertising

A thrilling new career that's highly paid. Just like frocks, there's no two jobs alike.

No longer is the cultivation of personality the prerogative of the leisured woman, and present conditions offer opportunities for women of every degree to embark on a new career which offers lucrative employment, work of refinement, and a career in which the work never palls.

Advertising is a profession in which women are, today, particularly needed. The field is so wide—there are so many positions, so many varied sections in which women can command high positions, the remuneration is so high—and there are not enough qualified women to fill the jobs which are daily offered.

START TODAY

Advertising has to be taught—but you can qualify at home. You don't have to be an artist—you don't have to be able to draw well—but you do have to study and learn.

H. & R. can teach you—they give you that thorough training which for forty years has caused employers everywhere to say: "H. & R. trained! That's good enough for me." For forty years they've proved the value of H. & R. tuition.

Put the coupon for our handbook. It tells you all about the possibilities for men and women in Marketing and Advertising—Marketing and Selling—Practical Retail Selling—Modern Merchandising. Take up this new career where Age is no handicap—and opportunity depends on you.

OUR 40th YEAR

Pe. small Individual Tuition. Open 11/18 p.m. Fr. days

Serve a Con. always Main Country Centres

Hemingway & Robertson

Bank House, Bank Place, O.S.S., 410 Collins St., Melbourne.

Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, Perth and Hobart.

(H. & R.'s nearest Capital City is sufficient address)

Your future lies in a Career in Advertising.

POST THE COUPON

POST TODAY
Dear Sirs,
Please send me free copy of the new "GUIDE TO CAREERS IN DISTRIBUTION." I am interested in the subject marked below.
Marketing & Selling Practical Retail Selling
Marketing & Advertising Modern Merchandising
Name _____ Age _____
Address _____

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

PUZZLIST (coming to after knock-out): So he's the champion now?
Second: Not him. He's been beaten twice since he knocked you out.

"I UNDERSTAND that Jones has five new pups at his house."
"Yes; he calls them his quintuplets."

"NOBODY can deny my love for you, sweetheart."
"I'd like to see anybody try. I've kept all your letters."

TEACHER: Have you made out your list of the twelve greatest men?
Willie: No. I can't decide on a wicket-keeper.

DORIS: How does a man know when he is in love?
Dad: When he can't look his wife in the face.

FLORIST: I've got some pretty girls selling Christmas bush: sixpence a bunch.
Customer: Good! I'll have a bunch of pretty girls.

"I AM calling about that glove you delivered yesterday."
"Well madam doesn't it throw our a lovely heat."
"Yes, but it's thrown out my husband with it."

"Oh dear how the hours do drag! I wish I knew how to hurry them up."
"Why don't you apply the spur of the moment?"



Oh boy! Shipwrecked with a whole island full of Hula girls to myself—and me in my Bond's Athletic!

Bond's Athletic vests are plenty smart. Streamlined up top—and they do give you ample tuck-in below the belt. Every vest carrying the Bond's label is guaranteed. Bond's athletics are knitted from only the finest super-carded cotton yarn. That is why they are so comfortably light in weight, and the longest wearing vests in Australia to-day.

Bond's Athletic Vests

Look for the Bond's label—it guarantees you more for your money. . . . Cotton Athletics 1/6 to 2/6.

Kidney Trouble

The Hidden Complaint which is often the
Real Cause of your "Mystery" Pains
RHEUMATISM

BACKACHE, LUMBAGO,
"TOO-OLD" FEELING,
GRAVEL, STONE,
JOINT PAINS,
URINARY
IRREGULARITIES



You cannot be well if
your Kidneys are
Weak or Ailing.

The kidneys, deep-seated in the small of the back, are of such vital importance to your health, that Nature has been at great pains to protect them from injury. The kidneys are the great filters of the body, and it is only by their ceaseless work in extracting such poisons as uric acid, bacteria and other waste products, that the body is kept running. When the kidneys are healthy you are not even aware of their presence. They work silently but constantly, and the whole system benefits thereby.

De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills are compounded specially to relieve all forms of kidney trouble. At the first symptoms of kidney trouble take a short course and you will soon be put right. Even when the more pronounced symptoms tell you the trouble is getting serious, De Witt's Kidney & Bladder Pills will give relief.

If the kidneys become inflamed, injured, sluggish or diseased, their filtering power at once drops. Poisons remain in the body—and a form of self-poisoning is the result. Not only is there a general feeling of depression, with such symptoms as bad breath, bagginess under the eyes and distress in the urinary functions, but such painful effects as backache, rheumatism, pains in muscles and joints, lumbago, etc., make the sufferer's life a misery. The longer this condition is neglected, the worse it becomes.

DE WITT'S

Kidney & Bladder

PILLS

Of all Chemists 3/6 & 6/6

Horrockses

Sheets
and
Pillowcases



The Name is your Assurance of

QUALITY • COMFORT • ECONOMY

You pay no more . . . so insist on

Horrockses

TRUE BRITISH QUALITY

REGD

EST. 1878



TO PLEASE A LADY

Continued from Page 6

"Oh, good morning," came Sam's voice over the wire. "What's on your mind?" Bettina's father told him. Pungently, "And Bettina said she was going to ask you—"

"She already has," Sam broke in. "She phoned me and—"

"You don't mean to say you told her you would!"

It was not the tone of voice he would have taken normally to one of the sacrosanct Thayers. But being Sam's possible father-in-law gave him certain privileges.

"What else could I do?" asked Sam. Bettina's father groaned. Good Lord! Was Sam actually so stupid that he needed a diagram?

"Listen, Sam—will you lunch with me to-day?" he said.

"I'm sorry—but I promised Bettina I'd run out to the club and have luncheon with her and her friend."

"Friend!" exploded Bettina's father. "Look here, Sam, I know all about this—this friend of hers. I told her this morning I wouldn't have him in the house."

"You would!" groaned Sam—but to himself.

"He's nothing but an adventurer—no morals at all," Bettina's father went on. "Oh, I suppose he's famous in a way—but what does that amount to?"

Sam ignored the question. "Well, what do you suggest I do about it?"

"Ring her up and tell her you've talked to me, and that you won't invite this fellow—"

"Nothing doing!" said Sam, with abrupt finality. "She'd simply get somebody else to, anyway—so what would be the use?"

The point was reasonable enough—too reasonable, Bettina's father fumed on after hanging up the receiver.

"That's the trouble with him," he concluded. "He's too dashed reasonable. Women have no respect for anything but force."

It did not occur to him that he had tried that with Bettina, with no notable results. Or with her mother for that matter. Instead he wished fervently that he could be in Sam's shoes for a while. He'd show Bettina a few things!

He had no reason to suspect, naturally, that Sam was wishing as fervently that he might stand in his shoes for a while.

Sam, with the phone call concluded, had risen abruptly and gone to the window of his office. It overlooked Easterly Harbor and its picturesque shipping. A favorite vista, but he was not conscious of it at the moment.

A promise to drop in to the bank after five and have a talk with Bettina's father had been extracted from him. He did not relish the prospect.

"I wish he'd retire—and take a trip round the world," he was thinking as his secretary entered.

The latter was efficient, homely—and forty-five. But for a second her eyes were feminine as they lit on the lithe young figure silhouetted against the window's brightness.

She had never had a love affair, yet there had never been a time since girlhood when some masculine figure had not filled her mind.

Now it was Sam. He was all she had never had. It was not a possessive emotion, though. Being forty-five had certain advantages. One took life as it came, knew that one was just ridiculous, and did not mind very much.

Sam turned, saw her, and smiled. "Oh, I can't imagine any girl not being in love with him," ran her instant thought.

She meant Bettina, naturally. Yet, prejudiced though she was, she might have felt her allegiance subtly assaulted had she been privileged to accompany Sam to his luncheon engagement that midday.

EASTERLY, though it is primarily a manufacturing town with all that connotes, has its delightful aspects. Its rocks are in its factories, but from them spring flowers of a sort. The Easterly Golf Club, for instance, set on the heights among the homes of the prosperous.

Here Sam, arriving in a two-seater, which had cost eighteen hundred, and which was Easterly's most distinguished car, found another of the same make and model that was its identical twin in every way save for number plates.

He wondered if the car was the one Bettina had said her friend was driving up in.

It was, he later discovered, after he had joined Bettina and her companion.

The latter was—well, not what he had anticipated. Beppo gave him a surprise, almost a sense of shock.

Bettina had looked forward to that. She smiled demurely.

"This is Sam Thayer—one of my oldest friends, Beppo," she exclaimed. "I think you are going to like each other a lot."

Nor was this necessarily irony. There was every reason—but one—why the

two men should like each other. That was the surprise angle. The shock came when Sam discovered, as he did, that Beppo, quite apart from his distinction as a pianist, was a rival any man could not under-rate.

It was this impression that he tried to convey to Bettina's father that afternoon.

IF you think he's just a long-haired half-breed who talks with his hands and who is a total loss away from the piano, you're wrong," Sam began bluntly.

Bettina's father looked at him as if he doubted his—Sam's—sanity.

"Look here," he began, "you don't mean to sit there and try to tell me that—"

"I've seen him and you haven't," Sam reminded him.

"And I don't want to—and I shan't," announced Bettina's father. "I—"

He stopped short, as Sam's eyes met his. And abruptly memory carried him back to his boyhood.

When he had been ten Sam's great-grandfather had been in his eightieth year, but still in control of his business. There had been rumors of trouble at the works, and Bettina's father, small-boy like, had scurried there.

"And you call yourselves men," a man on a soapbox was bellowing at a group of workers. "You stand out here and mutter about your wrongs, but you haven't the nerve to go in and tell old Thayer that unless he gives you your rights you'll—"

At that point Sam's great-grandfather had appeared.

"Get down off that box," he had directed the speaker, in a voice that was not even raised.

The man had started to answer back and stopped short—and obeyed. And even the boy that Bettina's father had been then had realised why. It was something in the old man's eyes.

Now that came back to him through the years. And with it came the thought that Sam—young, modern, well-tailored—was definitely his great-grandfather's descendant.

"I wish you'd reconsider what you said to Bettina about not having him in your house," Sam was saying. "I think it would be wiser."

Please turn to Page 18



Everyone admires
the freshness
of my skin

My secret is Vivatone—
the Perfect Skin Tonic

Few women realize how much the right skin tonic contributes to the beauty of their skin. Those who do, always use Vivatone, the Perfect Skin Tonic. Vivatone is ideal for closing the pores after a thorough cleansing with Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream. It stimulates the circulation and gives you that fresh, youthful appearance everyone admires. Vivatone is excellent for a quick clean-up before applying new make-up. It is also recommended for neutralizing perspiration. Get a bottle to-day and see how firm and fresh it will make your skin.

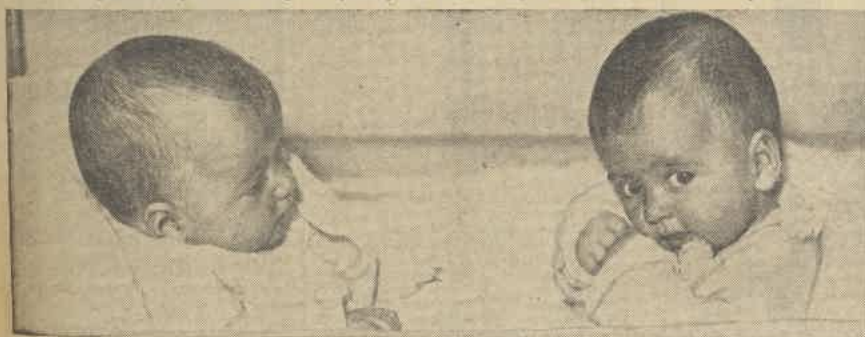


Daggett & Ramsdell

How the "Quins" have Changed!



THIS WEEK'S STUDIES of the famous Dionne Quintuplets show, in the most striking way, how quickly the babies are growing up. Above, Yvonne (left) and Emilie are celebrating an ancient custom of greeting, rubbing noses Eskimo fashion. They seem to be getting a lot of fun out of it. The "Quin" family are now being starred in their second film.



EMILIE (left) and Yvonne at the age of eight months. They hold two records in the "Quin" family. Emilie was the first to talk, and Yvonne was the first walker.



AND HERE'S the whole tribe of "Quins" when they were one year old. From left: Marie, Emilie, Cecile, Annette, who is checking up to see that all are present, and Yvonne.



BEING a portrait of a beautiful, healthy and manifestly contented young lady—Miss Cecile Dionne.

Copyright pictures—exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly.



The World's Greatest Triumph

According to the famous Dr. Alexis Carrel, 90 per cent. of the millions spent by modern women on Beauty Treatment is wasted.

The world-famous house of COTY gives you a simple series of Beauty Creations which provide everything necessary for preserving and maintaining a clear, healthy, well-nourished and attractive complexion. Yet no more than 10 minutes every morning and evening—in your own home—need be devoted to their use. They are

Simple . . . Speedy . . . Effective!

COTY is perfectly frank with you—Beauty Treatment can only help, and is practically useless, without a healthy diet and sane and regular habits of living. COTY products will do all that Science can possibly do. The rest lies with the user.

Full information and instructions obtainable at Anthony Hordern and Sons Ltd., Perfumery Department.

Coty
BEAUTY TREATMENT

TO PLEASE A LADY

Continued from Page 16

"WHAT!" exclaimed Bettina's father, astounded. But again his voice dwindled off. Sam's eyes—"You might tell her that, after talking with me, you realised that your first impressions were wrong," suggested Sam.

Admit he was wrong? To Bettina? He had never heard of any strain of insanity among the Thayers. It was his impression they were sound stock. But judging by the way Sam was talking

He glanced at Sam almost furtively. Then: "Well, perhaps you know best," he murmured.

Not that Sam could or did. Bettina's father so assured himself afterwards. Sam was a fool!

Nevertheless, a banker's word should be as good as his bond. William Harrison Bainbridge so reminded himself, as he returned home to dinner. But Bettina was not there. He did not see her until breakfast the next morning.

"Beppo will ruin Easterly," she remarked, with a little yawn. "Three o'clock in the morning is the same to him as three o'clock in the afternoon." It was not an auspicious preliminary to what he must say, and for a second he said nothing. Then:

"Sam seemed much—much struck with your friend," he managed. Bettina, slipping into her chair, gave him a surprised stare.

"In fact," he went on, "after hearing what Sam said, I—I rather think I'd like to meet him."

Bettina picked up her napkin. "Oh, of course—if Sam approves, that goes without saying," she remarked.

"I have great faith in Sam's judgment," he retorted stiffly—though he had never had less than at that minute. "If you would care to ask him—your friend—to dinner home night—"

Again Bettina gave him a swift stare. "Perhaps I can manage it, although he's already been invited everywhere and is rushed to death," she said. "Sam wasn't the only one who was struck with him. He made quite a sensation at the club yesterday. Every female present found some excuse to come round and coo over me, and get introduced to him."

"They would," said her father—but to himself.

He'd kept his promise. Whether

this Beppo showed up or not he didn't care. But Bettina managed that for that same evening.

The result was that William Harrison Bainbridge also got a surprise—and something of a shock, too.

After Beppo had departed—he and Bettina had another engagement for the evening—Mr. Bainbridge retreated to the library, lit a cigar, and tried to reassert his ideas and impressions.

He felt as if he had been out in a strong wind.

Pianists? He had always considered them effeminate. Beppo was not. He was tall and powerfully built. He was also young and extremely good-looking. Even Bettina's father had to admit that.

"In a film-actor way," he put it, for his own benefit.

Thin, however, did not dispose of Beppo even for him. Beppo was magnetic, dynamic. He spoke English well, and he had talked shop incessantly. But not his shop.

"I hear you play the piano," Bettina's father had begun, awkwardly enough—he wasn't accustomed to this sort of society.

BEPPA'S expressive, engaging countenance had changed. One might almost have said he scowled.

"I play the piano, but I do not like to talk about it," he replied flatly. And then again he glowed with charm. "But I hear you are a banker, and in banking I am much interested. May we talk about that, please?"

This was the last subject Bettina's father had expected to discuss.

"Trying to soft-soap me," was his instant inner thought.

Again he was wrong. Beppo was interested in banking. He not only could but did discuss the difference between the English, American, and Italian banking systems, and the French and German systems as well.

Bettina's father had seldom heard such a succinct, shrewd summing-up of world banking customs.

"You seem to have studied the subject thoroughly," he said finally.

Beppo had smiled. "I make a great deal of money in this country and that," he replied, as one who merely states a fact. "So I find it well to know something about banking so that I shall lose no profits and have no regrets."

In brief, Beppo seemed to be a business man.

Nor was this all. Apparently Beppo played golf and tennis, boxed to keep himself in condition, liked to drive fast, and was apart from his profession and nationality, much what Bettina's father had in mind when he spoke of anybody as being one hundred per cent. Anglo-Saxon.

This was what was in William Harrison Bainbridge's mind as he sat and smoked.

"I wonder if Sam just meant I might as well accept the inevitable," he mused uneasily.

Unnecessarily, for though this Beppo was not as he had pictured him, he—well, he'd rather have Sam for a son-in-law, just the same.

"Pure provincialism," Bettina would have assured him.

IN fact, she said practically that at breakfast the next morning. She came in, as always, fresh, poised, and, in her external aspects, delightful.

"And what did you think of Beppo?" she asked at once.

It was a challenge, of course.

"He was different from what I expected," he admitted.

"I might ask what you expected—except that I know," said Bettina. "You thought that because he played the piano he was absolutely a lemon-drop, and that because he was an Italian he was—well, of an inferior race."

This was so precisely what he had thought he did not know what to say.

"It's funny how some people take that attitude," Bettina went on. "I suppose Caesar might be called an Italian—Mussolini certainly is. And neither was ever anybody's football."

Bettina's father let that pass. "Look here, Bettina—are you going to marry him?" he demanded point-blank.

Bettina never batted an eyelash. "This is so sudden!" she replied. And added, "Not until he asks me to, anyway."

From experience he knew that there was no getting any more from her than she chose to say, and it was apparent she chose to say no more just then. But he could and did speak his mind to Sam that very day.

"I've always hoped that sooner or later Bettina would come to her senses and marry you, Sam," he announced. "I still think she would have, but this chap Beppo is a complication. In fact, I might as well admit that if we don't look out the first thing we know Bettina will marry him."



THE GHOST OF A SARDINE

spoils

Pure Breath

May-Breath Purifies your breath immediately!

FISH—onions—many things that you eat—many things that you drink affect your breath and make it unpleasant to others. Often without your knowing, your breath can offend—yet it is easy to guard against this danger, by using May-Breath. One tablet destroys all odours—leaves your breath fresh and pleasing.

Always carry May-Breath with you—be prepared, relieved of anxiety at unexpected meetings or appointments. May-Breath is sold in convenient little tins that slip into vest pocket or purse.

1/- AT ALL CHEMISTS

May-Breath

An Antiseptic Mouthwash in Tablet Form

MT664



SUFFERED FROM SPLITTING HEADACHES!

HADACHES robbed her of happiness. Just when she wanted to be at her best . . . that throbbing, ceaseless pain would return. Then—luckily—she heard of NYAL ESTERIN. Just two NYAL ESTERIN tablets—a glass of water and relief came almost of once. NYAL ESTERIN contains Esterin Compound a new sedative agent regularly prescribed by the medical profession for the prompt relief of pain. It acts directly on the nerve centres and quickly soothes away pain. Take NYAL ESTERIN for headaches, neuralgia, toothache, rheumatic and nerve pains. Ask your chemist for NYAL ESTERIN. Tin of 24 tablets costs only 1/3d.

NYAL ESTERIN

Post this coupon for FREE SAMPLE of Nyal Esterin to The Nyal Company, 431HH, Globe Pl. Rd., Sydney, N.S.W.

NAME

ADDRESS

W.W. 14/11/36

DURING HER ENGAGEMENT, INVITED EVERYWHERE.

A BLUSHING BRIDE... BLUSHING BECAUSE HER HANDS LOOK STAINED AND GRIMY.

NEWLY MARRIED... AS POPULAR AS EVER.

12 MONTHS MARRIED... A REGULAR STAY-AT-HOME BECAUSE OF HOUSEWORK HANDS.

BUT THEN A KIND FRIEND TOLD HER THE SOLVOL SECRET.

NOW SHE'S SEEN EVERYWHERE... AND PEOPLE ASK "WHOS THE WOMAN WITH THE LOVELY HANDS?"

HONEYMOON HANDS TOO SOON BECOME STAINED AND GRIMY WHEN HOUSEWORK BEGINS TO TAKE ITS TOLL. BUT SOLVOL KEEPS BUSY HANDS CHARMING. JUST WASH YOUR HANDS WITH SOLVOL. SEE EVERY TRACE OF DIRT COME CLEAN AWAY. WATCH IT VANISH IN THAT GENTLE, CREAMY LATHER... SO MILD AND KIND TO YOUR SKIN. USE SOLVOL OFTEN AND YOUR HANDS WILL NEVER EVEN WHISPER HOUSEWORK.

23/53/19 J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY LTD.

Please turn to Page 22

CASH PRIZES AWARDED

Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published on this page.
Pen names will not be used following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page.



Write Now!

A means of expression, and a way of earning a little pocket-money. . . All you do is write a short, concise letter on any topic at all — you may answer one of those already featured — and send to our offices with full name and address attached.

THAT RELATIONS BOGY

WIFE plus husband minus relatives equals happiness. Is this true?

There are, no doubt, countless instances where relatives have been the cause of unhappiness, but I say that there are also countless instances where relatives have greatly contributed towards the happiness of the husband and wife. Often we read: "Domestic trouble. Interference of relatives alleged." But who of us has seen the heading: "Domestic happiness. Contributed to by relatives?"

All too often do we hear of the unpleasant; let us hear more of the pleasant!

£1 for this letter to Mrs. A. R. Baird, 43 Hurtle St., Croydon Park, S.A.

WASTEFUL GOSSIP

WHY do women waste so much time gossiping? Country women are usually so occupied with their duties that gossiping is confined to the days when they visit neighbors or go to town to do the weekly shopping. In the city, however, women seem to gossip at any and every hour of the day. The minutes slip past while all the latest news of the street is discussed.

Life is so short it seems a pity to waste precious time in idle gossip. Are there not thousands of more interesting topics for conversation than the doings of other people?

Mrs. J. M. Turnbull, Rae St., Leederville, W.A.

SELFISH TACTICS

WHY do women play upon love to get their way? It's merciless, unjust, deplorable.

Very often you will hear a woman say to her husband: "If you loved me you would do so and so." Surely this is nothing more than "hen-pecking" in a disguised form?

Not only husbands suffer this way, but grown children also. Quite a common cry from mothers is, "You are my life. All my hopes are centred in you; don't fail me. If you loved me you would remember that I've suffered much for you children—done without gladly, so that you might have advantages—etc."

It is cruel and selfish for a woman to use these petish ploys, and it certainly shows poor character.

Mrs. M. Branske, Geelong, via Brisbane.

UNHAPPY BACHELOR!

IN a sense, the bachelor is "free as air," but is this freedom of any worth? I think not; rather, it is a bar to spiritual progress and the formation of a sterling character.

The bachelor easily grows selfish without being conscious of the fact. To some extent the family man is coerced into unselfishness by the household wherein each member seeks his or her own pleasures; further, he is wooed by the tender charities of family love, learning by his own experience that love's fullest joy lies in unstinted giving—that, in truth, it is more blessed to give than to receive.

G. D. Macdonald, Rouse St., Tenterfield, N.S.W.

SENTIMENT v. HARD CASH

WHEN it comes to a question of sentiment versus hard cash, is the latter always victorious?

That, at least, is the opinion of a borer of old gold who called on me recently. His experience is, on approaching clients, to be invariably met with the statement that they have sold everything they wish to get rid of except a few small trinkets with which they would not part "for anything," but on his producing a roll of notes such articles are ultimately handed over (maybe with a sigh) in exchange for the few shillings offered. I saw his purchases for the day—treasured trinkets, inscribed medals—some battered, others nearly new—obtained for the most part from folk in no definite need of the money.

Of course, it may be argued that if we do not realise on them the next generation probably will do so, but—well—it seems a pity.

Mrs. A. Wathen, Redland, P.O. Box 29, Sydney, N.S.W.

Do Marriage Bonds Allow Women Greatest Freedom?

I CANNOT agree with Evelyn Falconer (24/10/36) when she says that freedom, along with security and leisure, lies in marriage.

A married woman is economically dependent on her husband, therefore she cannot really be free.

I suppose that very few men can be really certain that they will hold the same position until it is time to retire. Can their wives then wallow in a sense of security?

As for leisure. The average woman does her own housework, looks after the children, and has practically no leisure.

M. Elwy Evans, 12 Northern Avenue, East Brighton 86, Vic.

Woman's Ideal

I ENTIRELY agree with Evelyn Falconer. Managing a home in a smooth-running, happy manner can be very pleasant and gratifying. A business career is all very well in its way, but I think that at the bottom of every woman's heart there is a longing for a home, and eventually children, of her own.

Marriage does give a woman freedom to do all those interesting things she was unable to do as a wage-earner. Who would exchange a happy home, sunshine, a garden, freedom and leisure for an office desk and a few extra shillings?

M. A. Eves, 240 Elswick St., Leichhardt, N.S.W.

Happy Compensations

I AGREE with Evelyn Falconer as to a woman's place being in the home; but I think it is the working woman who has freedom and leisure, and the married woman who is the slave, although perhaps not heavily chained.

The single woman works eight hours a day for five days, and the rest of the time is absolutely her own. But take the married woman. Her duties are from sunrise to sunset, and a few hours after, for seven days of the week.

True, the happily married woman has compensations. She can do her work when she likes without any set rules, and has the companionship of husband and children—which makes up for any hardships!

Mrs. Elizabeth Phegan, 128 George St. North, Sydney.

Marriage Brings Freedom

EXPERIENCE makes me agree with E. Falconer that "marriage is freedom." Years of working for others, overworked and underpaid, almost ruined my health; I could never take a holiday to recuperate, as it was impossible to save.

As a housewife in her own home a woman may plan the execution of her work according to her strength, without rushing and wearing down her nerves and body. Marriage gives her this privilege.

Mrs. R. F. Young, c/o Post Office, Warwick, Qld.

Chains of Matrimony

I DISAGREE emphatically with Evelyn Falconer. The average married woman and mother is securely chained



THE MARRIED WOMAN is not wholly free.

to her job. Her working hours are long and physically exacting.

The single business woman's hours are regular; her annual holiday is devoted entirely to recuperating her own health; her financial security depends on her own efforts.

Married life is one of service and self-sacrifice. It offers wonderful compensations, but certainly not security, freedom and leisure.

Mrs. J. E. Butler, Box 116, Clare, S.A.

Should Breach of Promise Suits Be Abolished?

REFERRING to Mrs. D. Martin's letter (24/10/36), I do not think that the breach of promise law should be abolished. In some cases of course the broken engagement is justified—but how many?

Think of the girl who, after giving the best years of her life, and after preparing her trousseau and glory-box, is told that the man she was to wed had changed his mind. After all, it is the man who "pops the question."

If this law is done away with, how many heart-broken girls will there be in the world—victims of reckless young men.

V. Smith, 25 Charlotte St., Campsie, N.S.W.

Protects Girls

I DON'T think breach of promise should be abolished. It is a very necessary protection for girls.

A man could casually, recklessly, propose, and as casually cancel the engagement, causing the girl much heartbreak and often great financial loss. But with the possibility of having a breach of promise suit brought against him, he, to a certain extent, watches his step first in the proposal, and then in the breaking.

Furthermore, I see nothing wrong in a girl bringing this action. A lot of people are inclined to think she is assessing her affection in terms of hard cash. Usually she is forced to do it, and

Grown-up Children

ONE of the most heartening things in the world to-day is the wholesale support of cartoons on the movies. Grown-up children the world over are delighting in these adorable film whimsies. It does something good to one to sit in a film theatre to-day and watch men and women, to whom the magic of The Three Bears and the Three Little Piggies has become a blurred memory of childhood, recapture it again with such a frank, unspoiled delight.

This is wholesome. In every man and woman there is the little boy or girl who won't grow up. We may have lost our faith in the moral, social or economic universe. We may have worshipped at the altars of strange gods—but, blessedly, we can still keep our belief in fairies.

Phyllis McDonagh, Hampton Court, King's Cross, Sydney.

It is a far more unpleasant ordeal for her to go through than for the man.

Marion Walters, Randall St., Perth.

Can't Be Too Sensitive!

RE breach of promise cases. I think Mrs. Martin is quite right, only I look at it from the woman's point of view.

What type of girl would want a man who no longer loves her? Surely it is better to lose quite a few pounds on wedding preparations than want a man who no longer has any affection for you. I really think it is wounded pride, not love, that is behind breach of promise cases.

Mrs. D. Rule, Bungalow Avenue, Balgowlah, N.S.W.

Fair Trial Given

DOES NOT M. D. Martin know that breach of promise cases, like other law suits, are tried before a judge and jury? If a man found he had made a mistake, and went to the girl and explained the position to her, would she not for the sake of her pride give him his freedom?

I am sure any normal woman would, and if she was not prepared to do that, in fear of being that dreaded thing, a spinster, or for some other reason, then is it not up to the man to stand by her and keep his word?

When a breach of promise case has been tried and damages found for so high an amount as £300, you may be sure the man's methods were pretty callous and the girl deserving of monetary consideration. Our law does not often err.

D. Walsh, P.O. Box 66B, Broken Hill, N.S.W.

Greater Financial Backing Wanted to Aid Scientists

MISS JANOLIE MAY (The Australian Women's Weekly 24/10/36) deplored the lack of interest taken by the general public in scientific research. I think she is misinformed.

Universities and scientific schools are endowed generously for research. A promising investigator is given every encouragement monetarily.

We must not forget, furthermore, the



NO TIME to think about scientific research.

great cancer drive some years ago in which practically everybody took a very active part.

Myra Stephens, Claiborne Road, East Perth.

Russia's Example

MISS MAY puts forward a sound idea. In Soviet Russia research work is given every encouragement, every practical assistance. One wishes that this applied here, and particularly that scientific discoveries to aid suffering humanity were made full use of once they were known.

Miss J. Beale, 79 Ninth Avenue, Campsie, N.S.W.

Definite Scheme Wanted

I TOO, have noticed the apathetic attitude of the general public towards scientific discoveries and inventions. People seem to take scientists' work for granted.

I think with Miss May, that there should be some definite scheme to aid discovery and invention. Perhaps some general tax on working wages.

Mrs. Ryan, Queanstown, Tas.

AVOID SNOBBERY

HOW, in a democratic country like this, does snobbery gain a footing? We see it often, and it is generally those with the least excuse who take a delight in trying to show themselves as very superior persons. What a puerile procedure to adopt, for really the only people they decide are themselves.

A thorough gentleman or a perfect lady (whom these persons imagine they are emulating) is as conspicuous in the multitude as a beacon-light on the water. The snob could best be likened to the red lights on an excavated thoroughfare—something to be given a wide berth!

Mrs. Kallin, 18 Maud St., Windsor, Brisbane.

FILMS OF PEACE

I SUGGEST our film producers would do an unfathomable deal of good to expend their energy and time in featuring films and talks of peace.

Much time and money is spent on making and producing films of war-time horrors.

Even in these days of war-time scares, pictures depicting all the gruesome facts and callousness of warfare are revealed.

Peace pictures uplift the moral standard, uniting hearts in peace, and crushing thought of savagery and brutality.

Miss Gladys Gosden, 10 Sturt Avenue, Monreith, S.A.

GAMBLING SPIRIT

AUSTRALIA is a nation of gamblers. I read recently. But aren't we all gambling all the time?

One must have a gambler's spirit to travel new roads, and what a lot of new roads Australians are forced to travel these days!

It was the gambler's spirit that found and peopled our country. Isn't it the gambler who opens up new businesses and industries? Every new idea, every great achievement, comes from a gambler's brain. The one who stakes all (youth, health, and courage) on an object may fail, but at least he has been valiant and has lived. Life belongs to those who dare.

Mrs. J. Marshall, Moortangi, Kolan Rd. South, Bundaberg, Qld.

EVERY SUFFERER FROM INDIGESTION KNOWS THIS TO BE TRUE

Every sufferer from Indigestion wants three things, and wants them quickly.

- ★ Firstly, he wants immediate relief from his pain, feeling of fullness, palpitation or flatulence.
- ★ Secondly, he knows that unless his inflamed or weakened stomach is protected from the hot, burning acid continually poured out, he will only have the pains come back again.
- ★ Thirdly, he wants help for his weak stomach to digest the food he must take.

All these requirements have been carefully provided for in De Witt's Antacid Powder.

★ On entering the stomach De Witt's Antacid Powder firstly neutralises the excess acid and renders it harmless to the inflamed stomach. The pain of flatulence is relieved, the griping stopped, the palpitation ended, and there is an immediate feeling of well-being.

★ Secondly, the valuable Colloidal Kaolin ingredient coats the stomach walls, and whilst protecting the inflammation or ulcers from the burning acids, allows the ordinary work of digestion to go on.

★ Thirdly, another ingredient actually digests a portion of your food, taking a further load off the weak stomach.

Finally, by persistent use of De Witt's Antacid Powder, the system gets regulated and healthy so that the stomach can digest your food, and medicine is no longer required.

So every day that you put off getting a supply of De Witt's Antacid Powder means another day of unnecessary suffering for you.

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

Large Sky-blue Canister 2/6 Sold by All Chemists

MAKES ALUMINIUM LOOK LIKE NEW!

Steele

Steele restores the natural sheen and colour of the metal. It does it quickly, too, with less rubbing than ever. A packet contains 5 pads and special soap.



DEAF?

"Chico" Invisible Earphones, 21/- pr.

Worn inside your ears, no cords or batteries. Guaranteed for your lifetime. Write for free booklet.

MEANS EARPHONE CO., 14 State Shopping Block, MARKET ST., SYDNEY.

BARRIES are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear, to the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies free if 2d. sent for postage to Depart. "A," Mrs. Clifford, 49 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne. Established 24 years. ***

STAGE As TRAINING Ground for Radio Dramatist

Mason Wood's Varied Career

As author of "Dolly and Dan," which has reached its two hundredth performance over 2GB, Mason Wood has to be always merry and bright. That he has succeeded is proved by the success of this aerial serial.

As a youth Mason Wood was associated with Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, and after the war, at a loose end, he joined Oscar Ashe for the last few weeks of the record-breaking run of "Chu Chin Chow."

ARCHITECT, soldier, actor, radio announcer, and now radio dramatist, Mason Wood has played many parts in his day. Theatre-goers will remember him in such shows as "Caesar" (in which he achieved success as the Chinaman), Pinero's "Fring," "Julius Caesar," and "The Taming of the Shrew." In the last named he appeared as Blandello, to whom falls one of the best speeches in dramatic literature. It is long, and has to be said at a canter without a pause for breath, and woe befalls the actor who dries up.

"Fortunately I never did," says Mason Wood, "but, strangely enough, I dried

up once in 'Chu Chin Chow' after playing the part of the cobbler many hundreds of times.

"I had sung the famous cobbler song, and Ashe entered. My line was, 'Now, now, thou ugly-faced baboon, wilt drink wine with the cobbler?' But for the life of me I couldn't think of the word 'cobbler.' I whispered to myself the old lines, 'Tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, rich man, poor man, beggar man'—and then the voice of Oscar Ashe boomed through the theatre in what was supposed to be a whisper, 'Cobbler, you idiot!'"

What a wonderful dance Dolly and Dan and their good friend Luigi have led their author since he first set their adventures to paper. "I didn't have the slightest idea on that eventful day when Luigi dropped in on Dolly and Dan, selling da orange, da banana and da cukes, what a big part he would play in their lives."

Gigantic Task

SINCE then, these ever-popular characters have shared all sorts of comic adventures. They have bought a banana plantation, gone touring the South Seas, robbed a big store in the hope of returning the goods and getting a reward, opened a garage, and captured gangsters.

Day by day new adventures suggest themselves. Two hundred episodes alone make a total of 200,000 words, which is the length of three good-sized novels. Every word is written in Mason Wood's own neat handwriting, and hardly a correction is made to the script.

"No typewriter for me," he says; "I cannot think to their clatter. My motto is the old one, 'Wed pen to paper, and something is bound to eventuate!'"

"So you see," concluded the senior member of the B.S.A. dramatists, "while I still sit and cobbler, so to speak, I never sit and dream. I have too much work for that. For besides 'Dolly and Dan,' I am working on five new serials in different veins."

SULTAN Takes Own Pantry To LONDON

By Air Mail from Our London Office

The routine of Grosvenor House, Park Lane, has been shattered by the advent of the aged Sultan of Selangor, plus a suite of fifteen, a mountain of luggage, and a travelling pantry.

In addition to an 11-roomed suite, the Sultan demanded a section of the hotel kitchen to be dedicated to the preparation of his special Mohammedan food by his own cook.

TWENTY vivid yellow sacks—the royal color of Malaya—were stacked on twenty-eight trunks and sixty-two suitcases.

These contained the "travelling pantry," complete with pots and pans, curry, rice, and preserved fish.

Ali'din Suliman Shah, ruler of Malaya, is 73 years of age. With him is Inche Anjong, youngest of his six wives, and her little son.

She does daily battle with the revolving doors at the entrance, but is promptly absorbed by a closed limousine from which she peers with wondering eyes at the mysteries of the Western world.

Meals are served in the privacy of the Sultan's suite so that little Inche Anjong is closely guarded from prying eyes.

The Sultan has come to consult Harley Street physicians, whose advice he is prepared to accept—provided they don't recommend any operations, which are contrary to Mohammedan beliefs.



LOU VERNON, playing Luigi in Mason Wood's popular 2GB presentation, "Dolly and Dan."

AMERICAN Thanks Women's Weekly

"You have justified your claim that The Australian Women's Weekly is read by 90 per cent. of the women of Australia," writes Mr. Fred Diltthey, of Torrance, California, in a letter of thanks to this paper for locating the Australian branch of his family.

SOME little time ago he asked The Australian Women's Weekly to help him find his relatives in Australia, whom he had last heard of in 1902.

The letter was published, and a few days later Mrs. F. T. Eslick, of Fivedock, called to say that she was writing to Mr. Diltthey, who is her cousin.

Mrs. Eslick's letter and the copy of the paper containing her cousin's inquiry reached California and a contact lost between the family in 1902 has been renewed. In acknowledging the help The Australian Women's Weekly was to him in his search Mr. Diltthey says:

"Your courtesy shows that the human element has not entirely gone out of business, although these are strenuous times."

Mr. Diltthey set his inquiries on foot when he saw in a newspaper directory in California that The Australian Women's Weekly was read by 90 per cent. of the women of Australia.

REXOL FOR ME!
IT WHITENS THE TEETH,
CLEANSES THE MOUTH,
TASTES PLEASANT.

Rexol TOOTH PASTE

NO TOOTH PASTE CAN DO MORE—AND IT'S A BIGGER TUBE FOR THE MONEY.

1 1/3 LARGE TUBE

REXOL DOES EVERYTHING A TOOTH PASTE CAN DO AND DOES IT BETTER!

SPECIAL FORMULA OF REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED

39,14,22

STOCKINGS DIRECT TO YOU

Double drill fashioned, full silk leg, double reinforced heels and toes, pick edge tops in all latest shades—stockings of finest quality.

YOUR OPPORTUNITY — WORTH 3/11 Pn. Nearly mail orders

3 PAIRS for 4/6

posted free in N.W. Write now, stating size and shade to—

P. & L. TRADING CO. (Only address) 250 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY

FRESH APPLES: It is a great help to be able to buy cooking apples in fairly large quantities, and here's a way to prevent the fruit from going bad when kept. Save the waxed paper from your grocery packages and wrap each of the apples you want to keep in a small piece of this. Let them stand on a cool shelf, not too close together, and they will keep well.



LOVELY TO LOOK AT .. DELIGHTFUL TO KNOW

Their's the loveliness of blooming complexions, clear eyes and wrinkle-free skin. Their's the personality of abounding spirits, cheerful outlook and zest for living. Their's a background of good health as the result of constant care and attention.

Clements Tonic is the eternal standby of women—and men—who would preserve their youth. In Clements they find—as you will find—the one never-failing source of new health and new strength; a natural tonic with a phenomenal record of successful cures unparalleled in the last 50 years.

Can Sleep Soundly.

Paddington, N.S.W.

"I am writing in my appreciation of your most wonderful nerve tonic, Clements. My trial of two large bottles has proved most successful. Illness seems a great distance away, and my nerves ever so much better, and I can sleep soundly."

"I will never cease recommending it."

(Miss) M.Mc.

Most Beneficial.

South Melbourne.

"I have taken Clements Tonic for years, at various times, whenever I feel run-down or can't sleep. I find it most beneficial, and after one or two bottles I feel quite well again. I have always recommended Clements Tonic when opportunity occurs."

(Mrs.) E.K.

(Original letters on file for inspection.)

Prices in Capital Cities of the Commonwealth, 3/- and 5/- a bottle at all Chemists and Stores.

CLEMENTS TONIC

There is no substitute.



PRIVATE HOTEL MELBOURNE

Situated in one of Melbourne's most beautiful garden avenues, once a large family home, now an exclusive hotel, remodelled on ideas gleaned from the latest London clubs—the Clendon Private Hotel offers you a comfortable home during your next Melbourne visit. A room with breakfast costs from 3/- to 3 gns. a week, or you may have full meals. The manageress is Mrs. D. Campbell. Write or wire her personally for reservations.

439 VICTORIA PARADE, EAST MELBOURNE

MRS. D. CAMPBELL

MANAGERESS (LATE HEALESVILLE GOLF HOUSE),

Phone, F5816.



50 YEARS of PROGRESS

.....and we can
Furnish at
Special Jubilee
Prices

The days of Sailing Ships seem very remote, but there were many at Circular Quay when, in 1886, W. W. Campbell & Co. Ltd. first imported and sold quality furniture at Warehouse Prices. For Fifty Years we have conscientiously served the Public and to-day our great Warehouse contains an enormous range of furniture designed and made in Australia. Our success is solely due to our "Square Deal" policy—one satisfied customer makes many.

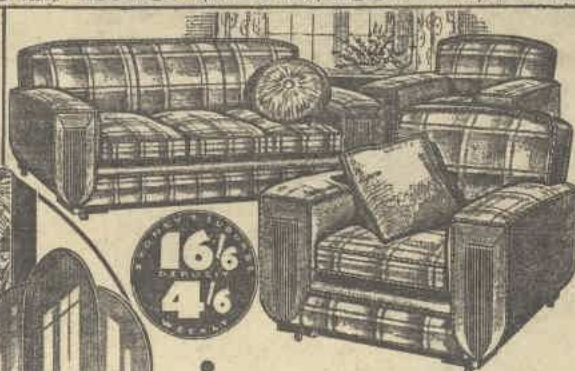
It is with justifiable pride that we announce our 50th Birthday—very few Australian firms have completed half a century. During our Golden Jubilee celebration special quality Furniture will be further reduced and the easiest terms in Sydney may be arranged. Visit the Warehouse and inspect the remarkable bargains—You may furnish your home completely and spread the payments over TWO YEARS.

W.W. Campbells' give 2 YEARS to PAY

Examples of general Furniture Orders: **£25 for 20/- deposit 5/- weekly, £50 for 40/- deposit 10/- weekly, £100 for 80/- deposit 20/- weekly, £150 for 120/- deposit 30/- weekly.**



This new two-tone Dining Room Suite is really remarkable value. 4ft. 6in. Sideboard with mirror back, has spacious drawers and cupboard; 6ft. Rectangular Table has four turned legs and sturdy base; four chairs have upholstered backs and lift-out seats. Usual Retail Value is £14/2/-, but the Special Golden Jubilee Cash Price is **£9/19/6**. Or on Easy Terms—



Quality of construction and chaste design are outstanding features of this new Lounge Suite. Appearance and comfort are all that can be desired, and craftsmanship, with best quality Tapestry upholstery, ensures long life. Five loose cushions are super-sprung, and the whole suite is built up to Usual Retail Value of £23/15/-. You can secure this week at the Special Golden Jubilee Cash Price **£16/19/6**. (Or on Easy Terms)

TRADE IN your old RADIO



Here is an advanced 1937 Model with all the latest scientific improvements. It will bring you the World's best programmes with absolute fidelity. Hear it at the Warehouse. We will make a generous allowance on your old set, and give you perfection in high-class Radio. Special Jubilee **£19/19/-**. Cash Price. (Or on Easy Terms). **£12/19/6**. Where sets (full size) from **£12/6 and 2/9**. DEPOSIT WEEKLY

OPEN ON FRIDAY NIGHT



Outstanding Value that cannot be surpassed is demonstrated in this magnificent Bedroom Suite. Richly figured, contrasting Walnut Veneers, and modern design, are artistic and impressive. 4ft. 6in. Wardrobe (with bow-front centre door); 3ft. 6in. Dressing Table and Double Length bed are all fully fitted with sliding trays, etc. The Usual Retail Value is £27/10/-, but the Special Golden Jubilee Cash Price is **£19/19/-**. (Or on Easy Terms—)

COUNTRY CUSTOMERS

Write for Free Catalogue, stating requirements. Reduced Deposits, with very low monthly instalments, are now available. Of special interest to all living in country districts is our revolutionary "B" "Batteryless" Radio—Write for Illustrated Folder.

LISTEN IN to 3UW

8.30 p.m. Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays—**"THE BORGIAN"**
7.30 Every Morning and 3.30 p.m. Saturdays—**GEORGE EDWARDS' PRODUCTIONS, "DADY and JOAN"**



CARPETS at SPECIAL PRICES AXMINSTER SQUARES
REDUCED FOR GOLDEN JUBILEE
SIZES—
9x7.5 9x9 10.5x9 12x9 12x10.5 13.5x10.5
SPECIAL PRICES—
£4/10/- £4/19/6 £5/19/6 £6/19/6 £9/19/6 £11/10/-
SPECIAL PRICES—
£6/5/- £7/10/- £8/15/- £9/19/6 £11/19/6 £14/10/-
Terms on Carpets may be arranged from 5/- Deposit, 2/- Weekly.
PLAIN CURTAINS AND VALANCES MADE UP FREE OF CHARGE
VERANDAH BLINDS—Measurements and estimates are FREE. All blinds made up Free of Charge. We stock a wonderful range of patterns and qualities. Order while this Free Offer lasts.

JUST LANDED! NEW DESIGNS in LINOLEUM
BRITISH INLAID LINOLEUM
FROM **8/6** PER YARD
TWO YARDS WIDE. GENUINE CORK LINO. 5/3.5/11.7/6 yd. TWO YARDS WIDE. 2/11.4/3.4/11 yd. SPECIAL JUBILEE PRICES FOR LINO. SQUARES **35/-**
SIZES from 9 1/2 x 3 1/2 to 6 ft. 6 in. ART FELT, 58 inches wide **7/11**
Six Good Shades. Per Yard ...



ONE DOOR from MARKET ST

PHONE **M 2345**
6 LINES

249 CLARENCE ST SYDNEY.

☆ DRAMATISE YOUR CHARM

Successful Make-up is Now So Easy
Says KATHLEEN COURT

No woman who has a dull, poor skin can hope to be attractive and popular. And, however bad her skin, no woman need suffer from this drawback. I think it is probable that I have had more experience in Beauty Culture work than any other woman alive to-day. For many years, in France, Italy, Germany, England, America, South Africa, New Zealand, I have carried on my Beauty-Research work. I have diagnosed thousands of individual cases, and have said millions of beauty aids in most parts of the world. I have never lost a market. This is EXPERIENCE—the basis of success in beauty culture work. It is the reason why the popularity of my beautifiers continues to grow throughout the world—despite the opposition of cosmetics. I am probably the only woman who, not being the figure-head of a huge financial machine, actively conducts her beauty work in many lands and has succeeded, after the years, in holding her sales-position.

Here is a Beauty Technique which, costing little, has never been known to fail.

- (1) Cleanse the Skin Pores to the depths, using my Cleansing Cream and "Paris" Facial Treatment Soap.
- (2) If the skin is tired or lazy—stimulate it with my Astringent Skin Tonic.
- (3) Smooth into face, throat and neck an exquisitely fine film of my "Facial Youth" Beauty Cream.
- (4) Apply my "Facial Youth" or "Velvet-Skin" Face Powder.
- (5) Apply my "Rose Petal" or "Sweeten" Rouge, then dust a little more powder on, over the rouge.
- (6) If lashes and brows are light, deepen them with my Lash and Brow Cosmetics. Improve the shape of the brows with my Eyebrow Pencil.
- (7) Smooth on one of my famous Lipsticks. There are as indelible as a lipstick may safely be made.

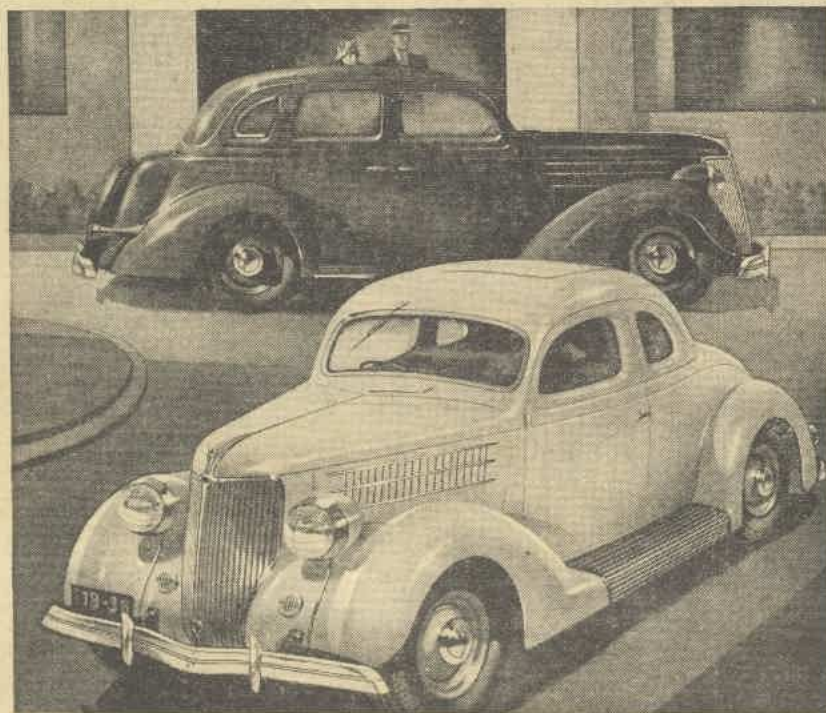
Kathleen Court Beautifiers are sold by Chemists and Stores everywhere.

If any difficulty in procuring, order direct from Kathleen Court, 499 Pitt Street, Sydney.

Prices: "Facial Youth" Cleansing Cream, 2/6; Astringent Skin Tonic 2/-; "Facial Youth" Beauty Cream, Tubes 1/- and 1/6, Jars 2/6; "Facial Youth" Face Powder (Two Types—"A" for Dry Skin, "B" for Oily Skin), smart tins, each 3d.; "Velvet-Skin" Face Powder, 1/- and 2/-; "Rose Petal" Rouge, 1/2; "Sweeten" Rouge, 1/6; Eyebrow and Brow Cosmetics, 2/-; Eyebrow Pencil, 1/6; Lipsticks, 1/- to 4/6.

kathleen court

HONEST PRICE EFFECTIVE MAKE-UP



V-8—The Mark of a Fine Car

SAFETY GLASS ALL ROUND. ALL STEEL CLOSED BODIES. SUPER SAFETY MECHANICAL BRAKES. CENTRE POISE RIDING. V-8 PERFORMANCE.

THE Ford V-8 is the choice of an increasing number of discriminating motorists because it is a thoroughly fine car—as fine in performance, comfort and safety as in appearance and appointment. It's altogether modern, this alert, spirited Ford V-8—in a class by itself because of many exclusive features. Drive the V-8 and experience its outstanding qualities—your Ford dealer will gladly place a car at your disposal. Easy purchase terms may be arranged.

FORD-PHILCO CAR RADIO

The latest luxury for your Ford V-8. Ford-Philco is car Radio at its very best. Superb sound, crystal clarity, and tone. Ask your Ford dealer to demonstrate.

Ford V-8

A BRITISH EMPIRE PRODUCT

FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF AUSTRALIA PTY. LTD. (INCORPORATED IN VICTORIA) F104217

TO PLEASE A LADY

Continued from Page 18

SAM said nothing for a second. Then he smiled—wryly. "She might go further and do a lot worse," he remarked.

Bettina's father simply couldn't understand him. "Do you mean to say you're just going to stand by and let her?"

"And how would you suggest that I stop her?"

Bettina's father didn't exactly know but just the same. "If I were in your shoes I'd do something. I'd give this Beppo a run for his money."

Sam broke in. "The trouble with me is that I'm just an old story to Bettina. There's no thrill in me so far as she is concerned." He paused. Then: "The fact that everybody expects her to marry me is enough to set her against it."

Beppo and Bettina visited the bank together, because Beppo had expressed a desire to. And Beppo actually made several suggestions.

Good ones, too—confound him.

Bettina so reminded her father later at breakfast. Breakfast was now the only meal at which he was sure of seeing Bettina.

"Even your precious Sam couldn't have made better ones," she added.

"He's not my precious Sam," snapped her father, goaded to it. "If you want my honest opinion of Sam, he's a fool!"

Bettina's eyes widened—dramatically. "And you've been urging me to marry him!" she marvelled.

Her father rose. "I don't care a hang whom you marry," he informed her. "I wash my hands of you."

"Just as if I were grapefruit juice?" suggested Bettina, using her silver finger-bowl.

HE did not answer.

He stalked out, escaped to sanctuary. But even in his office he was not to be rid of Bettina—or Beppo. In his post this morning was an anonymous communication that he read once, and then again. Then, ignoring the rest

of his mail and everything else, he catapulted home, just in time to catch Bettina.

"Read that," he snapped, thrusting the note at her.

And Bettina read:

"This is to warn you about the Italian pianist with whom your daughter has become intimate since his arrival in Easterly. He is not what he makes himself out to be—an eligible bachelor. On the contrary, he has a wife and three children in his native country. I write as one parent to another."

Bettina's father waited for her to finish. Another parent might have waited for her to faint, but he knew her better than that.

EVEN so her comment surprised him.

"Rather rotten to send a thing like that, don't you think?"

"Rotten?" he echoed. He stared at her. Then he exploded. "I should say it was a rotten thing to do. Posting as a bachelor."

"Oh, he didn't," protested Bettina. "I knew all along that he was married."

"You—you knew all along that he was m-m-married," he stuttered. "You—why, you told me, or at least gave me the idea you might marry him."

"Why not?" she asked.

"Why not? When he's already married."

"Gracious—have you never heard of a divorce? Of course it might be difficult for Beppo to get one. But—"

"You—you stand there—admit he's married—talk about divorce—"

"Well, you brought the subject up," Bettina reminded him. "And there is his side of it. He married when he was quite young. He and his wife have nothing in common nowadays. She is simply provided for, although he never sees her. She would be always—Beppo is generous and he does make heaps of money. He could easily settle a fortune on her—"

It was plain that she was quite ready to proceed with a very calm and modern discussion of the case. But he was not.

"He ought to be thrashed within an inch of his life," he assured her violently. "Coming into a God-fearing, decent community under false colors as he has! I'd do it myself if I were twenty years younger."

Bettina's eyes crinkled. "Come into a God-fearing, decent community under false colors—or thrash him?" she asked.

"Thrash him," he raged.

"It wouldn't be the easiest thing to do even if you were twenty years younger," she assured him. "In fact, I doubt if even Sam—and he is twenty years younger and has done a lot of boxing—could do it."

"Sam? Why, Sam would wipe the floor with him. Sam—"

"Would you care to bet on that? Anything you say! Her eyes met his with an assurance that disturbed him."

"I'll even promise to ship Beppo back to his wife and three bambines forthwith if Sam is much as blacks his eye."

"That wouldn't prove anything. Sam's a gentleman—in a friend's bout—"

"I'll arrange it so that it won't be too friendly—if you know what I mean. Leave that to me. I'll guarantee the one or the other gets a black eye."

She was deliberately tormenting him, he suspected.

"I'll have nothing to do with it," he said flatly.

"Quitter!" she mocked. "But I will. Now don't look shocked. It's all your fault. You shouldn't put such gorgeous thoughts in my head."

And that was all his hurried trip home achieved for him. He did not doubt but what Bettina would do just as she threatened. It occurred to him again that he ought to give Sam warning.

Sam, however, had gone up to town that morning.

"Ask him to ring me up when he gets back," he said.

No call came. When, at five, he returned home, he assumed that Sam had not yet returned.

He was wrong. Bettina was at home, to his surprise.

"Slim fitting?"

"Certainly!"

"Long wearing?"

"Naturally—"

they're made

of Courtaulds

Rayon"



Dainty enough

for a princess's

trousseau, yet

long-wearing and practical are

these undies made of Courtaulds

Rayon. Designed by Australia's

leading underwear manufac-

turers, they fit the figure to per-

fection, and come in the latest

styles. You can find panties,

brassieres and camiknicks of

Courtaulds Rayon, as well as

nighties and pyjamas. Remem-

ber, undies that carry the Court-

auld Housemark wash and wear

well. Look for the Courtauld

Housemark when you buy—

you'll save money.

Courtaulds

SOLD AT LEADING STORES.



EVAN WILLIAMS SHAMPOO

PROMOTES HEALTHY GROWTH AND ENSURES A SILKY TEXTURE THAT WAVES PERFECTLY

• "ORDINARY" for Dark Hair
• "CAMOMILE" for Fair Hair
• "SHAMPOO BLEU" for White Hair

Of all Chemists & Hairdressers

Sole Agents for Aust.: R. G. Turnery & Son, 114 Bourke St. N.S.W. Agents: Turners Ltd., Sydney

Please turn to Page 26

Mandrake the Magician

THE CHARACTERS IN THIS THRILLING SERIAL ARE:

MANDRAKE: A worthy magician of great powers, and **LOTHAR:** His faithful Nubian servant, who are helping **SIR OSWALD:** A sporting Englishman, and **JANE:** His lovely daughter, to recover the Star Sapphire, stolen by **SAKI:** Brilliant thief and master of disguises. Mandrake pursues him, but returns to Sir Oswald's home without Saki. Here Jane's advances to him cause

RONALD: Her fiance, such deep resentment that, telling Mandrake he's through with Jane for ever, he leaves the house. Saki, seizing this opportunity, returns disguised as Ronald, and then, when Mandrake learns the truth, he disguises himself as Sir Oswald. Taking advantage of his disguise, he affectionately kisses Jane.

NOW READ ON:



SNIPER

Continued from Page 11

HE placed his thick arm around the khaki-clad back. His head lolled helplessly and trustfully. And now the Englander was murmuring a jumble of words.

Then his hands fluttered towards his khaki tunic. The German nodded and groped until he found a pay-book, a bundle of soiled letters, and a soldier's Testament.

"Private James Carter," he read, laboriously and looking inquiringly into the grey face upturned from his breast.

The Englander nodded and then his eyes closed . . . he seemed to be unconscious . . . no, he was talking again, this time in a feverish, louder tone . . .

"You got me, Jerry . . . and it's my own fault . . . me own dash fault, that's what it is. Funny, ain't it . . . I wasn't supposed to be 'ere. If I got back I'd be hauled over the blinkin' coals for this . . . but you don't look a bad sort o' bloke, Jerry, though you are a sniper."

His voice faded into silence. The German looked at him helplessly. If only he would explain this silence, this uneasy emptiness . . . where had the armies gone? No, the Englander was still babbling about his home.

"Spect you've done for me, Jerry . . . funny thing . . . me old girl says to me last leave, 'Jim,' she says, 'I can't help feeling you're not comin' back this time.' 'Blimey,' I says, to cheer 'er a bit, 'you ain't art a 'elp.'"

"O' course, Jerry, if you're a married man you'll understand why she got a bit down like. There's a kid comin' along Christmas . . . our second, see . . . one little nipper died, and when a woman 'as to go through all that and she's lost one . . . understand, Jerry? she thought 'er old man wasn't comin' back."

"And seems she was right . . . it's 'ard luck for me at the last minute, so to speak, getting sniped like this . . . but it's me own fault . . . me own fault. I'm a deserter reelly, I s'pose . . . only I wanted to come back 'ere to get something that belonged to one of my mates . . . they'll be after me . . . but I 'ad 'oped to see that nipper of ours . . . me old gal, she says, 'As e'll be born at Christmas, we'll call 'im Noel.' And I says, 'Wot if e's a 'er?' Then she says, 'We'll call 'er Noelle.' Praps if the others . . ."

"Yes . . . yes," the German cried, "the others . . . vere are they . . . vere is de fighting?"

The Englander smiled through his pain.

"Wot . . . you mean ter say you don't know, Jerry? . . . there ain't no more war . . . it's a blinkin' armistice . . ."

ARMISTICE! The sniper recoiled with a cry of terror. Then the ghastly routine of war had been snipped to an end. And he had shot down a helpless man. It wasn't war . . . no, it was murder.

Some dim instinct pleaded with him to tend the wounded man, but his war-racked nerves gave way to the blind horror of his crime. With another mad cry, he scrambled up the crater and ran over No Man's Land.

Tipping against strands of wire which gashed his heedless legs, lurching drunkenly over shell-torn hillocks of earth, splashing through the foul water of the shell-holes, gesticulating and crying, dwindling against the unrelieved background of mud and destruction until he vanished into obscurity . . .

And the white ducks went bobbing along at the end of the glittering rifle range, moving like a file of white-helmeted soldiers in a shallow trench.

The girl with the golden hair stared as Kurt Friedmann lowered the rifle and held it tremblingly towards her.

"What's up?" she said. "You look as though you'd seen a ghost."

"Perhaps," said Kurt Friedmann, "I had seen a ghost . . ."

And he stumbled out of the rifle range into the living roar of London.

"Ere," said the little man who limped in the next moment, "wot's up with the gent that ran out just now?"

"Search me," said the girl with a saucy toss of her head. "He pays sixpence, takes up a rifle and stays staring at the target for two minutes. Then he throws down the rifle and runs away, as though somebody's shot him instead of the target."

"Did you say anything to upset him?" asked the little man suspiciously.

"What, me? I like that. It's just your cheek to think about it. You needn't imagine you're my boss—even though you call yourself Mister James Carter, the Rifle King. Besides, it's eleven o'clock, and we're closing, aren't we?"

"If I could sack you," said the little man bitterly. "I'd be 'appy. That's a fine way, Noelle, to talk to your poor old dad."

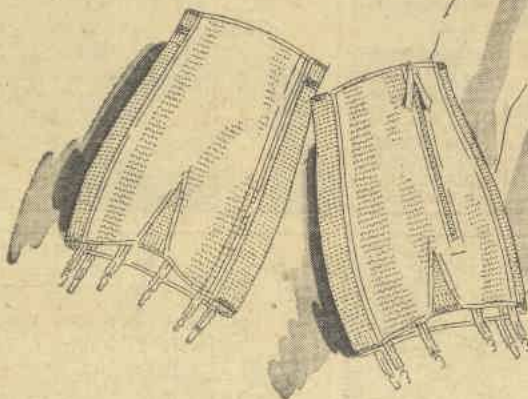
Copyright:

THIS SUMMER

Fashion and Berlei conspire to keep you cool . . . Fashion with frocks of silk sheer, of lettuce-cool linen . . . Berlei with these new foundation garments of white TROPICAL NET. A new kind of net . . . feather-light, soft, supple and washable, yet extremely strong and eminently practical. With careful regard for figure control, Berlei doubles and even trebles this net in precisely the right places. Prices? Very moderate indeed.

AT LEFT . . . into this Wrap-on, on with a crisp summer frock, and you'll keep cool on the hottest day. This Berlei is for Average Types of 24-34 waist. It's No. 7259.

CENTRE . . . Berlei Step-in with snagproof Talon fastening. The elastic sections are of white "Neva-Run" . . . Berlei's special elastic that retains its stretch throughout the life of the garment. A step-in to suit Sway Back figures of 20-26 waist. No. 7260.

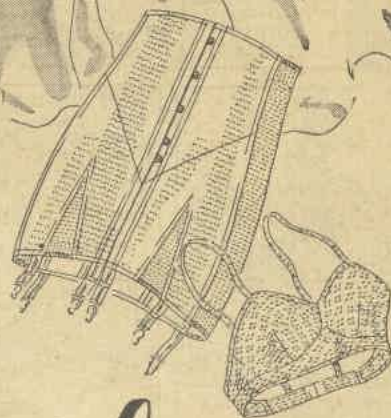


AT RIGHT . . . Yes, there are Tropical Net Berleis for Hip Types, too. This is a busk front Wrap-on, specially boned and reinforced to provide efficient curve control. Triangles of "Neva-Run" elastic over the thighs ensure free movement in sitting or walking. 25-32 waist. No. 7269.

WEAR A WHITE NET BRASSIERE to top off your white net Berlei. For instance, 8156, feather-weight Berlette for slight figures. Elastic net at back g-i-v-e-s with every movement. Sizes: 30-36.

Berlei

FOUNDATIONS



Intimate Jottings

Did You Know That—

The ring—a large amethyst in an antique setting—which Mrs. Bobby Hunt constantly wears was given her by Madame Pacaud, wife of the High Commissioner of Canada while in London? A family heirloom, it is a traditional luck bringer, and Mrs. Hunt is a firm believer in its beneficent powers.

"The Old Order Changeth..."

THE selling and subdividing of Gunbille, Gunnedah, the old home of the Willshallen family and later of the Stourtons, is bringing a shoal of young-marrieds to the district.

The Bill Moses' will have the original homestead, and both Bill and Clair are keen on getting to the country once again. Reg Moses has also acquired an interest in the property, and may build.

Not so many miles away is the brand-new home where Blossom Kemp, Quirindi, will reside when she becomes Mrs. Powell. (Blossom is in Sydney doing some last-minute trousseau shopping.)

Nearby, at Oakley Creek, Gordon Allison has his new homestead in readiness for his bride-to-be, Florence Holloway, of Goonoo Goonoo. Their wedding is scheduled for January 7.

True to their promise of spending still another summer in Sydney, Captain and Mrs. Elgar Payne are staying at 52 Macleay St. Ltd., having arrived from England last week.

On Coolness Bent

THE Neville Andersons, who are domiciled at Doone while looking about for a house that really pleases them, did a spot of hasty packing last week and, taking Mrs. Anderson's brother, "Breezy" Gale, who has just come back from America with them, fled to Collaroy for a delectable month of bathing and cool sea breezes.

Don't you envy them?

Soon after Mrs. Norman Nivison returned to Walcha after a long visit to Sydney, she received the heartening news that her eldest (and recently married) son, Jim, had "topped the wool market" with part of the Ohio clip.

Visiting Her Former Home

MRS. PHILIP LLOYD JONES was already very delighted about her sister Pauline's approaching visit to Sydney, but is even more excited now, as it's been decided that they shall meet each other in Colombo.

Pauline, who has not been in Sydney since her marriage with Tim Bowden and subsequent departure for England in 1930, will be here early in January.

While her daughter Peggy was having a lovely time in Melbourne, Mrs. C. Walder, of Murrumbidgee, Potts Point, paid a visit to the Donald Munros at Talleroi, Moree. She returned at the week-end.

Two O.S. Parties

MRS. RONALD HALL, having recovered from that bout of concussion—result of a fall—with its consequent month in bed, her mother, Mrs. F. W. Marks, has fixed November 27 as the date for that postponed cocktail party at her home, Keith Hall, Mosman, at which over a hundred guests will foregather.

Next day her daughter, Joan, will hostess eighty or more bright young things at the same spot.

Mrs. Leo Marks regrets that 'twill be a physical impossibility for her to be at either "do," as (leaving young David in his father's and Nanny's care) she is off on her lonesome for the round trip to Honolulu by the Monterey.

Hearty Congratulations

SURPRISING, as well as delighting, to friends who had begun to regard him as a dyed-in-the-wool old bachelor, John Keys last week announced his intention of joining the ranks of benedicts. Very soon, too, as the lovely old station homestead of Bengalla, Muswellbrook, is quite ready for a chateau.

John's fiancée, Adrienne Crane, of Wahroonga, is not only charming, but the proud possessor of a University honors degree to boot. Her grandfather, the Rev. James Cosh, was the first of the Hunter Baillie professors.

Adrienne's engagement ring has a large round diamond, flashing in a square setting of smaller stones.

Intensive Preparations

MR. AND MRS. A. E. HUGHES, who have been living at Park Lane Mansions, have taken a large flat at Waratah House, and move in on November 16.

They intend to do some renovating and redecorating, and have everything in the pink of perfection before their daughter, Helen, returns from her long sojourn in England.

Mrs. Walter Brunton enjoyed every minute of the trip abroad from which she returned on the Thursday of last week.

Gifts From Abroad

JUDY READING is a very lucky lass! Not only did she receive a number of gifts, "Country of origin, England," from Sir Claude and Lady Reading (her uncle's gift being a jewelled evening bag), but from America Mrs. Reid brought her that loveliest of evening gowns which is fashioned of cobwebby flesh-pink lace and features an Elizabeth collar and new fluted hemline, both stiffened with organza.

wearing a ring which denotes the fact that she is engaged to John McDonald. Clemmy, who is an "old" Frensham girl, has a trio of charming youngsters—Cleone, Tony and Michael—and is at present living in Beresford Road, Rose Bay.

A number of their Melbourne friends are coming to Sydney for the wedding of Sierlah, only daughter of Mrs. F. Cohen, of Bellevue Hill, to Louis Pike, of Toorak, on November 23 at the Great Synagogue. The reception will be held at Elizabeth Bay House.

The Helping Hand

WANTING to break into a business career, Hilda McKillop, who is a sister of Mrs. Dalton, of Orange, decided to open an agency in Sydney and do her dullest to acquire real domestic treasures for her numerous friends who despair of getting a good maid in the country.

Her new office is in Bond Street, and like certain well-known pens Hilda is rapidly acquiring a reputation as a boon and a blessing.



BETTY TINDAL, of The Hill Cottage, Armidale, has returned home after a visit to Sydney, where she stayed at the Queen's Club.



Attractive Itinerary

TRAVELLING from Tamworth in the midst of the heat-wave was a somewhat unpleasant experience for Mrs. P. G. Smith, of Murrumbidgee. She will stay at 52 Macleay Street Ltd. till she and her daughter Bettina sail for England. Bettina is at Aston Gardens, Bellevue Hill, with the Kennedys.

Ireland, as well as England, is part of their future itinerary, and maybe some hunting for Bettina, who is a keen horsewoman.

Lady Richards was not so lucky as her grand-nephew, Sam Hordern, for though she too drew Wotan in three sweeps, the sweeps were small ones, and she didn't, like him, take the straight tip and back it as well.

On the Spur of the Moment

HOW these impromptu telephonic invitations mount up! Mrs. Shepherd must have eventually collected half a hundred guests for her swiftly-arranged cocktail party at Beverley Hall last week. She did them proud, too! Any amount of culinary skill in the making, and artistic imagination in the devising of "the doings."

Lovely clothes were worn by the hostess herself, whose grey tunic frock swept to her feet in soft folds; by Mrs. Graham Pratten, whose black gown had yoke and sleeves of fine cream alencon lace, her headgear being of the sugar-scoop variety; Helen Williams was a symphony in brown; Mrs. Ralph McFadyen was in white from her head to her heels; while Mrs. Yulapa looked her blonde best in unrelieved black.

The Sam Stirlings, who have been honeymooning in Victoria and, incidentally, viewing the Melbourne Cup, returned on Saturday to take possession of their new home—a delightful flat at Point Piper.

Overseas News

A RECENT batch of London air mail brings news—

Of Lady Howse, who has just been moving house. Her new flat at Morpeth Mansions in the vicinity of Westminster Cathedral is a regular rendezvous for Australian friends.

Of Mrs. Munro (Jean Kater) who is on the tippy-top floor of a tall flat building in Sloane Street and has an intriguing view over miles and miles of chimney pots.

Of Sir Philip and Lady Game, who have bought an old Georgian house on Ham Common, near Richmond Park. Sir Philip drives to and from his office in Scotland Yard daily—taking twenty-five minutes in the doing.

Of Dr. and Mrs. Colvin of Orange, who were staying with the Strathmores at Glamis Castle, fellow guests being the Duke and Duchess of York and the little Princesses.

Have You Noticed—

That the fashionable evening wraps have become voluminous, all-enveloping affairs? At the fine performance of "Yeomen of the Guard" at the Theatre Royal last Saturday, Esme Lenord draped her tall figure in a Portia-like cloak of crimson velvet, and that little pocket edition Jean Munro's cream wrap boasted a suceeping train.

Peggy Geill



BOUGHT and PAID FOR
with a **P&G**
CASH ORDER

The more you use P&G Cash Orders, the more you save.

There is a great satisfaction in making a purchase that is final. You select your goods and whatever they may be — clothes, drapery, hats, boots, etc.—you pay your money and the transaction is finished — The goods are bought and paid for. Such is the beauty and convenience of a P. & G. Cash Order — without having the actual amount of money required, you can obtain whatever you wish to buy from all leading City and Suburban stores with a P. & G. Cash Order.

Buy whatever you require where and when you wish with a P. & G. Cash Order. A P. & G. Cash Order will buy whatever money will buy.

Our offices are on the 7th Floor, The Block, 428 George Street, or if preferred, phone MJ 4371 (8 lines).

Call and discuss with us our easy system of weekly out of income repayment. If a P. & G. Cash Order will not meet your requirements, P. & G. can accommodate you with a Cash Loan.

PHONE
MJ 4371
(8 Lines)



P. & G. Cash Orders are accepted by leading City Retailers and Department Stores — also by 800 Suburban Retailers.

PRODUCERS & GENERAL FINANCE CORPORATION LIMITED

Authorised Capital £900,000.

7th FLOOR — THE BLOCK — 428 GEORGE STREET — SYDNEY

TO PLEASE A LADY

Continued from Page 22

"O H, Beppo had to go," she explained. "He is playing in town to-morrow night, but he'll be back for the week-end. Wasn't he a lamb, though, to take a chance on his valuable hands and risk a black eye just to please me?"

"What?" gasped her father startled. "You don't mean—"

"The battle of the century has been fought," she assured him. "Sam and Beppo went six fast rounds this afternoon, and—"

"Sam? Why, Sam's gone up to town—"

"This morning. But he came back this afternoon. I met him at the station, and shanghaied him. He didn't know what it was all about then, but—"

"You mean to say that—that you actually—"

"Actually!" she assured him. "They were both charmed to please a lady, and they were quite gentlemanly from start to finish. All the same, I have a feeling that Sam would not have been awfully sorry if he had happened to black Beppo's eye."

"You mean to tell me that—"

"Absolutely. If you doubt it, wait until you see Sam. I told him you wanted to see him, and he'll be here any minute now. But prepare yourself for a shock, because it was your precious Sam that got the black eye. He—"

She stopped, conscious that her father's glance had gone beyond her. She turned herself, to meet Sam's eyes. Or rather one of them—the other was too nearly closed to be of service.

The one that wasn't, however, was as cold and unfriendly as a polar bear's nose. Bettina guessed why.

"You should knock before entering," she suggested coolly. "You know the ancient adage about eavesdroppers—"

"The maid said I'll find your father in the library," he replied with frigid dignity. He turned to her father: "Was there anything you wanted to see me about—besides the black eye?"

"No—I mean that there wasn't anything at all," replied Bettina's father hastily. "I mean that it was some of Bettina's nonsense—"

"Then I'll withdraw," said Sam.

"Withdraw?" repeated Bettina.

"What's the matter—did your sense of humor get closed up too? A man who says he's withdrawing when he means he's going away in a temper—"

Sam's one good eye turned towards her, and her two good eyes widened in spite of herself. Sam looking at her like that!

Then she returned to form. "I do believe the worm has turned," she remarked. And added outrageously,

"Better late than never, I suppose."

Sam let her have the last word. A minute later they saw his car carving down the drive toward the road.

"Gracious," commented Bettina.

"He's driving like Beppo—only more so—and Beppo thinks that anything under seventy is just wasting time."

She glanced at her father. "I begin to suspect he wasn't just pretending. Do you think he's really—irritated?"

"Irritated!" echoed her father.

"Irritated!"

"Well, really annoyed then," substituted Bettina. "But isn't it silly of him I can't see why—"

"I can," her father assured her. "Any man with any self-respect would do just what Sam is doing. Walk out and stay out—"

"Oh, so you think he won't come back? What will you bet on that?"

She eyed him, cool, composed, and

self-confident. There was in her the stuff that maddens a man. Even he, her father, sensed it.

"If he does, he's a fool," he told her.

"Most men are," she told him sweetly.

With that she drifted out, went upstairs to prepare for dinner.

He lingered on in the library, standing by the window. The afternoon had been one of fitful sunshine, now the clouds in the north-west were ominous.

"Thunderstorm," he decided, abstractedly.

The storm was coming fast, however, and could not long be ignored. The shrubs along the drive began to

shudder.

He looked at his watch. It was half past eight. He decided to go to bed.

He went to his room, and found a note pinned to the door. It was from Bettina.

"I'm in the library. Please come."

He went to the library, and found Bettina sitting at a table, looking up at him.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Nothing," she said. "I'm just waiting for you."

"Waiting for me?" he asked.

"Yes," she said. "I've been waiting for you since you went to bed."

"Why?" he asked.

"Because I love you," she said.

"Love me?" he asked.

"Yes," she said. "I love you very much."

"But I don't love you," he said.

"You don't?" she asked.

"No," he said. "I don't love you."

"Why not?" she asked.

"Because you're not a lady," he said.

"I am a lady," she said.

"You're not," he said.

"I am," she said.

"You're not," he said.

"I am," she said.

"You're not," he said.

"I am," she said.

"You're not," he said.

"I am," she said.

"You're not," he said.

"I am," she said.

"You're not," he said.

"I am," she said.

"You're not," he said.

"I am," she said.

"You're not," he said.

"I am," she said.

"You're not," he said.

"I am," she said.

"You're not," he said.

"I am," she said.

"You're not," he said.

"I am," she said.

"You're not," he said.

"I am," she said.

"You're not," he said.

"I am," she said.

"You're not," he said.

"I am," she said.

"You're not," he said.

"I am," she said.

"You're not," he said.

"I am," she said.

"You're not," he said.

"I am," she said.

"You're not," he said.

"I am," she said.

"You're not," he said.

"I am," she said.

"You're not," he said.

"I am," she said.

"You're not," he said.

"I am," she said.

"You're not," he said.

"I am," she said.

"You're not," he said.

"I am," she said.

"You're not," he said.

"I am," she said.

"You're not," he said.

"I am," she said.

"You're not," he said.

"I am," she said.

"You're not," he said.

"I am," she said.

"You're not," he said.

"I am," she said.

"You're not," he said.

"I am," she said.

"You're not," he said.

"I am," she said.

Bill McGlum was blue, felt sadder at the Zoo. No one asked him in to join the fun.

1 BILL MCGLUM USED TO BROOD, HE WAS BORED WITH LIFE—

2 YOU & ME BOTH, BROTHER!

3 WAS ALWAYS LEFT OUT IN THE COLD

4 UNTIL ONE DAY HE SAW A 'HAPPY AD' AND WROTE AT ONCE FOR DETAILS OF TEDDIE GARRATT'S SPECIAL SHORT POSTAL COURSE IN MODERN PIANO SYNCOPATION!

5 YOU TOO, CAN HAVE THE GOOD TIMES THAT GO WITH POPULARITY!

He heard from friendly source, of Teddie And now he's making hits with everyone!

YOUR SUCCESS POSITIVELY GUARANTEED

Remember KEYBOARD KAPERS from 2-GR, 3-UE, 3-SM, 2-CH, 1-RC, 1-GR, and 1-MR?

FILL IN COUPON BELOW AND POST AT ONCE!

TEDDIE GARRATT, STUDIO 16, NATIONAL BLDG., 200 PITT ST., SYDNEY.

I have a piano at my disposal, and can spare at least 30 minutes daily to practice, so please send me your handsome new illustrated 4-page Book, "The Secrets of Syncopation," and your special enclosure—a unique and surprising musical novelty—for which I enclose 2/6 (P.S. or stamp). This payment does not place me under any obligation.

Name _____
(Print in Block Letters)
Address _____

Garratt's Course.



THIS cocktail pyjama suit is fashioned from red lacquered satin. The tunic, which is ankle length, is buttoned down each side, with black lacquered buttons. It is a Lillian Lawler model.

—AIR MAIL PHOTO.

flatten, and a minute later the rain pelted at the window panes. The sky darkened rapidly.

"Miniature cloudburst," he decided then.

Presently Bettina returned. "Beppo will have a wild drive," she remarked.

"But then, he's a wild driver."

THE telephone

shrilled, he turned to answer it. Bettina

moved towards the table, switched the

lamp on, and, still standing, turned the

pages of a magazine.

Then she paused.

"Sam?" her father was saying.

"Why, he was here—but he left almost

an hour ago. . . . What's that?"

Bettina turned, her lips a little

parted.

"Why, I don't think so—there were

other cars like his—that Italian

pianist had one and he was on his

way up to town. I think—"

He stopped short, conscious of Bettina.

"What's happened?" she demanded

breathlessly, as their eyes met.

"They wanted to know if Sam was

here," he explained. He paused for a

second, then floundered on. "A—a

car like his skidded going over that

temporary bridge at Millport and

crashed into the river. It all hap-

pened so suddenly that nobody got

more than a glimpse of the car—"

"A—a car just like Sam's," repeated

Bettina.

He had never seen her look like that

—white and frightened. He guessed

what was in her mind. Beppo had a

car just like Sam's—he drove like mad.

He—

"The driver? He was he—" began

Bettina, and choked.

"They don't know for certain—yet."

"But—they think he's drowned?"

permitted Bettina, her eyes piteous.

He did not could not answer that

instead:

Please turn to Page 38

THE MOVIE WORLD

November 14, 1936.

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page 27

CALLING Australia! Moviedom News As It Happens

By JOHN B. DAVIES and
JUDY BAILEY

from Hollywood and London

Not a Pauper

IF there is any of the depression left, it isn't affecting Norma Shearer. With the death of her husband, Irving Thalberg, at the age of 37, she inherits the principal part of an estate unofficially estimated at 10,000,000 dollars.

Thalberg's chief sources of income were: (1) a contract with Metro-

The Truth At Last

NOEL COWARD, returning from England, confides that he is writing his autobiography.

He says that the stories other people are writing about him are too sugary and he proposes to tell the truth about himself.

Goldwyn-Mayer for an annual salary of 500,000 dollars; (2) a contract with Loew's Inc. under which he and two others divided 20 per cent. of the net annual income of that organisation; (3) he was the largest individual shareholder in Loew's Inc.

In case Miss Shearer should run short, she always has her salary of 3500 dollars a week as an M.G.M. star to draw upon.

New Pictures

MERLE OBERON again takes on her exotic personality for "Hurricane," where she plays a South Seas girl. The uncanny versatility of this dark-eyed beauty makes it possible to cast her in any type of role. You remember how beautiful and appealing she was as the young Japanese wife in "The Battle"; and her finest playing was done in "These Three" as the typical American girl.

Great news for a host of movie-goers! Gloria Swanson is coming back with a contract for three pictures with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. This was one of the last deeds of the late Irving Thalberg, who enjoyed the unique reputation of never having been wrong about a star or story.



RUTH CHATTERTON, soon to be seen in "Dodsworth"

Hot Words

THERE was a wild scene during the action for 14,250 dollars brought against Fanny Brice, comedienne, in the Supreme Court here by Edgar Allen, theatrical agent.

Miss Brice threatened to punch the plaintiff on the nose, and in the subsequent exchange of repartee the words "louse" and "crook" were frequently used.

The judge addressed both the plaintiff and defendant, saying, "Go back and behave yourselves or I'll put you both in the coop."

Hollywood "Hokum"

DURING the week I talked with a number of American stars about their work in England. Of course, they trotted out the usual platitudes, but underneath the stock phrases it was easy to detect a note of genuine admiration and affection for England.

"Hollywood," one of them told me, "is a pasteboard town where hokum and bunkum are the major motifs of life. You're acting all the time—acting off the set as well as on it."

"But here in England, when you leave the studios at the end of the working day, you can really relax. You can climb into some battered old car and tour the villages—without bodyguard."

Shaw Again

SCENARISTS resent the comments of George Bernard Shaw that his plays are spoiled by the movies because they are turned over to bellboys for adaptation. Shaw added that "the average scenario writer has no more idea how to tell a story than a blind puppy of composing a symphony."

The scenario writers hit back. One of them describes Shaw as "a very silly old gent who should be given a hot-water bottle and put to bed," while another has this comment: "It saddens me to see Mr. Shaw numbing in a corner by the fire and playing with the straws of his past successes."

STARS' MANY Sacrifices For SCREEN REALISM

Embarrassment and Ugliness All Endured For Sake of Art

ONE of the first things to strike the visitor to Hollywood is the number of strange-looking people seen walking about the streets, attending theatres, eating in cafes and even at private functions. To take a walk down Sunset Boulevard, Vine Street, Western Avenue, or any other well-known thoroughfare is to see unusual sights, ranging from a strikingly beautiful girl with a pair of blue-black eyes to an immaculately-clothed man with a week's growth hiding his face from the Californian sun.

Before your eyes have properly returned to their sockets you will probably have bumped into at least a dozen folk whose faces look as though they had just emerged from investigating the mysteries of a clay pit and dressed in anything from a pair of brightly-colored pyjamas to a leopard skin.

THE newcomer may look aghast at these oddities, but the Hollywood native is accustomed to seeing them, and passes by as unconcerned as you might walk down your main street or take a stroll around the park. For the stars quite freely move about in their working clothes and screen make-up, and even temporary physical or facial changes do not, as a rule, prevent their mixing with other folk.

Illusions of fair beauties and handsome heroes are often shattered when one comes into close proximity with them. Glamorous ladies and equally glamorous men find it difficult to turn on the sex appeal and retain their immaculate appearance for 24 hours a day, and it is on these rare occasions when they relax or have to change their appearances for certain roles that the public's impressions of perfection go up in clouds of smoke. That is why so many of the stars refuse to make personal appearances or show their noses in public—for fear of disappointing some of their fans. Others, less particular, go about their daily routines quite normally, and refuse to let the sacrifices they make to their art interfere with their lives or restrict their movements.

Acting is a serious business, even for a comedian, but it is a funny business



ABOVE: Warner Baxter, who spent weeks with a beard that made him look like a bear just out from hibernation. But his role of the moment demanded it, and he didn't complain.



LEFT: Another martyr. Bette Davis, who talked in a cockney accent for weeks just to be perfect in it before stepping into a part that demanded it.

too. For, the more serious the stars are about their work, the more they are willing to do for their art, the more amusing and sometimes embarrassing are the situations they encounter.

Consider, for instance, the case of Ginger Rogers. I took a friend of mine to a party one night, so that she could get a closer look at some of her favorites. Some of them pleased her immensely—they were just as she had always visualized them—but others proved quite disappointing. Ginger was among the offenders. My friend had always imagined her to be the utmost in grace and smartness, and full of pep and sparkle—and she is, as a rule. But the Ginger who attended that party was none of those things. She looked dull and tired. There was no pep, no sparkle, no glamor. Upon inquiry we discovered that Ginger had been working from early morning until late that night on dance



BECAUSE IT PHOTOGRAPHS better that way, Madeleine Carroll wears her hair blue-blond. The amount of attention this attracts is unwelcome to her, but is endured for the sake of her career.

numbers for her latest picture, and was positively done to a frazzle.

Those who have only seen Madeleine Carroll on the screen are dumbfounded when they see her in the street to observe her blue-white hair, probably the only hair of its kind in the world. The stars which have been directed at Madeleine have caused her many a moment of horrible embarrassment, but despite the unfavorable comment and the trouble entailed in keeping it that color, Madeleine retains her blue-white locks because she knows that they photograph better than her natural coloring.

These are mild samples of the wrong and ridiculous private life impressions that the uninitiated and uninformed are forever getting of the glorified. Every day some star is raising unintentional havoc with his or her great reputation by doing the unexpected or looking odd for the sake of dear old art.

On the screen and off, Freddie March always looks neat and natty—a shining example of good taste in what men should wear and do. But not so long ago Freddie made a speech at a premiere wearing sideburns! Gaping admirers were shocked when he first stepped onto the stage. Their idol gone in for sideburns! Terrible thought! Horrid reality! Well, it would be padded shoulders and nipped-in waists next. They did not pause to remember that, at that time, Freddie was playing in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" and that the sideburns were part of his character make-up.

No False Hair

LIKE a lot of other stars Freddie insists upon realism in his pictures and refuses to paste on false hair.

More recently this same gentleman was seen around with quite a healthy growth on his chin—cultivated for his role in "The Road to Glory." Even the greatest genius in make-up cannot paint or glue on an artificial beard to photograph as realistically as the genuine article—thus Freddie's facial adornment.

Most men are only too pleased to grasp an opportunity of not shaving—

Another Slant On Hollywood By Mary Olivier

but they have no public to please, no illusions to dispel, no example to set.

Warner Baxter, however, knows all about the inconvenience of being unable to shave for some considerable time. For weeks, during the making of "Prisoner of Shark Island," Warner became a recluse, due to the most unattractive beard which it was necessary to grow for his part. He was just about to show his face again to the world when the studio told him he must not shave—it was wanted for his part in "The Road to Glory." Warner just sighed and resigned himself to his fate.

Maureen O'Sullivan is a girl who has had to make sacrifices for the sake of Art. For some time Maureen has been unable to wear a décolleté evening gown for fear of revealing several scars which she acquired during the making of her last "Tarzan" picture. They are autographs left by a none-too-friendly monkey, her constant companion throughout the film. The actual pain of the scratches was nothing compared with the stares of strangers the first time she emerged in a bathing costume. Since then Maureen has gone about literally swathed to the ears.

Probably the most outstanding example of an actor who suffers all sorts of embarrassment for his art is Johnny Weissmuller. He gets scratched climbing jungle trees for one thing. But that isn't all. Johnny is a keen fight fan, and when he enters the Legion Stadium on Friday nights the gallery customers give him a pretty hot time.

"Johnny, why don't you get your hair cut?"

Continued on Page 30

THE BRIDE FOR Robert TAYLOR

Whom Would You Select For Handsome Actor?

By ANNE SUFFOLK

WOMEN have made Robert Taylor a star, and now to capture him as her own proud possession is the dearest wish of nearly every bachelor girl in the world . . . and definitely so in Hollywood.

For Bob to appear twice in succession at a premiere or cafe with the same girl is but the beginning of a long series of rumors, which, incidentally, makes his life almost unbearable.

These same stories start no end of controversy among the eligible lassies of the film capital, who, for the time at least, find themselves ousted from that proud position of vantage at the close right of Bob's strong elbow.

SUPPOSE somebody asked you to choose a bride for Robert Taylor, whom, among the bachelor girls of Hollywood, would you consider the most suitable mate? Which girl would, in your opinion, make him a happy man on his domestic hearth? Would you choose for him a blonde, brunette, or redhead? Would she be tall and stately or petite and fluffy?

The question as to whom Bob will marry has been exercising the colony for so long that fond mammae are grooming their daughters for film careers in the cherished hope that contact with the magnetic Taylor male will lead to the altar. But so far Bob has steered clear of matrimony . . . and perhaps the unusual contract he holds with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has something to do with it.

First Opportunity

LOUIS B. MAYER, of M-G-M, is a man with shrewd business ability. His leadership of the M-G-M studios is proof alone of this. But as a judge of human beings he is perhaps even shrewder than most persons.

When Bob Taylor came to M-G-M from a small town in the middle west of America, a year or so ago, Mayer saw to it that he received an opportunity to prove what he was made of in several short features made at the Culver City studios.

Taylor gave promise of going places with his very first effort. But it was in "Buried Loot," a two-reel drama, produced by M-G-M, in a series known as "Crime Doesn't Pay," that he really displayed acting talent. Cast immediately following this, in more important roles, he was developed, until to-day he is the closest and strongest rival for the crown for so long the undisputed possession of Clark Gable.

But to return to his contract.

When Taylor began before the screen, he was hired on a routine \$5 dollar-a-week contract. He remained on this salary until they upped him to stellar rating in such pictures as "Broadway Melody of 1936" and "Society Doctor." While still tied on the original contract, Louis B. Mayer increased his weekly pay-check to 175 dollars.

Fame Grows

TAYLOR'S fame began, then, to swell receipts at the box-office, and Mayer again showed his generosity by handing his protégé 2000 dollars worth of wardrobe and two high-power motor-cars.

Then following the preview of "His Brother's Wife," in which Robert is co-starred with Barbara Stanwyck, Mayer sent for him.

"Look here, Bob," he told his young friend in kindly tone, "you are now a real big star. You are one of the top bones in filmdom. And for that very reason, my boy, you are going to be protected."

Bob looked rather nonplussed for a moment. But he did not interrupt the man who had done so much for him.

"You know, Bob," Mayer continued, "young and good-looking actors such as you are a prey for all the money-seeking people in the world. If we suddenly placed you in the position of affluence that your box-office rating de-

serves, you would run into so much trouble that I doubt if you would have one moment of personal pleasure. I'm not going to let you go through all this . . . so here's my plan."

The film magnate smiled enigmatically at the handsome young star. It was one of those rare moments when ever a busy man such as Mayer cannot repress a thrill.

"Bob . . . you are worth thousands of dollars a week to M-G-M. You are worth it to every man or woman who owns a theatre anywhere in the world



ABOVE: In a big field Barbara Stanwyck is reckoned to be the favorite in the Taylor Matrimonial Stakes. And if a few hot scenes like this can't bring matters to a head nothing will!

LEFT: Midge Evans, another charming Hollywoodite for whose company the dashing Robert has shown a liking. The questions are: Does she want him? Will she get him?



to-day. But I'm not going to pay you any more than the salary you are now getting. Instead . . . M-G-M is going to establish a trust fund, and when your contract is up—you will be in the possession of exactly a million dollars. How's that?"

If you were in Bob's shoes at that moment what would you have said? Bob did the same. Somehow he mumbled his thanks. He couldn't remember any "lines" which might have acceptably fitted the occasion. But he did know that Louis B. was right. Such a precedent as Mayer's action definitely set would keep all the money-grabbing vultures away from Bob's front door. And no matter what he did, he couldn't spend a cent of the million which would some day be his very own.

Of course there were a few conditions. Mayer's shrewdness as a business man would not allow him to make a foolish charitable gesture of this nature. For instance, Bob had to be a good boy. He had to keep level-headed, and not get any ideas that might tend to disrupt the friendship between himself and his studio. But should he live like an ordinary human being and play the game as he had always done, and as Mayer figured he would continue to do . . . then Bob would be a millionaire while still young enough to enjoy it.

A Change of Heart

WHEN the news leaked out that Taylor was still only a three figure contract player, some of the girls left him well alone. They saw no immediate prospect of getting their hands on a lot of money. And so Bob soon discovered himself surrounded by women he could rely upon as being dyed-in-the-wool pals—with first choice Barbara Stanwyck.

Loaned to M-G-M for an appearance in "His Brother's Wife," Barbara and Bob worked well together. Rumor gave

it out that the co-starring appearance of the pair in this picture definitely would lead them to the altar. But up to date this has not transpired.

Bob has not deserted the rest of the Hollywood eligibles for Barbara, however. Despite the fact that he and Miss Stanwyck are seen regularly together, he has found time to be nice to such favorites as Carole Lombard, Jean Harlow, and Madge Evans. Strangely enough—right on the heels of a rumor that Bob and Irene Hervey were becoming very fond of each other came the announcement that Irene and Allan Jones had become man and wife.

An indication of just how madly the women of America have fallen for this new screen idol can be gleaned from the incidents surrounding his first visit to New York.

Taylor Mobbed

BOB tried to visit the metropolis unannounced. But the hostess on the transcontinental plane spotted him, and it wasn't long before reporters besieged him at the airport. Everywhere he went he was literally mobbed.

With over a hundred eligible bachelor girls in Hollywood, and twice as many unknown beauties who are no doubt ready and willing to grab him off as a husband, Bob's greatest problem is not whom to marry, but how to stay single.

It's a mighty interesting pastime to speculate as to who will eventually capture this dashing young man.

Whoever she is—the girl who gets Bob Taylor will have survived a great deal of competition . . . so in selecting a mate for him be sure you pick a girl who has plenty of understanding, a girl with courage . . . one who can stand for all the jibes and jabs which Hollywood knows how to deal to its own . . . one who can put up with every conceivable form of slanderous gossip.

REBELLION Background To Actor's CAREER

George Brent Carried Despatches For Irish Michael Collins

By
Ellen Marshall

LEADING men—good-looking and talented, too—are anything but a rarity in Hollywood these fine days. There's Clark Gable—did we hear a patter of some badly-smitten flapper's heart?—there's Robert Taylor; there's John Boles; there's Gene Raymond; there's William Powell; AND there's George Brent.

George is no newcomer to the celluloid capital, but—and this is positively true—he is not a great lover of publicity, and so we haven't heard as much about this handsome Irishman as most of us girls would like.

I HAVE been trailing Mrs. Brent's little boy for an interview these many moons now, but it wasn't until he recently finished working on a Warner Brothers set that I met with success.

"I've been asked by The Australian

Women's Weekly to write a story about you, Mr. Brent," I ventured. "It seems that the Australian girls hold you in high esteem, and want to know all about your career."

"You are very kind, and I do hope the Australian girls will bear with me for a long time to come. It's all very flattering; I can only hope that it is deserving."

That's George Brent all over. Shy and polite to the uttermost degree, he is easily one of the top-rankers in Hollywood to-day. The fact that success hasn't gone to his head is a large-sized compliment, because in Hollywood these days such a state is not exactly general. It was on the fifteenth morning of March, 1904, that Ireland's capital city, Dublin, bade welcome to citizen Brent. His baby laugh, sparkling eyes and black hair interpreted no unusual greatness, yet within a few years this baby was to become quite an important figure in the Rebellion, and eventually find it necessary to flee from the land of his birth.

Abbey Players

HAVING completed education in Dublin, he graduated from the National University. Around this time his interest in things Thespian was becoming evident, and he joined the famous company at the Abbey Theatre, in Dublin. Prior to that, Brent had a varied career which included sailing on a freighter off the Cornish coast, sheep herding, and working in a diamond mine as a blacksmith.

The subsequent coming of the Irish Rebellion found Brent in it heart and soul, and he became despatch-bearer for Michael Collins. He was a rebel secret service man for almost two years, then things became difficult and he fled to—

Fought in Ireland

George Brent, who, before becoming a stage and screen personality, took an active part in the late Irish Rebellion. Forced to leave his native land, he went to America—and fame.



of all places—London. Here, too, circumstances became uncomfortable and he left hastily aboard a freighter Canada bound.

Longing for a stage career, it was not long before Brent found himself in New York, but prior to receiving his first engagement with a stock company at Ellicie's Gardens in

Denver, he admits having spent almost two years fighting to get a mere living. He remained with the stock company for two seasons as leading man, and later managed six companies of his own, playing 300 leading roles. Then came Broadway and his debut in John Golden's play, "Those We Love." Followed a lead opposite Alice Brady in "Love, Honor and Betray." It was in this production that another young actor was often mistaken for Brent, so much did he resemble him. That young actor was Clark Gable.

His Marriage

IT was while making personal appearances in New York that he married Ruth Chatterton. That was in August, 1932.

Ruth Chatterton, just before that, was in Paris, obtaining a divorce from Ralph Forbes. She returned to New York and denied all reports that she intended to marry George Brent. Consequently, no one was greatly surprised when the New York papers carried the story that she had quietly become Mrs. George Brent in the little town of Harrison, just outside of New York City. An amicable divorce in 1934 brought an end to their romance, and they have remained staunch friends to this day.

Brent is an unusually quiet young man. To keep fit he does nothing unusual, but indulges in his favorite sports, tennis and lots of horseback riding. He has inherited the tastes of his cavalrymen ancestors and is an expert rider. There was a time, not long

ago, when Brent was much in evidence at parties and at smart restaurants. The chatter columnists were always seeing him there, and with a beautiful woman on his arm. But no one sees him on the boulevard or at the nightclub these days. When he's not working at the studio, George goes home to his small ranch in the hills overlooking the San Fernando Valley. His neighbors are Al Jolson, Ruby Keeler, Paul Muni, Ann Dvorak, Pat Knowles, Joan Blondell and Michael Curtiz. Yet Brent doesn't drop in on them. He stays at home with his dogs and his pipes and his books.

He is the perfect host to friends who call in, but he seldom invites other residents of the film colony to call on him, and he never gives parties. Once an enthusiastic flyer, Brent has even sold his plane, and one of the only outdoor sports he has not lost interest in is surfing. And, too, polo. He has a stable of horses for polo, and if unable to play, he always manages to at least be a spectator. Fresh rumors have it that Mr. Brent is giving up his hermit life in favor of marriage with a prominent show-world personality. To this, Mr. Brent has no answer.

"My ambition," he says, "is to travel extensively. I would like to explore the Pyramids in Egypt and go to Africa and find out where elephants go when they die."

Such is the sense of humor of this Irishman whose popularity has been on the increase ever since his first film appearance in "The Rich are Always with Us," with Ruth Chatterton.

The name
that is a guarantee
of the highest
quality

Houbigant

Perfumer
since 1775



All Houbigant preparations
are made exclusively in Paris

Stars' Many Sacrifices

Continued from Page 28

"HEY, you've forgotten your violin." "Who's got a ribbon for Johnny?" are some of the questions shouted at him, and it's a refrain which they keep time to with stamping and clapping. But Johnny can't get his hair cut, whilst he is appearing in Tarzan pictures. He would gladly go under the clippers if it weren't for his art.

Mrs. Alan Hale tells the story of an occasion not long ago when she and Alan were giving a party for some friends they hadn't seen for a long time. On the afternoon of the party, Alan was called by one of the studios for a test. He told his wife that he would go straight from the studio to the party, which was to be held in one of Los Angeles' most exclusive hotels. He left home looking like his normal self, but when he showed up at the party it was without a single hair left on his head, which looked for all the world like a polished billiard ball. He had had to shave his hair for the part.

Those who rightly consider Joe E. Brown a real he-man also had some moments of dismay when they ran into him during the making of "Six-Day Bike Rider." Joe was wearing a permanent wave! The comedian stood up to it bravely, but he confessed that he was tempted to carry a placard on his

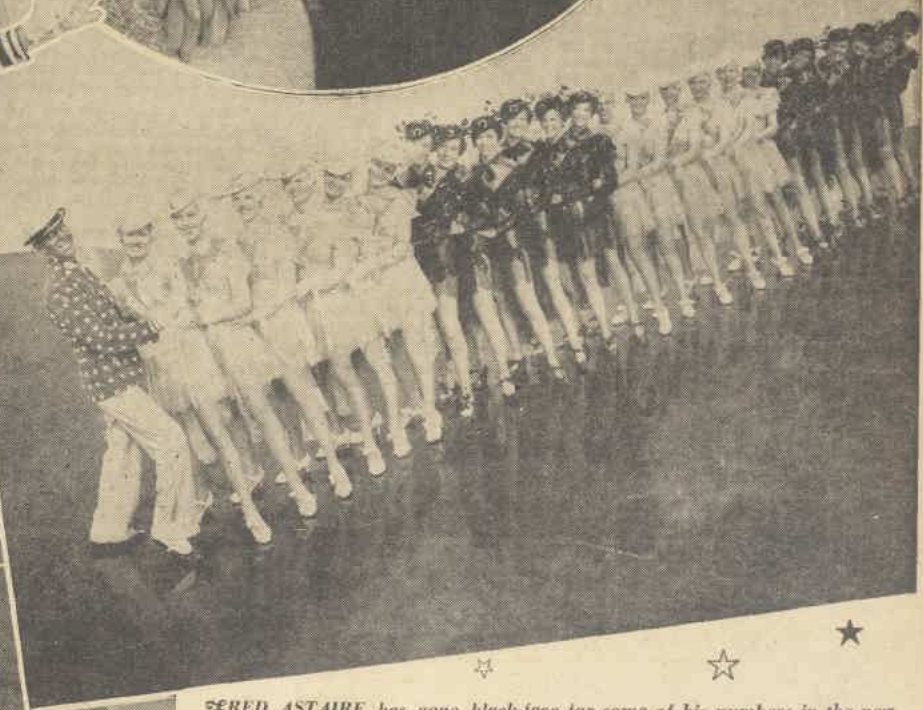
back with a sign informing all and sundry the reason for his appearance. Pruncheon Tene, who has always been considered the personification of masculinity, had to let his hair grow long and have it tongued into curls each day for "The King Steps Out."

Spoke Cockney

LONG before Bette Davis started work on "Of Human Bondage," she spoke nothing else but Cockney dialect. Introduced to total strangers the otherwise elegant Miss Davis would say, "Oh, ow d'ya dew? Well, it's y' . . ." and her dumbfounded new acquaintances couldn't figure out how she could talk like that in real life and speak Americanese on the screen. Despite the fact that she knew she was giving some very bad impressions, Bette refused to speak a word except in that Cockney dialect.

So you see it is quite wrong to jump to conclusions about movie stars when you meet them in real life. You might even mistake Garbo for Shirley Temple. If your favorites don't always look as you expected them to—well you can usually be sure that it was art that transformed them.

ASTAIRE & ROGERS



★ ★ ★
FRED ASTAIRE has gone black-face for some of his numbers in the new R.K.O. dance entertainment, "Swing Time," soon to be released in Australia. But only for some of the routines; for the greater part of the picture he is the Fred we all know, providing amusement with his equally well-known partner. They are pictured above in scenes from the film.

GERMICIDAL
long lasting
popular-priced



Use PROTEX to cleanse away body poisons that clog through the pores. It makes you feel CLEAN, FRESH, INVIGORATED.



Knees barked and scratched in play need PROTEX to keep away the germs of infection.



Heads want a regular shampoo with PROTEX to destroy the germs present in dandruff and keep the hair bright and healthy.

Everything that you expect in a toilet soap for everyday use, PLUS the safety of a powerful antiseptic and the benefits of a pleasant deodorant.

Protex is a fine soap, blended with the supreme care and skill that made the name of Colgate famous. Being French-milled and well-matured, it lasts long even when used freely.

CONTAINS GENUINE
TI-TREE OIL
11 TIMES STRONGER
THAN CARBOLIC
AND NON-IRRITANT

Into this superior Colgate product is blended the powerful Australian antiseptic—TI-TREE OIL, with a germicidal potency 11 times that of carbolic, yet non-poisonous and non-irritant. Protex leaves a refreshing aroma and, when used for the removal of skin odours, does not make its use blatantly known. Use Protex freely on the most tender skin, and enjoy the safety of a pleasant germicidal soap.

ASK YOUR CHEMIST OR STOREKEEPER FOR

PROTEX
THE SAFETY SOAP AT SIXPENCE



NEW LIPSTICK COLOURS
created by
Dr. Pacini...
exclusively for Kissproof

Dr. Pacini, recognised cosmetic expert, has created for Kissproof four NEW lipstick colours that give the illusion of colour UNDER the skin... alluring colour that does not cake or smear. Go to-day to any perfumery counter; choose your Kissproof Lipstick in one of these NEW colours—Natural, a glowing champagne; Theatrical, gay and vivid; for evening; Raspberry, a rich wine-red; or Orange, exceedingly smart with sun-tanned complexions.

KISSPROOF CREAM ROUGE (goes on evenly and looks bewitchingly natural) is also obtainable in these four NEW colours.

For Lashless Eyes... Dull-Colored Brows, Kissproof Dull-Colored makes eyelashes and brows seem longer, darker—encourages an upward curl of the lashes. For Dull, Brown, or Blue.

The NEW
Kissproof
LIPSTICK

11.105 • EACH KISSPROOF BEAUTY AID COSTS BUT 1/6 •

PRIVATE VIEWS

By STEWART HOWARD

★★ OURSELVES ALONE.

John Lodge, Antoinette Cellier, John Leder. (B.I.P.)

WHEN first I heard details of this film, I imagined an attempt at another "Informer," which just goes to show how wrong one can be. Although dealing with the Irish Rebellion, and although it abounds in members of the I.R.A. (Republican Army), Black and Tans, and assorted Irish, this picture is entirely different to McLaglen's greatest vehicle, "The Informer," was a powerful study of an individual; this offering is wider in scope, and, although not so strong dramatically or so interesting psychologically, covers more ground and a greater diversity of characters.

The theme, briefly, is the horror that exists in a land torn by civil war, a land in which brother fights brother, and childhood friends grow up to kill each other because each has a different conception of where his duty lies. The potentialities of this situation have been well explored by B.I.P., and the result is a good piece of work which, in addition to its artistic finish, has features which should give it a better financial fate than "The Informer" enjoyed in this country.

John Lodge, as County Inspector Hannay, walks away with the acting honours. He does a splendid job. Leder fills his juvenile role pleasantly enough. Of the others, Clifford Evans stands out for his portrayal of Commander Connolly. In a film in which the casting is splendid, Evans could be nothing but what he is: a black Irish republican—one of the irreconcilables. Antoinette Cellier turns in a capable performance.

But, reverting to the casting: even the extras are handpicked. A look at those "dials" in the line-up—further afield would make an exiled son of Erin feel home-sick. Oh yes! There's a tenor; and no mean one at that—Embassy; showing.

★★ THE AMAZING QUEST OF MR. ERNEST BLISS

Cary Grant, Mary Brian. (Associated Distributors.)

ALTHOUGH not a knock-out production which will have people talking about it months after they have seen it (or days, even), this offering carries enough entertainment to justify two stars.

Mr. Bliss is a young man with more money than interests. For a \$30,000 he undertakes to prove that he can support himself for a year without touching a penny of his unearned income. The film tells the story of these twelve months—showing him as a stove salesman, green grocer, chauffeur, lover, and philanthropist. It is all quietly amusing.

As earnest Ernest, Grant does a capable job. Mary Brian, cast as Frances, the girl for whom he falls—heartily—is well placed. The other parts are capably filled.

There is a hackneyed touch at the end when Frances is on the point of sacrificing herself for the sake of the usual sick sister, who must if her life is to be saved go to the South of France. Happily, Mr. Bliss manages to prevent her from casting away her good looks on the dull but rich and honest stove manufacturer who wants her for his bride. —Lyceum; showing.

★★ STAGE STRUCK

Dick Powell, Joan Blondell. (Warners.)

OVERCOME your prejudice against Dick Powell and his moustache, be tolerant about the slightly metallic quality of Jeanne Madden's voice (she plays the sweet young thing who finally ends in a clinch with Richard), and you'll get a lot of fun out of the picture.

It is another backstage story on which the dialogue and gag writers have really been let loose, with the result that a somewhat over-used theme blossoms forth as something really rich in laughs.

Joan Blondell steals the show. She turns on a splendid burlesque performance as the spectacular lady whose money is backing a musical comedy, and who insists on playing the leading role. I have never seen her to better advantage. Excellently cast, too, are Warren William—a producer of genius—and Frank McHugh, who plays the humorous buff to young Mr. Powell.

And speaking of the last named: he's not so bad, either. This statement, coming from one who usually gets cold shivers at the mere name of Richard Powell, means a bit. All told, the picture provides bright entertainment which couldn't give anybody a headache. —Plaza; showing.

★ THE THREE MAXIMS

Anna Neagle, Tullio Carminati, Leslie Banks. (Associated Distributors.)

IF the first half of this film were only up to the standard of the dramatic sequences which conclude it, the offering would make the two star grading, with something to spare. As it stands, however, it is a good average piece of work; a story of love and jealousy between

OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three Stars—
excellent.
★★ Two stars—
good films.
★ One star—
average films.
No stars no good.

the three members of a trapeze act—two men and a woman—with a climax that will thrill the most blasé.

The Three Maxims, played by Anna Neagle, Tullio Carminati, and Leslie Banks, are first revealed as the complete cast of a travelling circus—they do everything from clowning to trapezing. Banks is in love with Anna, who, perversely, has given her heart to Carminati. The troupe gets a chance to break into vaudeville in Paris—the big break has come. It is only spoiled by Leslie discovering that Anna and Tullio love each other. The morose Mr. Banks demonstrates how he feels about this by allowing Tullio to drop from the ceiling of the theatre as the final rehearsal is in progress. Fortunately there is a net which saves Tullio, but—the net will not be there when the actual performance is given!

I won't spoil the picture by telling you any more except that the end is excellent, combining thrills with a first-rate trapeze act—Embassy; showing.

★ WHITE DEATH

Zane Grey, Alfred Frith. (B.E.F.)

ARDENT anglers may get a great deal more out of this picture than I did. Not being a devotee of the cult of Frank Walton, I found Zee Gee's efforts with the rod mildly interesting, but no more so than similar performances I have seen in short productions which have not claimed to be feature films.

Coming to the story: it has not a great deal to it. Mr. Grey is lured to the Harrier Reef to catch a giant white shark, which is regarded by aborigines and a half-crazed missionary as a devil. He catches it, but not before the White Death has dined off the missionary, thus disposing of a character who is never convincing, at any rate.

The love interest, provided by the two juveniles, John Weston and Nola Warren, is nicely handled. These two youngsters show freshness and promise, although Miss Warren will have to shed the woodenness she displays in some of the scenes of this picture.

I'm sorry about Alfred Frith. Nothing would please me more than to record that he is a riot. Unhappily, I can't. The comedy writer, into the story, in the first place, is poor; the gags are bad; and Mr. Frith himself shows no signs that he will go over in a big way as a screen comedian—Mayfair; showing.

★ END OF THE TRAIL

Jack Holt, Louise Henry. (Columbia.)

UNHAPPY Mr. Holt! Life, for him, seems to be a series of love affairs, all of which end with him handing over the girl to the other man. Heroic, but most unsatisfying, I should imagine.

In this opus, he and Guinn Williams go to the Cuban War as members of Roosevelt's Rough Riders. They both fall in love with the same nurse, take her home with them, and compete for her hand. But, while Mr. Williams on return to civil life, follows the straight and narrow, becoming sheriff, Mr. Holt goes for the big and easy money, via horse-stealing. Result, a final scene in which Jack goes bravely to the gallows while Guinn and the lovely Louise weep copiously in the background.

Moral: Crime doesn't pay, although it might allow one the chance of making a dramatic exit.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

★ GRAND JURY

Fred Stone, Louise Latimer, Owen Davis. (B.K.O.)

FAIR comedy-drama, featuring Fred Stone in the part of an elderly, kindly gentleman who, mistakenly regarded as a fool by the gangsters who run his native city, is finally responsible for cleaning them up. Incidentally, in doing his fixes everything for Owen Davis, jun., a cub reporter, who is anxious to marry Louise Latimer, Mr. Stone's screen granddaughter.

Talking it by and large, an entertaining enough gangster-cum-newspaper story with action, a love interest, and a few laughs.—Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

Please turn to Page 34



THE LION'S ROAR

(A column of gossip devoted to the finest motion pictures.)

Let me tell you of four pictures I know you will thoroughly enjoy.

"Hit Brother's Wife," which co-stars Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck is something quite different. Taylor, a medical student, is to go into the wilds on an expedition, when he falls in love with Barbara and decides to stay home. But a gambling debt forces him to change his mind, and leave her. . . . On his return to civilization he finds Barbara has wed brother Paul for revenge. Then the fun flies. . . .

"Our Relations" is positively the funniest picture in which Laurel and Hardy have ever appeared. They appear as twins, leading to extraordinary complications. Our choice of the funniest scene ever filmed is the one wherein Laurel and Hardy, their feet packed in cement, wobble helplessly on the edge of a wharf.

"Lilied Lady," My personal selection as the most thoroughly enjoyable picture ever made. A big claim, you say, but a just one. Without doubt this picture will be talked about for the next five years. First there's Jean Harlow who is crazy to be married, William Powell who weds her so the schemes of his hard-driving editor, Spencer Tracy, can be carried out, and finally beautiful Myrna Loy, victim of their plotting. Myrna sued Spencer's paper for libel. . . . and Bill and Jean scheme to help Tracy talk her out of it—it's a rare battle!

"The Great Ziegfeld," M-G-M's cinematic triumph starring William Powell, Myrna Loy and Luise Rainer is the current rave of filmdom. . . . One scene, "A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody," is worth going a hundred miles to see. To know intimately all about this grand picture, send 7d. in stamps for a Special Souvenir Program, to "Ziegfeld" Souvenir, M-G-M, 20 Chalmers Street, Sydney.

Keep these films in mind. You'll see them at Sydney St. James, Melbourne Metro and Brisbane Crenorne. . . . and I promise you complete enjoyment with each!

Yours for entertainment,
LEO, of M-G-M.



"She'd be a better tempered kitten if she'd been Pulvexed"

Pulvex kills flea stains dead and keeps others away. Unlike other powders Pulvex does not make a cat sick from tickling their. Pulvex your pet once a week and keep them vermin free. All chemicals and stores 1/2 oz. double size 2/3. Postage, 6d. and 4d. Wholesale.

William Cooper & Nephews (Australia) Limited, Sydney

KILLS FLEAS OFF—KEEPS THEM OFF

SAVED FROM DRINK

Our free booklet gives scores of instances of successful treatment with "DIPNICO," the safe, tasteless treatment for drink addicts. If you are troubled, call or write for free confidential advice. Dept. W.W. BOME WELFARE PTY. 333 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY.

HERE'S Hot News FROM All the STUDIOS!

From JOHN B. DAVIES, BARBARA BOURCHIER, and JUDY BAILEY, Our New York, Hollywood, and London Representatives

THE ever-youthful Leslie Howard says he is growing too old for romance. He will forsake his lover roles, he says, for parts more suitable to his age.

Howard's son, Ronald, is 18 and entering Cambridge. His daughter, Leslie Ruth, is 12, and in an English school. Time moves on.

He doesn't mean to give up the stage or screen. He loves them both too much. But he will either direct or write or play older parts. Just now he is absorbed in his stage production of "Hamlet" in New York.

BARBARA STANWYCK'S divorce from Frank Fay becomes final on December 31, and Hollywood expects to see Barbara and Robert Taylor head straight for the altar soon after. Barbara denies that she has any definite marriage plans.

Her four-year-old adopted son, Dion, calls Taylor "Gentleman Bob." Nobody knows what put the idea into his head. The youngster's explanation is simply that Bob "looks like a gentleman."



"QUICK" ENAMEL

brushes on easily—smooths itself out evenly—dries quickly with a rich washable gloss that needs just a whisk of a damp cloth to be kept immaculate. Also "QUICK" Stain — "QUICK" Silver — "QUICK" Clear.

Sold at all Paint and Hardware Stores

DOTS and DASHES

ANN DVORAK flying to New York every week-end to see Leslie Fenton, her husband. Barbara Pepper receiving a cable from Harry Richman after his plane hop to England. Owen Davis, jun., highly pleased that the non-marriage clause is out of Anne Shirley's contract now. Maureen O'Sullivan cutting an Erin green-and-white cake at the surprise shower Mrs. Carey Wilson gave her. Billie Burke playing cook and housemaid at her beach home, and loving it. Creed, the famous London designer of women's clothes, arriving in Hollywood on a vacation.

NONE so earnest in Hollywood as the song-bird, Lily Pons. While she is busy at film-making, parties just don't exist for marm'elle. "I can't work and play at the same time," she says. "Besides, the smoky atmosphere at parties hurts my throat."

This goes for Saturday nights, too. She does nothing but work and rest until the end of the picture.

For love of music, Lily is giving a free concert to raise funds to keep the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra intact next season. That's a mighty generous gesture from one who's paid so highly for every note she sings.

WARNER BROS. always anxious to find new English talent, have just concluded a series of film tests to see if there are any stars hidden in the crowd players. No results are yet known, but there are high hopes for "Tilly."

"That's not my real name," she confided to me. "But it's as good as any other, and I am hoping it will bring me luck. They nicknamed me Tilly because I live in Bloomsbury. I think every girl who has lived there has been called Tilly by her friends. There's my call."

She walked on to the set, stood and answered questions, then walked up some stairs and leaned over a balcony.

After that she had to register pleasure, surprise, agitation, sadness and joyous excitement.

SURREY, England—home of gipsies—was visited by film folk last week. Outside beautiful caravans and open fires, dances were arranged by real gipsies, who welcomed Chill Bouchier as one of their number to enable the final scenes of "Tigana" to be shot. Chill was delighted with the reception given her. The gipsies told her fortune—free of charge—and let her into many of the "secrets" of their folklore.

IMPETUS to a revival of the best in war-time fashions—with modifications, of course—may be given by the new Marlene Dietrich film, "Knight Without Armor," now being made at Denham. Most of the action takes place in war-time Stockholm and Rene Hubert, internationally famous dress designer, has had to concentrate on making Marlene look attractive in the dresses of those years.

He had a big job, but having raked over every fashion magazine of the time and inspected thousands of photographs and paintings, he discarded all that was definitely ugly and selected the cream of the remainder.

Henry Fonda lingers in New York just long enough to marry Mrs. George Brekwa and enjoy a short honeymoon. He is expected here next week, at Sylvia Sydney, from Europe, to begin

Fonda Married

work on their co-starring picture for Walter Wanger, "You Only Live Once." These Hollywood glamor girls had better look to their laurels with two of Hollywood's handsomest bachelors, Henry and Randolph Scott, being snatched right out from under their noses by Eastern socialites. Randy, I understand, is bringing his bride, the former Marian DuPont, to Hollywood shortly.

FRANCHOT TONE was getting ready to go deer hunting with a friend and Bennett, the chauffeur of the Tone ménage. He equipped himself with out-fitting clothes, binoculars, guns, and ended his shopping trip by buying one of those bright red hats which hunters wear to escape being the target of other hunters. But he left for the trip in an old battered felt. And do you know why? Well, Joan, when she saw that bright red hat, decided to try it on, and now she is wearing it with her grey tailored suit. No husband's wardrobe is safe from depredations now, with all the women going for tailored clothes.

In Darryl-Zanuck's new suite of offices at 20th Century-Fox, all he has to do is step into an elevator and go to the basement where the tired producer will find a swimming pool, a barber shop, and steam and massage rooms for pleasure and relaxation. Is that class?

Katharine Hepburn is taking a flyer at the stage again. She will appear in New York in the play, "Jane Eyre." Whatever else you say about Katie, and there are those in Hollywood who say plenty for she is not popular, she has courage to tackle the stage again after the terrific flop her last stage play, "The Lake," came. However, Sam Briskin is preparing for her return to Hollywood, having bought a story, "Violette," by Vincent Sheean, and this will be her first picture following her return from New York.

SCREEN ODDITIES

By Captain Fawcett



GINGER ROGERS' STAND-IN IS THE ONCE-FAMOUS CHILD STAR OF THE SILENT SCREEN—BABY MARIE OSBORNE, WHO NOW BEARS A STRIKING RESEMBLANCE TO GINGER.

ROSCOE KARNS AND HIS WIFE SPENT THEIR 17th WEDDING ANNIVERSARY IN RENO DIVORCE COURT... STUDYING THE UNHITCHING PROCEDURE FOR HIS ROLE IN "THREE MARRIED MEN."

HUGH HERBERT HAS A "RUBBER" FACE AND CAN PULL HIS CHEEKS OUT 6 INCHES AND SNAP THEM BACK AGAIN.

SOONER or later, you folks will be seeing "still" pictures of Paul Robeson in the dress of a powerful African chief. I watched Still-man Otto Dyrar taking about six-down of these pictures in the special "still" studio at Gaumont-British.

Paul's patience is superb. For almost an hour he had to kneel, stand, crouch, squat, hold a spear aloft, look as though he were fighting someone, look happy, mournful, surprised, grim, pained, crafty, defiant. He went through it all without a solitary scowl, without a murmur of protest.

His dress, by the way, was a genuine African chieftain's war get-up. Mrs. Robeson, who is Paul's valet, adviser and uncompromising critic when he is filming, told me that the costume was made of thousands of strips of white monkey fur—one strip equalling one monkey.

WHAT happened on the set of "Ladies in Love" will remain forever unknown. The picture, starring four beautiful women, each one a famous star in her own right, was filmed in Gatto-like seclusion. No outsider was permitted to enter upon the set, and the prohibition was enforced by able-bodied guards.

Darryl Zanuck was a brave man when he undertook to handle four females—gorgeous Constance Bennett, smart Loretta Young, winsome Janet Gaynor, and pert Simone Simon. And he fully appreciated the likelihood of fireworks when he announced that the "Ladies in Love" set was to be shut down tight.

No one of the four girls will say what actually happened. They seem determined to disappoint everyone, and only sing each other's praises. But if fiery Simone did indulge in a few tantrums, or if Connie did blow up, no one will ever know. They just won't tell!

"HEARTY CONGRATULATIONS" are always welcome



LIFE holds many forms of success and the pleasure of achievement is greatly enhanced by prompt and hearty congratulations. Bright and colourful telegram forms and envelopes are specially pro-

vided for the purpose. There is no extra charge... the usual low telegram rates apply. Send congratulations in this delightful way—it may be your turn to receive them next.

HOW THE BACHELOR GIRLS SAVED MONEY!



Just one thing to buy — PERSIL! No bar soaps, no extras. PERSIL saves you money and gives you whiter clothes. Its oxygen-charged bubbles chase out all the dirt—give you dazzling white clothes. But make sure it is PERSIL you buy.



PERSIL (AUSTRALIA) PTY LTD.

Good Housekeeping Institute

31, 217-25

LET PERSIL HELP YOU SAVE

HAGGARD LOOKS DEPART

Weary Bodies Revive—

YOUTH RETURNS

as Ageing Uric Acid Ills are Conquered

Keep your blood, nerves, joints and muscles free from uric acid poisons, and worn looks and youth-destroying aches, pains, lethargy and weakness will not attack you—Rheumatism, Back, Limp, Knockle, Knee, Shoulder Pains, and other tortures cannot then spoil your life and rob you of your strength. The best, surest safe way of getting rid of the harmful uric acid (together with its deadly deposits and crystals) is to take Harrison's Pills. No matter how many things have failed you, Harrison's Pills will give you swift relief and prompt recovery.

No More Rheumatism, Backache, Neck, Shoulder or Joint Pains....

Harrison's Pills possess a remarkable power of not only ending aches and pains but of assuring resistance to those signs of breakdown, called "growing old." Many lives that would have cracked, crashed or, perhaps, come to a premature end must have been saved by this famous medicine. Grateful users from all parts have testified to the value of Harrison's Pills even in extreme cases.

A User Writes:

"Dear Sirs—Due to uric acid and severe rheumatism, I was practically dead at 77. In spite of the severity of my trouble, Harrison's Pills have made a new man of me, and I feel not a day older than fifty. I have never known any remedy act in such a remarkably beneficial manner. Signed B. Johnson."

If YOU wish to gain freedom from uric acidity, rheumatic pains, kidney, bladder and urinary weakness, diabetes, puffiness under the eyes, broken rest at night, swelling joints, etc., get some Harrison's Pills from your chemist at once. 2 Boxes: 2/6, 3/6 and 4/6.

To End Decline In Vital Organs And Restore Youthful, Pain-Free Strength TAKE



Diagram showing types of uric acid crystals.

HARRISON'S PILLS



AUSTRALIAN JOY HOWARTH, well known to film folks in this country, who has just been signed by R.K.O. on a year's contract, the company reserving the right to renew for a further four years.

Private Views

Continued from Page 32

★ THE CRIMSON CIRCLE

Hugh Wakefield, Noah Beery, June Duprez. (Associated Distributors.)

ONE of the most successful programme thrillers to come out of a British studio. Although not quite good enough to qualify for a double decoration, it is high in the one-star class, presenting, as it does, a good story, capably noted and directed.

A murder gang, whose trade mark is a crimson circle, is terrorizing London. Inspector Parr of Scotland Yard is assigned to the job of tracking down the mysterious head of the organisation. He succeeds.

Hugh Wakefield, Alfred Drayton (Inspector Parr), and Noah Beery, as a flash member of the gang, are good. The juveniles, Niall Macgregor and June Duprez, are not stirring, but they provide love interest.

The chief weakness of the picture lies in the fact that any student of detective novels or pictures will be able to pick the arch-criminal very early in the piece. Mayfair; showing.

★ THEY MET IN A TAXI

Fay Wray, Chester Morris. (Columbia.)

ANOTHER one of the "Just a picture" school. An involved story of a young lady who finds herself suspected of having stolen a pearl necklace, of an outwardly tough taxi driver with ambitions, who finds himself forced into the position of protector to the lady in distress, and of sundry minor characters who, mildly amusing or melodramatically unreal, serve to fill in the gaps.

Chester Morris plays the role of the knight whose steed is a panting cab; Fay Wray is the girl in the case. Chester is a nice boy who won't let Hollywood affame as an actor, but Miss Wray seems incapable of portraying successfully any deep emotion. Still, provided the second picture is good enough, this offering will get by.—Piazza; showing.

★ PRIDE OF THE MARINES

Charles Bickford, Florence Rice. (Columbia.)

CHARLES BICKFORD is another gentleman who specialises in losing his girl and fading out with a final heroic and self-denying gesture. In this offering he is, as usual, the tough guy with the heart of gold—a marine sergeant who adopts an orphan, cares for him, lies for him, and, finally, although his girl is estranged to the uttermost by the effort, gives up the boy to be cared for by the girl who has refused the manly marine's hand and accumulated savings.

While giving due prominence to the sentimentality which constitutes the story, the producer and director have played up the U.S. Marine Corps for all that body of men is worth. You've got to hand it to the Americans—they believe in giving their country all the publicity they can.

And the picture? Just a film; no more. —Lyric; showing.

FAME

Sydney Howard. (Associated Distributors.)

AS I think I've remarked before, a good English comedy is usually very good, while a poor one is too abysmally bad for words. This item is one of the latter variety. The comedy is self-conscious and poor, while the gags—probably raised howls of laughter at the end-of-the-Burke and Wills expedition. Much of the humor has to do with food, and while this may cause English audiences to go into ecstasies, it will leave Australians cold.

Definitely not to be recommended.—Lycium; showing.

MOST POPULAR PICTURES

PICTURES are divided into three classes: money-makers, no profits and flops. There have been 221 pictures released in the first half of this year.

Of those released "Mutiny on the Bounty" was the most successful; next, "Follow the Fleet," with "Rose Marie," "San Francisco," "Wife versus Secretary," "Captain Blood," and "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" next in order. Furthermore, the startling conclusion is reached that about thirty-five pictures out of the 221 are paying for the non-profitable ones and the failure.

THEATRE ROYAL
Nightly at 8. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday at 2.
J. C. WILLIAMS' FAREWELL. COLEPORT AND SULLIVAN OPERA SEASON
Commencing Saturday, November 14 at 2
"Pirates of Penzance"
FOR ONE WEEK ONLY!

Did This New
Orange Juice
And
Bonkora
Cocktail
Way
Make Her
Lose 45 lbs.
Fat Fast?



185 lbs. 125 lbs.

Wherever you go to-day you'll find women drinking a BONKORA cocktail, made from Orange Juice and BONKORA.

"Its razor seems to have started when it became noted about that registered nurse, who could no longer work on account of her weak fatty condition, lost 45 pounds and 30 inches off her hips—each, the truth that she was able to go back to work again mainly by resorting to this unique BONKORA Cocktail method."

No Dangerous Drugs — No
Dinitrophenol — No
Starvation.

How the Bonkora Cocktail Way Has
Helped Many People to Lose Pounds
of Ugly Fat!

"Drinking a glassful of chilled Orange Juice mixed with a tablespoonful of BONKORA, two times a day, and eating their fill of the delicious foods, as shown on the BONKORA package, it is claimed, has made many people lose from 7 to 67 pounds, and has made their waist and bust measurements go down from 2 to 11 inches.

"The reason why this Orange Juice and BONKORA way seems to produce such amazing results is first, the Orange Juice provides for the necessary vitamins to maintain health and supplies the elements to counteract the harmful over-acid conditions that develop while reducing and second, the BONKORA provides for the proper elimination of the toxins or poisons which often interfere with normal metabolism and make reduction of weight very difficult, if not impossible."

Will You Try This Orange Juice
and Bonkora Way for 3 Weeks to
See if You Can Lose Pounds of
Excess Fat?

"Where any person is bothered with excessive weight, or is troubled by 'beer' elimination, over-eating or over-drinking, which is held responsible for more than 85% of all overweight conditions, it is said that this new method often causes a loss of excess fat that is little short of sensational. Also, new enthusiasts will probably be much interested to know how much better those who have tried it say they feel, how much better they say they sleep and how much better fitted for work they say they are."

FREE SAMPLE

MAIL THIS COUPON

SCHAFFER & CO.,

Box 2002, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please send FREE SAMPLE and full details of Bonkora Treatment.

NAME

ADDRESS

IF YOUR CHEMIST CANNOT SUPPLY

BONKORA, enclose postal note for 4/6

and the full-sized bottle will be mailed

to you post free, in a plain wrapper.

N.W. 34/11/36

Song Poems Wanted

Songs and musical compositions also considered. Submissions, send to: PETER DENKE LTD. (A.O.), 140a Shaftesbury Avenue, London W.C.1, England.

Another Great TELEGRAPH SERVICE A DAILY FEATURE OF CLASSIFIED ADS.

**BEGINNING WEDNESDAY
NOVEMBER 11**

To-morrow—Wednesday, November 11—the Daily Telegraph introduces for the first time another great new service—a comprehensive section of Classified Advertisements, column after column of opportunities to buy or sell, to announce or to learn.

Such a step has long been planned, but before launching this feature the Daily Telegraph has waited for the prestige and power of the new paper to considerably increase.

To-day, eight months after being taken over by the management of The Australian Women's Weekly, the daily net sales have increased by 62,000, and now the paper goes each morning into 152,000 homes.

This vast readership represents 41 per cent. of the men and women of Sydney—almost half the people you wish to reach if you have something to sell or buy, something to announce or seek, a lost purse, some missing friends, a birth, an engagement—or a wedding.

To miss these 152,000 readers is to overlook one Sydney person in every two, and it's almost even money the man or woman you wish to reach is a Daily Telegraph reader. So tell your message in the Telegraph, too, and you will tell all Sydney. The rates are low and the results excellent. Ring BW3017 for fuller details.



41% OF THE PEOPLE YOU WISH TO REACH READ THE DAILY TELEGRAPH



Newsagents everywhere will accept your advertisement for Daily Telegraph classified columns. They are ever ready with helpful, considerate assistance, and will give you full information on cost and all other details.

Ask to see their special Daily Telegraph Classified Advertisement Handbook—in it you will find advice and suggestions on every classification, together with sample advertisements which demonstrate how to tell your message in the most effective and economical manner. You will also find a complete list of every abbreviation allowed. Study them, for they will save you money.

When time or circumstances make it inconvenient to call on your newsagent—then the Daily Telegraph has a still further service for you. Simply telephone BW3017 and a specially-trained operator will take

your message, advise and check on the wording and confirm the cost. There is no extra charge for this, and the cost of the advertisement will be collected by your newsagent after it has appeared.

Or you can hand the advertisement direct to the Telegraph at the special mid-city office, 99 Pitt St., three doors from Hunter St., just opposite the Sydney Morning Herald office.

Whatever you have to announce—whatever you have to buy—or whatever you have to sell—remember that 41 per cent. of the people you wish to reach are Daily Telegraph readers.

You cannot afford to ignore them. To do so is to limit your field to a little more than a half of the whole. Remember, therefore, to tell it in the Telegraph, too.

**Nº 99
PITT ST.
3 DOORS FROM
HUNTER ST.**

Read and Use DAILY TELEGRAPH CLASSIFIED ADS.



The secret of Flat No. 5 -



ERASMIC Face Powder's blended "film-ness" will give you glamour.

ERASMIC FACE POWDER

Brande's Vanishing Cream 2/6 Jar, 1/- Tube, leaves delicate protective film. Erasmic Cold Cream 2/6 Jar. Rich in fragrance, softening oils.



AT ALL CHEMISTS AND LEADING STORES

A Good Investment



A Fixed Deposit in the Rural Bank has many attractions for investors. It is a lawful investment for trust funds. Interest is paid half-yearly and the yield is uniform and certain. The capital sum is returned intact at the end of a specified period, or may be re-invested.

Interest is paid at current bank rates, viz:—

3	per cent. per annum for 24 months	
2½	" " " " " 12 "	
2½	" " " " " 6 "	
2	" " " " " 3 "	

Fixed Deposits are received and cheques accounts opened for all sections of the community at all Branches of the Bank.

The RURAL BANK OF NEW SOUTH WALES

Head Office - 14 Castlereagh St., Sydney
Sydney Branch: 350 George Street, (Opp. Wynyard Street)

Commissioners: C. R. McKeehan (President), H. Rogers, P. Kearns.



Glasses designed by
GIBB & BEEMAN LTD.

Improve one's appearance - they are exclusive, distinctive and individual.
J. W. Beaman, A. S. Skelton, Optometrists
21 MARTIN PLACE, 178 RITT STREET, SYDNEY
AND AT MELBOURNE AND TOWNHALL

WRITTEN IN THE STARS ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Astrological Research Society

If married to a "Scorpion", look out for squalls and fun

Marriage with a "Scorpion" is something like a lottery. You take a chance—and live in hope.

If you're a prizewinner, you can expect lots of excitement, change, and fun in life. Even if you are a loser, and dislike the hard and nasty streak in your partner's make-up, there will be the consolation of interest and excitement.

ALL types of Scorpions, good or bad, cannot be happy unless they are thoroughly enjoying something or other, and making a big noise about it. They are optimistic, cheerfully tackling the impossible, thoroughly enjoying the attendant fighting and mis-matching, and excitedly and immodestly boastful when things seem to go their way.

They enter with enthusiasm into everything they do, and woe betide the tactless partner who fails to show interest.

If your Scorpion partner sings (unmusically) in his bath, let him. If he goes roaring round the house or bursts into fits of laughter, cheer him on. He is like the big-drummer in a brass band—happiest when making a big noise.

Life is one long thrill to him, but he needs an admiring audience. Moreover, Scorpions are magnetic and fascinating (if they wish), and usually have many temptations in the way of love affairs. Therefore learn to applaud if you wish to hold a Scorpion's regard. Strangely enough, these folk seem able to attract great loyalty, despite occasional spasms of rudeness, selfishness, egotism, and downright bad temper.

Moreover, under an exterior which is usually austere and abrupt they have great kindness of heart and an inner sense of humor which bubbles with amusement over the other fellow's antics in attempting to keep up with their demands.

The adventurous and ardent nature of these people leads many of them into early or rash marriages, but they are adept at getting out of unhappy unions. However, they are amazingly loyal to interesting, unrestricted, and appreciative partners.

Difficult, But Vital

THOSE of you who are engaged or wedded to one of these difficult but vital Scorpion people should make a vow (and keep it) to try to understand your man and make life pleasant and interesting for him. Fuss over him—pander to his almost unconscious egotism. It will pay you well.

Since marriage for a Scorpion can be either a snare and a delusion or an affair of immense satisfaction, great care must be taken in the choice of a partner.

The most harmonious partners for Scorpion people are usually Cancerians (those born between June 22 and July 23). These people are kindly, tolerant, and shy. They seem to understand the eruptive Scorpion temperament, and to enjoy the excitements which result. This eruptive state is good for the Cancerian, who is usually slow and shy.

Pisces people (February 19 to March 21) are also harmonious, though Scorpions are apt to boss them a little and resent their dreaminess and lack of confidence. Scorpions, being contrary, really like people they cannot bully. Pisceans, take a hint!

Two Scorpions in double-harness will prove harmonious if they become a mutual admiration society. Otherwise, life will become a continual round of fireworks and squalls.

Other congenial marriage or business partners for these people come from among those born under the signs Capricorn (December 19 to January 20) and Virgo (August 24 to September 23). They are also attracted by the law of opposites to Taurus people (April 21 to May 21), but great care is needed if estrangement is not to occur. Sometimes, however, the individual horoscope will promise happiness with someone else altogether.

As a usual thing, however, partnerships seldom prove successful when Scorpions mate with Aquarians (January 20 to February 19) or Leo people (July 23 to August 24).

The Daily Diary

TRY to utilize this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

ARIES PEOPLE (March 21 to April 21): Follow routine tasks. November 15, 16, and daylight of 17th just fair.

TAURUS PEOPLE (April 21 to May 21): Live cautiously. Try to avoid losses, disappointments, and partings, especially on November 12 (night), 13 and 14.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Un-spectacular. Nov. 15, 16, and 17 poor.

Quotation Box

ALWAYS remember that the stars INCLINE—THEY DO NOT COMPEL. They should be used as guides along the pathway of life, showing the way to future success and happiness.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Work hard, ask favors, seek promotion, make changes, begin new enterprises. The stars can aid you on November 12 (night), 13, and especially 14.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Be cautious on November 12 (late), 13, and 14. You will meet with delays, setbacks, and obstructions if rash.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Routine tasks. November 15, 16, and 17 poor.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): November 10, 11, and 12 just fair.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Turn opportunities into facts. Make much of November 12 (evening), 13, and especially 14. Ask favors, start new enterprises. Be confident and optimistic.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): November 15, 16, and 17 fair. Routine best.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 22 to Jan. 20): Poor on November 10, 11, 12; fair on November 13 and 14.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): Be patient and philosophic, especially on November 13 and 14. Let important matters wait.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): Be practical. Try to turn your dreams into achievements. Be optimistic and aggressive, especially on November 12 (evening), 13, and 14.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them.—Editor, A.W.W.)

Frocks

Direct from Maker to YOU
... at Money-Saving Prices



In dealing direct with us as the actual makers you SAVE the amount of the retailer's profit.

If for any reason you are not perfectly satisfied we will refund your purchase money in full without question or hesitation.

No. 307—Charming frock in "Ferguson" "Ferguson" in latest designs and colorings. Designs are in motif as illustrated, also smart check and nautical patterns. Ground color is cream and patterns in blue and gold, brown and green, brown and gold, two-toned blues and two-toned greens. Size: 8SW, SW, W & O. POSTAGE 11/6 PAID. Large stock of Children's Frocks, from 2/6. Ladies' Overalls, from 6/11. Ladies' Frocks, from 11/6.

100% Satisfaction or Money Back.

Hundreds of country customers know the high standard and dependability of our service. Every garment guaranteed. Colors guaranteed fast. Buy for CASH and save shipping! Send postal note and your frock will be posted immediately.

U. & S. Garment Company,
Dymock's Block, 428 George Street,
Sydney.
Catalogue FREE on request.

AUNT MARY'S



BAKING POWDER

Send one shilling and twopence to Tillock & Co. Ltd., Sydney, for Aunt Mary's Cookery Book—210 pages, 400 recipes and useful hints, illustrated in full colours. Save 50 clean lids for handsome surprise packet free.

WHEN they went into the garden again, without Ollie, Lady Sybil Drummond wasn't there, to Julia's relief, although she had to pretend to be disappointed when Katherine kept on saying what a pity it was.

"Let's go back to the cornfield," said David. "It ought to be nearly finished by now, I should think."

It was funny how different the cornfield looked when they got back to it. Everything had changed in the short time they'd been away.

For one thing, there were a lot more people than there had been before, and they were all making a noise—shouting and yelling, and the dogs—there were several new dogs now—barking excitedly. Some boys were brandishing sticks, and one was beating a shock of corn. Most of the corn was stacked now.

For a second Julia didn't understand. Then she saw that they were driving rabbits of all sizes out into the open.

A very tiny rabbit darted straight at them, then suddenly doubled and turned, and Julia saw a big farm lad being heavy side down on its head, so that it dropped, killed.

That was what they were doing. Frightening the rabbits that had been hidden in the corn before it was cut, out into the open field, with shouts and sticks, and then either hitting them on the head, or setting the dogs after them, to chase and catch and kill them. Julia felt rather sick and terribly miserable about the tiny rabbit that lay motionless almost at her feet.

The boys were shouting and jumping, terrifically excited.

Katherine, catching Julia's eye, smiled rather apologetically.

"It seems rather a shame, doesn't it?" she shouted above the hubbub. But the next moment she, too, was jumping and screaming, and urging on the dogs.

So Julia understood that one was expected to think it all fine fun, and join in with the others.

Perhaps the rabbits didn't really mind?

She set her teeth and watched what was happening intently and carefully. The noise was deafening.

Suddenly the excitement seemed to get hold of her, too. She began to shout and spring about and cheer whenever a rabbit fell. Even when she saw one that had only been half-killed, twisting about on the rough stubble with blood streaming out of its eyes, she just looked away from it and went on yelling and jumping.

Then a man appeared with a gun, and there was the sound of a shot.

The other noises died down.

Everyone watched the man with the gun.

Katherine jumped at the noise of each shot, and didn't seem to be enjoying herself any more.

"I think most of the fun's over now," she said. "We might as well go. Mother may be back by this time."

Julia didn't care whether Lady Sybil Drummond was back or not, but she was glad to be going away from the cornfield.

"I wonder how many they got," said Fergus greedily.

"Oh, lots," David asserted confidently. "And they're going to do the other field to-morrow, and there'll be heaps more. I hope we go down to see the fun."

Fun, thought Julia doubtfully.

Of course, people who lived in the country had special things of their own to do that amused them—like hunting, and collecting birds' eggs, and the business of knocking down a lot of rabbits and seeing them killed. If one didn't pretend to like it, too, they'd certainly despise one and think one a baby.

Julia looked wildly round.

"Where's Terry?" she gasped.

The others didn't seem to know.

"Perhaps he went back to the house," suggested Katherine.

As if Terry would do a bad-mannered thing like that, when he was always so polite!

"I saw him a minute ago. At least, I think I did," Fergus said, in a vague kind of way. "I suppose he got bored."

"I expect we'll find him at the house," Katherine added.

Julia was perfectly certain that they wouldn't.

She looked all round her. Terry was

NOTHING is SAFE

Continued from Page 5

absolutely nowhere to be seen. What on earth ought she to do? He'd simply hate her to make a fuss—and besides, what would be the use?

"Come on," said Katherine. "We'll see if mother's home yet."

"Bother your mother," thought Julia, guiltily following, and all the time looking for any sign of Terry.

There was none.

THE others didn't seem to care at all. They began to talk about motor cars and how somebody called Colonel Baird—of whom Julia had never heard—had just bought a perfectly splendid streamline saloon.

Julia, briefly but competently, boasted about the car at Roslyn.

"Whose is it?" said Fergus.

"My stepfather's," said Julia boldly.

"Your what?"

"Fergus, that's rude!" Katherine admonished him. "Look, there's a swallow flying quite low down over the pond; that means rain."

"How can she have a stepfather

when her father's not dead?" said Fergus.

"Good gracious me," cried Julia, turning on him in a fury; "haven't you ever heard of divorces? Heaps of people get divorces nowadays. If you don't know that, I shouldn't think you knew anything—not more than a baby."

"Baby yourself!" shouted Fergus.

Katherine went on saying:

"Be quiet; you mustn't quarrel. You know you mustn't."

Nobody took any notice, although Julia heard her quite well.

David, who, naturally, always took his twin's part, joined in.

"I think divorce is a bad word," he announced grandly. "I'm sure it's one of the things you aren't supposed to talk about."

"Like a baby!" scoffed Julia. "Anybody can see you've never been to school. People who go to school talk about anything they like, let me tell you. There's nothing they don't know about—absolutely nothing in the world."

Please turn to Page 42



EVENING GARDEN
FACE POWDER
BY IMEX

EVENING GARDEN PERFUME

is the most pleasing and delicate ever blended—like a beautiful garden on a summer's evening. Special hand-blended bottle. 1/6. Other sizes, 4/6 to 25/- per bottle. And Evening Garden Face Powder, unrivalled in excellence, 2/6 box. AT ALL STORES AND CHEMISTS. Write for free sample to IMEX MFG. CO., 494 Kent Street, Sydney.



GRACE BROS.

Offer you a final opportunity of securing this wonderful bargain line
MODEL SHANTUNG BAKU and BALLIBUNTAL
"The pride of Every Woman"



WRITE IN EARLY FOR THESE

23/6 EACH
Less 2/- in the £

Usual Value £3/3/-

1—Large Brim, finest quality BALLIBUNTAL. Crown on Geometrical lines and tailored finish of contrasting Ribbon. Black, Navy, Brown, Natural, 22 to 22½. Regular Value, £3/3/0. Special Price, 23/6 (Less 2/- in the £)

2—A DROOPED BRIM with pleated front and folded sloping crown finished. Floral trimming. Colours: Black, Navy, Brown, and Natural. Fittings: 22 to 22½. Regular Value, £3/3/0. Special Price, 23/6 (Less 2/- in the £)

3—AMERICAN MODEL in the lowest line. Rolled edge and shaping crown. Finished tailored trimming of Ribbon. Fittings: 22 to 22½. Colours: Black, Navy, Brown, Natural, and White. Regular Value, £3/3/0. Special Price, 23/6 (Less 2/- in the £)

4—DESIGNED IN BALLIBUNTAL BRIM. High Bandeau at back, and finished Gros-grain Ribbon. Colours: Black, Navy, Brown, Natural, and White. Regular Value, £3/3/0. Special Price, 23/6 (Less 2/- in the £)

5—Illustrating A POPULAR SHAPE IN MATRON'S STYLE. Brim turned at back and slightly drooped in front, crown hand treated. Tucks, finished individual trimmings, combining Vellin, Flowers, and Peterham Ribbon. Colours: Black, Navy, and Brown. Fittings: 22½ to 23. Regular Value, £3/3/0. Special Price, 23/6 (Less 2/- in the £)

6—Featuring a GENUINE BALLIBUNTAL, medium brim, posman's crown, turned edge, introducing contrasting shades of Ribbon. Fittings: 22 to 22½. Colours: Black, Navy, Brown, White, and Natural. Regular Value, £3/3/0. Special Price, 23/6 (Less 2/- in the £)

7—A BALLIBUNTAL, suitable for all occasions, turned edge, bound Peterham Ribbon, swaggy crown. Finished contrasting shades of Ribbon. Colours: Black, Navy, Brown, Natural, and White. Fittings: 22 to 22½. Regular Value, £3/3/0. Special Price, 23/6 (Less 2/- in the £)

8—A BALLIBUNTAL in smart tailored lines, bound edges of Peterham Ribbon and crested Band. Fittings: 22 to 22½. Colours: Black, Navy, Brown, Natural, and White. Regular Value, £3/3/0. Special Price, 23/6 (Less 2/- in the £)

9—ORIGINAL AMERICAN BLOCK. Hand folded Crown and Brim finished stiffened Vellin and Peterham colls of Ribbon. Black, Navy, Brown, Natural and White. 22 to 22½. Regular Value, £3/3/0. Special Price, 23/6 (Less 2/- in the £)

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—
WITHOUT CALOMEL
And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Full of Vim.

The liver should pour out two pounds of Bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. You'll have up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, tired and weary and the world looks blue. Laxatives are only hush-hush. A mere bowel movement doesn't put at the cause. It takes time for old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Have a little, quite without any harm, making bile flow freely. Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills. Look for the name Carter's Little Liver Pills on the wrapper. Sold in two sizes—small size 1/6, household size 2/6. Recent's advertisement.

GRACE BROS., LTD.—BROADWAY—SYDNEY—PHONE M6506



BEAUTIFUL HAIR AT 40!

YOU, too, can preserve the colourings of youth... for every grey hair can be re-coloured with Imédia! Imédia is a colourant which penetrates the fibre of the hair and recharges it with colouring matter exactly resembling the natural pigment. Hair tinted with Imédia preserves all its fineness and suppleness and can be permanently waved just as before. Imédia is absolutely undetectable. Any shade... even delicate ash blonde... can be obtained. Hairdressers everywhere can apply Imédia... the invisible dye! Make sure it is the genuine Imédia, made in France.

IMÉDIA

Sold in boxes for home use... sufficient for one application, 6/6... for three, 12/6. Obtainable at chemists, hairdressers and department stores. If unobtainable locally, apply to Cris & Aikin, Ltd., 694 George Street, Sydney.

QUALITY AT LOWEST PRICE

if you want perfect
protection..comfort..safety
and economy.....buy

MODESS

BOX OF 12

Modess has every feature that you want in a Sanitary Napkin. It is comfortable — soft and conforming. It is safe — more absorbent, hygienically clean. It is inconspicuous, and completely disposable.

See for yourself how much better Modess really is; what advantages it has. You will, we know, be more than satisfied that Modess is the softest, safest protection you can have.

And Modess is economical — the best there is, at the lowest price.

● A product of Johnson & Johnson—World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, etc.



MA1.36

TO PLEASE A LADY

Continued from Page 26

"I—oh, Bettina, don't!" he pleaded. "You're breaking your old father's heart. I had no idea you cared so. I'd—I'd do anything I could. I'd rather be dead myself than—than this!"

And he meant it. She was in his arms—proud, poised, arrogant little Bettina. Clinging to him convulsively, her features blurred and distorted.

"I—I don't want him to be drowned," she was sobbing wildly. "It's really my fault—"

"Your fault—but of course it isn't," he retorted as wildly.

"It is! He—he went away angry, and—"

His head reeled. So she had quarrelled with Beppo, too. Young and so sure of herself. Playing fast and loose with the men that loved her, confident of her power to win them back.

"It's me that ought to be dead," she was saying. "I'm just worthless. I—"

Her voice broke. He held her very tight. His own eyes were stinging. He would, at that moment, have done anything to get Beppo back for her. Too late he realised the futility of opposing anything like this.

Bettina, however, was striving to free herself.

"Well, I didn't deserve him—it serves me right," she said. Her lip was quivering, but she was trying to hold her head high.

Her effort towards self-control seemed simply awful to him. He wished instead she'd let go again.

"No—no—please don't," she begged, as he made an uncertain move to recapture her. "I've got to face this—bear it—myself. I—"

She stopped short and turned. Somebody had entered the library. Her eyes widened incredulously, her mouth opened.

"I came back," exclaimed Sam, "because I heard about the accident. It occurred to me that it might be Beppo's car. I'm glad to say it wasn't."

"What, are you positive?" broke in Bettina's father, with a surge of relief that would not have seemed credible to him an hour before.

Sam grinned. Apparently his sense of humor was restored.

"Positive. I was afraid Bettina might worry, and so I called up a few police stations along the road to see if his passage had been noted—I believe it's apt to be. As it happened I got definite news of him. He was held up miles beyond Millport for exceeding a ten miles speed limit through a village—"

There he stopped. Bettina, who had not said a word, was moving towards him slowly, almost fearfully.

"You—y o u aren't drowned," she was saying. "You're really here—"

"I'm well," he admitted, and it was true, "but I'm not drowned."

"I—I thought you were drowned," she said, her voice breaking. "I—"

Sam stared at her with his one good eye. "You—you mean that would—would make any difference to you?"

Bettina walked straight into his arms.

"All—all the difference in the world," she said. "Oh, Sam—I—I thought I had lost you."

Now that was the cue for her father to make a swift exit. But he couldn't stir. He simply stood and gaped.

"Well, I'll be jiggered," he murmured.

No one paid any attention to him, however. They were as oblivious of him as if he had done what he should have—gone out and shut the door behind him. Perhaps they thought he had. Anyhow—

"Oh, Sam—your poor lip—that got cut too," Bettina was saying.

"It doesn't matter," replied Sam, blissfully—and proved it.

"And—you are quite sure you aren't drowned," demanded Bettina, who, her father thought, seemed to need considerable reassurance on this point, all things considered.

"If so, I've gone straight to heaven," Sam informed her, adding a little more reassurance as he said it. "Perhaps I have—I can't account for—for this. Are—are you sure—you're sure? I can't believe it."

"Oh, I always intended to marry you when I got round to it," she assured him frankly.

"You certainly took your time about it—and you certainly never let me suspect it," he replied.

"Oh, that was just because everybody was so certain I would marry you," she explained. "And then, too, you know father. He was for ever showing you down my throat. Naturally I had to—be myself!"

"Of course," agreed Sam. "I often wished myself there was some polite way of telling him to please pipe down—"

Bettina's father opened his mouth—then shut it. Any protest from him at this stage would surely be irrelevant and probably immaterial and incompetent. They didn't even know he was there—and he realised he shouldn't be.

Eying them furtively he began to tiptoe out, hoping they would not notice him. They didn't.

"But what about Beppo?" Sam was asking.

"He was just a thrill—awfully sweet, but—but I couldn't really ever marry anybody but you," confessed Bettina shamelessly. And added, very virtuously, "Besides he's married, you know."

"He didn't always seem to remember that," remarked Sam.

"Oh, that was just the artistic temperament, of course," said Bettina calmly. "He was a lot of fun, but—"

Her father heard no more. He was in the hall now, privileged to draw a deep breath. He felt the need of some outlet for his emotions, he was in the mood to turn a few cartwheels.

Instead, he searched his mind for adequate words. And:

"Whoops, my dear!" said the chairman of the local board of the Home Counties Bank ecstatically.

(Copyright)

MASSSES of CURLS



are so
stunningly smart

If hair is a woman's crown of glory, then curls are the jewels in that crown.

And now you need not hesitate to have curls, for Eugene brings you a NEW reverse spiral (croquignole) method that gives you delightful curls that are always at their fascinating best, and which last for months longer.

Look for the Eugene emblem on the green and silver Eugene sachet—it is more than a sign—it is a safeguard. And ask your hairdresser to use the Eugene speedy dryer—you'll find it more comfortable.

EUGENE (AUSTRALIA) LTD.,
London, Paris, New York, Sydney.

EUGENE

PERMANENT
WAVES

INSTANTLY ARRESTS HEADACHE.

For quick relief—Try this!

A lot of things can cause a headache or other pain, but there is one thing that will always give you relief! Just take a tablet or two of Bayer Aspirin. Your suffering ceases. Relief comes instantly, regardless of what may have been making your head throb with pain.

Bayer Aspirin is harmless—does not depress the heart nor upset the stomach. So there's no use waiting for a headache to "wear off." It is useless to endure pain of any kind when you can get Bayer Aspirin tablets. It is a blessing to women who suffer attacks of prostrating pain; to men who must work on, in spite of eye-strain, fatigue or neuralgia.

Learn its quick relief for colds; for neuritis, rheumatism, lumbago.

All chemists sell genuine Bayer Aspirin in boxes of 12 tablets, also in bottles of 24 and 100 tablets—the Bayer Cross trade mark appears on every tablet. Bayer Aspirin costs no more than ordinary aspirin. So insist on Bayer when you buy. Bayer means Better.

HIS LUMBAGO HAS GONE FOR GOOD

A Sailor Finds That Kruschen Keeps Him Free

Four years ago this sailor had an attack of lumbago. Kruschen put him right again—and has kept him right ever since—

"Four years ago," he writes, "I was troubled with lumbago intermittently, and tried several remedies, without getting any relief. I started taking Kruschen Salts, following the directions for lumbago, and I can assure you that after a few weeks I felt the benefit. For four years now I have never felt any recurrence of lumbago, although I still continue with Kruschen. I would not leave off if they were double the price. I am sixty, and work on sailing craft, and apart from that lumbago have hardly ever had a day's illness."—E.O.

Kruschen is a combination of six natural salts which stimulate your liver, kidneys and digestive tract to healthy, regular activity. They ensure internal cleanliness, and keep the blood-stream pure. Then lumbago, rheumatism, headaches and indigestion all pass you by.

Follow Your Stars To Success

Read JUNE STARO's famous book on Astrology. Learn how to be fortunate and happy. The 2nd edition of this fascinating and beautiful book now ready.

MAKES AN IDEAL XMAS GIFT.
Send 2/6 to ASTRAL PUBLICATION,
Box 1132, G.P.O., Sydney.

★★★★★★★★★★★★

What Women Are Doing

Higher and Higher

AFTER eight years between visits, Mrs. J. J. Luddy, of Brisbane, found New York growing higher and higher. With her husband, Dr. J. J. Luddy, she has just returned from a world tour.

She was able to enjoy England in the springtime, and in Switzerland she had the unique experience of seeing flowers blooming on snow-clad mountains.

Dominions' Friend to Visit Australia

MISS CELIA MACDONALD OF THE ISLES, who is in continuous touch with 1700 to 1800 people from the Dominions, is taking the first holiday she has had for years, and will visit South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand, arriving here next month.

During the war Lady Frances Ryde started a movement to entertain Dominion soldiers on leave, with Miss Macdonald of the Isles helping her. After the war they decided to extend their hospitality to students and Dominion visitors to England. Because of the illness of Lady Frances, Miss Macdonald of the Isles has been in charge of the work with the help of several assistants in recent times.

She holds an afternoon tea-party at her London flat every day, and dispenses hundreds of theatre and dance tickets weekly to her Dominion friends, even sending them to stay with English people at charming country homes when they are friendless and want a holiday.

Success Abroad of Queensland Pianist

GWENDO KYNG, the brilliant Queensland pianist, who was out here three years ago, will probably visit her parents, Dr. and Mrs. G. W. P. Paul, in Brisbane, in another eighteen months. By then, her very musical husband, who is studying medicine, expects to be through his final exams.

Meanwhile, Gwendolyn keeps up with her music by having a regular engagement with the B.B.C., and often appearing at various concerts in London. She is kept busy through the Royal College of Music, which is responsible for many of her engagements.

Gwendolyn Kyng
—Tristram Dunsley.

Distinguished Visitor

VISITING for the first time a Dominion of which she has heard much in her capacity as vice-president and chairman of the Hospitality Committee of the Royal Empire Society, Lady Elbank is sure to find much to interest her in Australia.

It will provide her at least with strong contrasts between the old world and the new, for her home in Scotland is steeped in the traditions of the 15th century.

Her husband, Viscount Elbank, presided at the Chambers of Commerce Congress in New Zealand last month. Now they are in Australia, and determined to see as much of the country as possible.

Clever Young Prodigy Makes Debut Over the Air

MARJORIE SUMMERS, the seven-year-old pianist who is to make her debut before the microphone over the National programme, at Wilma Berkeley's recital with the Symphony Orchestra conducted by Joseph Post, has had a notable record already as an examination candidate.

At thirteen years of age she gained the L.A.B. with highest marks and an award of £25.

In the same year she took her L.Mus.A. degree with honours, also passing Grade I of piano and Grade II of theory.

At fourteen she won a three-years scholarship to the Melbourne University Conservatorium, and began First Year diploma (being too young to be officially at the University).

At sixteen she changed over to a Musical Bachelor course, came first of her year with first-class honours in everything, and carried off the Wright Prize.

Out After Certificate Number Three

MISS PERCERIA WELLS, who returned to Melbourne last Saturday after a few weeks' holiday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Wells, in Launceston, does not underestimate the value of these scraps of paper known as certificates in the nursing profession.

When the "big job" comes along, she says preference is given to the holder of three certificates, and that is why she has given up her bush nursing centre at Lake Colac, Victoria, for a while, to train in Infant Welfare work.



Miss M. Summers
—Cyril Stevens.

Practical Work For Mentally Deficient

MRS. N. C. Longland, who was appointed, recently, a special magistrate to the Children's Court, Melbourne, has held a similar position for eight years in the suburbs of that city.

She has been actively interested for fourteen years in the cause of mentally deficient children, and founded the first auxiliary that worked in their interests. She is now patroness of it.

She hopes, also, to start auxiliaries at home, to be established by the Department of Mental Hygiene at Stawell, and at the colony for the mentally deficient, now in course of construction at Janefield.

Mrs. Longland has done research work in England and Denmark.

Elected Convenor of Nationals Committee

MADAME MORTILLI, the first to be elected a convenor of the Nationals Committee in Victoria, is an enthusiastic worker for all international movements.

As president of the Russian Orthodox Church Society, she is working hard at present for the success of the annual cabaret ball on November 28. This is held each year at her home, Tany Cragan, Hawthorn, Melbourne.

A member of the committee of the Alliance Française, and a member of the Lyceum Club, Madame Mortilli is holding an "At Home" on November 19, to enable all International Club members and her many Australian friends to "get together."



Madame Mortilli
—Broethorn.

Busy Hostess at Glenelg Celebrations

ONE of Adelaide's busiest women is the Mayress of Glenelg, Mrs. William Fisk, who, besides her many welfare activities all the year, is already busy with work for the Centenary Carnival at Glenelg.

As Glenelg is the site of the first landing 100 years ago, Mrs. Fisk has taken part in the yearly centenary commemorative festivities, but this year she is looking ahead to three weeks of carnival in December.

Interested in all social work of the district, Mrs. Fisk is both patron and an active worker on numerous committees, including the Lord Mayor's Relief Fund, the District Training Nurses' Society, and the Mothers and Babies' Health Association.



Mrs. W. Fisk
—Rembrandt.

Interesting Hobby of X-Ray Technician

TAKING X-ray photographs of flowers and plants is the hobby of Miss Frances Davis, an X-ray technician of Los Angeles. Given a very short exposure under the X-ray lamp, the flowers appear on the developed plate as a delicate and almost ghost-like pattern of veins, tubes, and membranes. By this novel use of the X-ray apparatus Miss Davis has achieved many striking and beautiful camera studies.

Impressions of Travel in the Far East

MRS. C. B. LETHBRIDGE, of Corowa, New South Wales, who with her husband has just returned from a three months' tour of the East, said she enjoyed visiting Java and Batavia, but was depressed by the terrible poverty in Hongkong, where the children, especially those whose families live on junk, are underfed and under-nourished.

The old Spanish churches and the modern clubs were features of Manila which impressed Mrs. Lethbridge. Conducted on American lines, the clubs are probably the best of their kind in the world, she said. She was also impressed with the variety of tropical flowering shrubs and bushes, and has brought back many seeds and plants which she will endeavor to grow in her own garden.

New Vice-President

Masonic Hospital Auxiliary

MRS. C. A. CORNWELL, the newly-elected vice-president of the Melbourne auxiliary for the Masonic Hospital, Melbourne, devotes all her energy to working for this deserving cause.

She will be remembered as Daisy Balfour, the brilliant musician who was accompanist for the A.N.A. and a number of Chamber of Manufactures concerts at the Exhibition for many years. She still does much work in this way for several charities.

At the moment, Mrs. Cornwell is busy working for the success of the annual fête to be held in the Masonic Hall, Melbourne, on November 29, in aid of the new Masonic Hospital.



Mrs. C. A. Cornwell
—Jack Cato.

Queensland Composer Completes Musical Comedy

ENCOURAGED by her former success in having her songs accepted and published in England, Miss Eileen Thomas, of Cunnamulla, has just completed a three-act musical comedy, "Remittance," which she hopes to send overseas.

Miss Thomas is well known in the musical world in Sydney, where she studied at the Conservatorium. "Peaceful River," "Cooee," and "Golden Girl" are just a few of her compositions which have been accepted. One of her songs was recently broadcast from Hollywood. Miss Thomas writes both words and music.

IN and OUT of SOCIETY - - By WEP



Why **FLIT** is the insecticide that *always* kills!

FLIT is the most deadly to insects because it contains a killing agent found in no other insecticide in Australia



BUY A TIN TO-DAY

WHY SUFFER FROM SPRING COLDS & RHEUMATIC TWINGES

PROBABLY there are more minor health troubles and discomfort about just now than at any time during the last few months. Aches and Pains are rife and many people are affected by ills and chills on account of the frequent weather changes. There is a way to banish these aches—pains—ills and chills. That way is 'ASPRO.' Not only will 'ASPRO' tablets stamp them out, but they will do so quickly, safely and effectively. The aches and pains will go in a few minutes—the ills and chills will lose their terror. Headaches also will disappear in a few minutes. Neuralgic pains, nervousness and irritability can all be soothed away by taking 'ASPRO.' The reason 'ASPRO' is so beneficial for these complaints is because, after ingestion in the system, it is an anti-pyretic or fever-reducer, an internal antiseptic and germicide, and a solvent of uric acid. It attacks the causes of numerous complaints, so why suffer from these complaints.

TAKE

'ASPRO' AND DISPEL THEM

DR. RECOMMENDED
'ASPRO' FOR NEURITIS.

To Wright's Road,
Drummoyle, N.S.W.,
21/1/35.

Dear Sirs,
I want you to know how grateful I am for your wonderful 'ASPRO.' I used to be a terrible sufferer with my head for many years, and now I am never without a box of 'ASPRO' in my home. It banishes my headaches, and now I take it for nerves which is a terrible thing. I take 'ASPRO' and I get relief. My doctor ordered me once to take it for Neuritis, which I did, and it did me good.
(Sgd.) Mrs. A. DRAKE.

NEVER WITHOUT
'ASPRO' IN THE HOUSE.

Moolool Valley,
Via Gympie,
Queensland, 15/12/35.

Dear Sirs,
We are never without 'ASPRO' in our house and it is always kept in the medicine chest, so it is always handy when needed. 'ASPRO' gave me great relief when I had all my teeth out, as I suffered great agony. I have tried Aspirin, but needless to say, that 'ASPRO' is best, and I have recommended it to many of my friends.
(Sgd.) A. V. RACHOW.

GEORGE EDWARDS
BROADCASTS AN

'ASPRO' PLAY
Every Sunday Night at
8 to 9 (E.S.T.)

Tune in to 2UW Sydney, 2HD Newcastle, 2GZ Orange, 3KZ Melbourne, 880 Bendigo, 3HA Hamilton, 3TR Sale, 4BK Brisbane, 4AK Oakey, 5KA Adelaide, or 7UV Ulverstone

for
"GEORGE EDWARDS
FOLLIES"

ON
SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 15.

'ASPRO' RELIEVED PAIN
AND GAVE FIRST
NIGHT'S SLEEP FOR
WEEKS.

11 Northcliffe Street,
Avenue Park,
Clarence Park, S.A.,
April, 1935.

Dear Sirs,
I first came to use 'ASPRO' when I was suffering from Iritis, which is very painful, as you can't stand light of any sort, or get much sleep either. One day while I was in the waiting room of a Specialist, another patient told me to go home and take two 'ASPRO,' and truly I can say, it was the first relief I had from pain, also the first night's sleep I had for weeks, so you know how grateful I am to recommend 'ASPRO' whenever I can.
Yours faithfully,
(Sgd.) Mrs. M. PASFIELD.

73 YEARS OLD — READ
THIS LETTER ABOUT
RHEUMATOID
ARTHRITIS.

5 Maugie Street, Abbotsford,
17th March, 1935.

Dear Sirs,
I am 73 years old, and these last 10 years have been a cripple through Rheumatoid Arthritis. I have attended the hospital for years, and although everything was tried I was told there was no cure. About 12 months ago I started taking 'ASPRO,' three tablets three times a day and four every night before going to bed. The result is I can walk with very little help, can eat anything and sit about without those awful pains. I had not been outside for five years because I could not endure the jarring of my chair on the rough roads, but now I can be taken out and the jarring does not hurt me. I want to tell you all this because some other sufferers may be helped by 'ASPRO.'
(Sgd.) ANNIE ROBERTSON.

15 Proved Uses for 'ASPRO'

- 1—It relieves Headaches in 5 to 10 Minutes.
- 2—It brings Sweet Sleep to the Sleepless.
- 3—It relieves Rheumatism in one night.
- 4—It will ease the Nagging Pains of Neuritis and Neuralgia.
- 5—Take 'ASPRO' to relieve Toothache.
- 6—'ASPRO' taken as directed will smash up a Cold or Flu attack in 24 hours.
- 7—It brings relief without harming the heart.
- 8—It soothes away Irritability.
- 9—It speedily reduces Temperature.
- 10—The stabbing pains of Sciatica and Lumbago can be hunted out with 'ASPRO.'
- 11—It can be taken at any time, in Train, Tram, at Home, at Business, anywhere—everywhere.
- 12—It gives great relief to women when depressed.
- 13—It relieves ill after effects of Alcohol.
- 14—It relieves Dengue and Malaria by reducing the fever.
- 15—As a Gargle, 'ASPRO' is wonderful for Sore Throats and Tonsillitis.

28E/36.

PRETTY But POOR

Continued from Page 7

PETER counted the fingers and turned to Murphy, who was at the moment engaged in powdering her small nose. "Perhaps you can use a few more carrots," Peter suggested.

Then Murphy, without warning, moaned and crumpled in a heap on the floor of the cab. "Peter," she whimpered, "tell him to go to a doctor quickly. I'm going to have a fit."

Peter was too startled to utter a word, but the driver seemed to have caught enough to apprise him of the emergency. As he leaped for the wheel Murphy grasped Peter's hand, opened the door, yanked him out into the street and down a dark alley.

When they reached the shabby entrance to the Hotel d'Alger, Murphy held out her hand. "This is where you live—Peter? I've had a very nice day."

"But what will you do?" Peter asked with a helpless gesture. "You have no money—no place to go."

Murphy's eyes fell. "I'm all alone and penniless," she admitted forlornly.

"Well, perhaps—" Peter hesitated. "I'll come up for a little while, anyway," Murphy put in eagerly. "I hope it's a garret."

Although it was not a garret Murphy seemed pleased.

"Murphy, to-morrow is Memorial Day, so there is no one at the Consulate. But Tuesday I'm going to take you to the Consul and see what can be done about getting you home. To-night you can sleep in the alcove, and I'll stretch out on this couch."

"But I don't wish to go home," she replied serenely. "And if it is possible to get help from the Consul, why haven't you done it yourself?"

Peter explained that there were

The bed from pillow to foot groaned beneath a burden of foodstuffs. There were an Ardenne ham and roast pork sliced down, chops in paper pants; there was chicken and roast duck; there were long, crusty loaves of French bread and pastry, and a legion of succulent dainties in small paper cups. Peter looked down at Murphy's exultant, upturned eyes. He looked back at the toothsome spread, and decided the investigation could wait.

AN hour passed, one of the most enjoyable in Peter's experience. He sighed a sigh of deep contentment and turned to Murphy. "Now," he began weightily, "where did you steal them?"

Murphy was sucking the red inside from an olive. "I didn't steal them," she answered. "I charged them."

"You did what?"

"I charged them to Mrs. Roger Emerson," Murphy explained.

"And who, may I ask, is Mrs. Roger Emerson?"

Murphy didn't seem to know. "Just a lady living in Paris, I suppose."

Gradually it leaked out. It seemed that Murphy had wandered up Montparnasse and had come upon a perfectly exciting shop called "Molly Martin's American Cookery."

There were a number of things that appealed to Murphy. But there seemed no way of acquiring them. Then a limousine had stopped at the curb and a chauffeur climbed out.

"Just ask for my order," someone inside the car had said. "So I just followed the man in," Murphy explained, "and when he got his big parcel, and told the assistant to put it on Mrs. Roger Emerson's account, I thought it was a good idea. As the man left, I called after him, 'Just run along, John; I'll walk over with the rest.' Then I picked out a lot of nice things and charged them to Mrs. Emerson. I'm sure she will be glad to help two starving fellow-creatures."

Peter sighed again and slowly shook his head. "Murphy," he said with some feeling, "you are a very, very sweet little girl, and so, I'm sure, you wouldn't like the inside of a dirty French gaol. Therefore, to-morrow morning you are going to the Consul."

Please turn to Page 41

GIRLIGAGS



"THE WOMAN who puts every penny she gets on her back certainly seems to be getting little for her money."

many young men like himself on the beach in Paris, and the Consul was sick of seeing them around.

It was barely light the next morning when Peter crawled off the couch. His joints were stiff, and there was a yawning hollow in his midriff. He dressed quietly; then sat down and scribbled a note to Murphy suggesting that she stay there till he returned.

It is an hour's walk across the river to the Place de l'Opera. Peter went straight to Harry's New York bar. Clancy, of the Chicago "Tribune," was there at his breakfast. Peter sat down beside him and went straight to the point.

"Got any loose francs, Clancy?" Clancy laughed mirthlessly. "Just asked Harry the same thing. All I had left this morning was a headache." Clancy ordered breakfast for Peter; then lit a cigarette.

"Nothing stirring yet, eh? Tough! You can have ten francs of what I got from Harry."

Peter wolfed his breakfast and shoved the ten francs in his pocket. "If you can show the Paris police where to find that Morley baby, you can go home do luxe," Clancy said. "Old man Morley's offered five thousand dollars reward and your old sheet, 'The Examiner,' another five thousand."

The subject of the Morley baby was most repellent to Peter. He didn't care several whoops whether they found it or not. He said as much to Clancy and started for the American Express office.

There he lounged around for a number of hours, but it seemed that no one needed to be shown anything. So it was almost three when Peter returned to his room, tired and discouraged. Murphy met him at the door, and her eyes were bright with suppressed excitement.

"Peter," she whispered, "I've got a surprise!"

She slipped open the curtain and faced him triumphantly.

"Good heavens!" Peter gasped.

The caskets are free

The gorgeous Charmosan Christmas Gift Caskets have created a sensation in the shops... they're selling in tens of thousands.

And no wonder, for you do not pay a penny more for the caskets than you do at ordinary times for the creme and powder in them. The casket holding the goods costs you nothing... isn't that splendid?

Here's all about them:—

No. 1 casket contains a FULL SIZE box of Charmosan face powder, and costs just 2/6.

No. 2 casket contains a FULL SIZE box of Charmosan face powder and a FULL SIZE tube of Creme Charmosan, and costs 3/6.

No. 3 casket contains a FULL SIZE box of Charmosan face powder and a FULL SIZE jar of Creme Charmosan, and costs only 5/6.

Chemists and stores are overwhelmed with shoppers buying these lovely and exquisite gifts. Sold everywhere.

Charmosan Xmas Gift Caskets

Kill Kidney Trouble Quick

Thousands of sufferers from Kidney trouble and Bladder weakness have stopped Getting Up Nights, Leg Pains, Cries Under Eyes, Swollen Ankles, Nervousness, Stiffness, Rheumatism, Discharge, Lumbago, Burning, Itching, Smarting, Acidity and Loss of Vigour by a Doctor's new discovery called Cystex (Blastex). Gently soothes, tones, cleans and heals raw sore kidneys. In 15 minutes Cystex starts refreshing your blood. Brings new health, youth and vitality in 48 hours. Guaranteed to end your troubles in 8 days or money back. Get Cystex at all chemists.

PRETTY But POOR

Continued from Page 40

MURPHY appeared hurt. "I thought," she grumbled, "that if I did well on my wife you would keep me."

Peter moved his chair over beside her and took her hand in his. "Don't you see, Murphy," he said earnestly, "it will be much better if you can get back to America. Then I can get to Cherbourg or Havre, and maybe, find a chance to work my passage over. I expect I can land a job in New York."

"Aren't there any jobs in Paris?" Murphy asked. "I would so like to stay with you in Paris."

"Even if I found the Morley baby I would clear out. There's ten thousand dollars reward, Murphy."

"What about the Morley baby?" Murphy asked. "Mrs. Columbo knew the soap Morleys well. Have they lost their baby?"

Peter explained that though he had not read the paper it was indeed the soap Morleys whose baby had been kidnapped at Cannes. To Mr. Morley, he pointed out, the baby was worth five thousand, and although Mr. Montgomery, owner of the New York "Examiner," didn't care, personally, two straws about the hat, it was good for circulation to put up the additional reward. "It is because of this baby that I lost my job," Peter added.

Murphy looked down at Peter, and her eyes were very soft.

That night, as Peter was about to put out the light and curl up on the couch, Murphy's golden head appeared through the alcove curtains. "Good-night, Peter," she said. "You've been very sweet to me; I think I'll always remember how nice you have been."

THE next morning Peter peered into the alcove, the big brass bed was empty.

Then he saw the note pinned to the curtain.

"Dear Peter," it read. As I said last night, you have been awfully good to me, and I knew you would not go about your own plans until you were certain I was taken care of, so it is for the best that I leave Peter. I slipped out last night as soon as you were asleep. I am sure everything is going to be all right with you. I know you will find a nice job and will be very happy—Murphy La Botts."

He was standing dejectedly in the

centre of the room with the letter still in his fingers when he heard voices reverberating in the lower hallway. There was a hurry of footsteps on the stairs, followed by a volley of raps at his door. It flew back, and there was Rogers, chief of the Paris staff of "The Examiner," proffering an outstretched hand.

"Graham, old man," he exploded, pumping Peter's arm, "it's an epic! Boy, do you realise you're an international hero? Why, you've done single-handed what the police of three countries couldn't do. It takes an 'Examiner' man, I tell you!"

Peter looked down blankly upon Rogers' round, florid face and beyond to the baying, jostling pack that came tumbling into the room. His limp hand was snatched from all angles. Then someone shouted:

"We'll take it like that, Rogers. All ready, hand him the cheque." Flash bulbs blew up all about him as the cameramen went into action.

Peter found a cheque in his hands. Five thousand dollars!

Rogers was clearing the room. "Come on, boys, scram! The rest is just between Graham and 'The Examiner.'"

The door cracked shut, and Rogers wheeled about.

"Now let's have it, Peter. The wires are wide open, waiting for your side of the story. Start at the beginning."

Peter fell heavily into the red plush chair.

THEN he looked up at Rogers. "The beginning of what?" Rogers' gleaming face became eloquently appealing. "Sure, Peter," he pleaded, "this modest stuff is swell. Swell! But you've got to give something, anyway. You can just say you happened to be along or anybody would have done the same. They love it—sure! But between you and me—how about it? Where was this place in Montmartre? Charlotte Morley said she was too dazed to remember much of anything."

Peter sat up in his chair. He was staring incredulously at the Paris "Herald," which protruded from Rogers' jacket-pocket. He saw a picture, blurred but recognisable, of Murphy La Botts. It was there that he read, beneath three-inch headlines, how he, Peter Graham, had single-handedly stormed a dive in Montmartre, strangled three abductors with his bare hands, and carried off in a taxi the lost Morley heir. Under the picture was the name Charlotte Morley, and the sub-caption in quotes, "Peter Graham was magnificent!"

But Peter's eyes were glued upon another item: "I'll not do another thing until my baby's safe at home," John Morley said. "I intend to return soon and personally extend my heartfelt thanks to Peter Graham, to whom I owe more than I can ever hope to repay. . . . I am sailing to-night on the Columbo with my daughter."

Peter leaped to his feet. "Rogers, lend me two hundred francs until I can cash this cheque."

WHEN the Columbo sailed at six that evening, Charlotte sat in her state-room with her small chin cupped in her hands. She was looking disconsolately at her two starved and wary female attendants. "Please, Murphy, and please, Botts," she pleaded, "leave me alone for a while. Nobody wants to steal me."

They had scarcely filed into the adjoining room when the door opened. A young man thrust a pillow-case over the head of Charlotte Morley and carried her kicking and struggling down the corridor and into a neighboring state-room. When the door was locked and bolted, the young man said:—

"Now, Murphy La Botts, how does it feel to be abducted, and single-handed at that?"

Murphy emerged, flushed and dishevelled, from her white hood. "Peter!"

"Now, Baby Morley," he said sternly, "before I tell you what I think of you, what have you got to say for yourself?"

"Peter, please, don't be angry with me. And don't call me Baby Morley. I just had to run off and see something before my arrier's began to harden. It was only to help you that I went back."

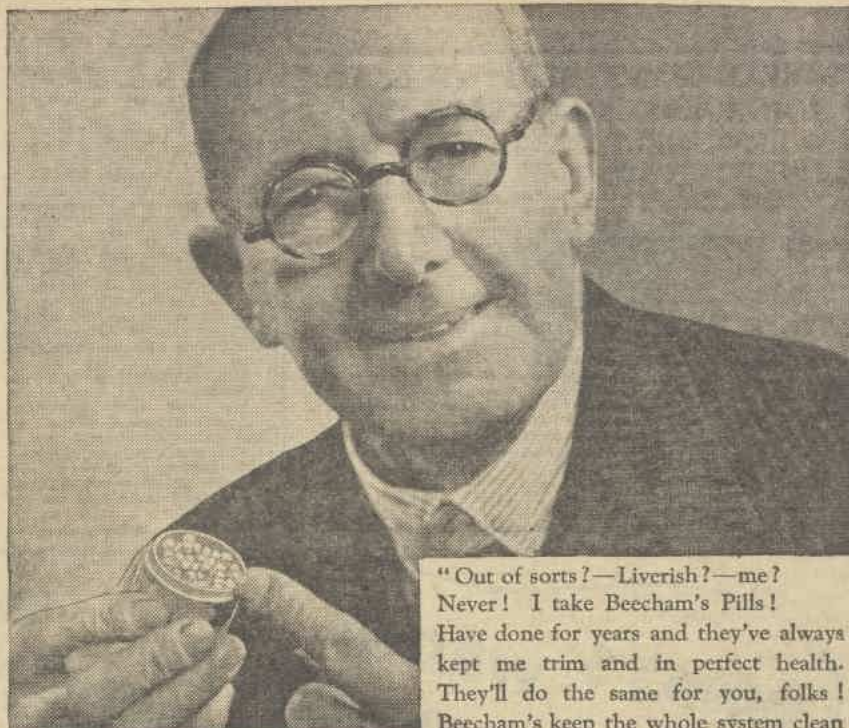
"Peter, do you really think I'm so terrible?"

Peter stood over her, arms akimbo. He was grinning. "Murphy La Botts, do you think I'm crazy? Would I board this boat without as much as a tooth-brush to tell you you were terrible?"

He bent down and swooped her up. "Baby La Botts, this abduction is final!"

(Copyright)

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.



"Out of sorts?—Liverish?—me? NEVER! I take Beecham's PILLS"

"Out of sorts?—Liverish?—me? Never! I take Beecham's Pills!"

Have done for years and they've always kept me trim and in perfect health. They'll do the same for you, folks! Beecham's keep the whole system clean and wholesome, and remove the cause of 90% of those annoying troubles you are always experiencing. Take these world-famous pills the next time you feel out of sorts and generally not up to the mark, and restore that internal harmony which is the secret of perpetual Health and Youthfulness. Take my advice. I know!"

Beecham's PILLS

FOR INDIGESTION, STOMACH PAINS, LIVERISHNESS, BILIOUSNESS, HEADACHES.

Sold Everywhere

BEECHAM'S PATENT PILLS PRICE 1s. 0s. Sold by the Proprietor, S. L. BEECHAM, LANCASHIRE, ENGLAND. BEECHAM'S PILLS MELBOURNE, VIC.



The Secret of "NATURAL" appeal

Chic women know that beauty, like style, must be natural. That lips should not "shout" paint. That's why Tangee is so popular—it isn't paint! It blends with your own natural coloring...makes you more appealing to men. For those who require more color, especially for evening use, there is Tangee Theatrical.

- UNTOUCHED: Lips without lipstick often look faded.
- PAINTED: Lips coated with paint look unnatural.
- TANGEE: Intensifies the natural rose of your lips.

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE
Ends that painted look

✦ TANGEE FACE POWDER. Send for purse size Tangee Face Powder (Rachel); Supply limited. Send at once. Enclose 6d. stamps, with your name and address, 101 Tangee, Dept. C, Box 1810Q, G.P.O., Melbourne.



PROTECT YOUR SKIN FROM INFECTION

WHEN you take your daily bath or shower—when you wash the face and hands—use Wright's Coal Tar Soap and you'll have definite protection from skin infection. Wright's is a safe soap; its antiseptic lather cleanses and stimulates your skin from contagion. Doctors in Great Britain use Wright's more frequently than any other toilet soap.

101d. per cake at all chemists and stores.
WRIGHT'S coal tar SOAP

A REAL MAN'S BELT AT LAST STRONGEST, SMARTEST, AND BEST BELT EVER MADE

MOST FASCINATING XMAS PRESENT FOR MAN, YOUTH, OR BOY.
Saddler-made at the finest selected Oak Bark Tanned Solid Hide, with
a Monogram Buckle Clasp of ANY TWO or THREE letters.



PRICE

3/6

Per Registered
Post. Free
Anywhere.

This illustration reproduces the actual size of MONOGRAM BUCKLE. The
ANCHOR MONOGRAM BUCKLE is made of strongest gunmetal, and the
letters are pure SILVER PLATE on SOLID NICKEL, and will last for ever.
Simply state the initials you desire, any two or three letters.
JACK AFRIAT, Pacific House, 296 Pitt Street, Sydney. Established 1903

"I KNOW just as
much as you do, and so does Fergus.
Every bit as much."

"You don't? You didn't even know
what being divorced was."

"I don't suppose you know yourself,"
shouted Fergus.

"Yes I do," said Julia quickly. And
then she said something she had read
in the divorce court stories.

"Julia!" screamed Katherine—and
she sounded so genuinely shocked that
Julia began to feel alarmed and to
wonder what in the world had made
her say such a thing.

Even if it came into scripture
lessons, no one ever asked what it
meant, because it was so rude. What
its connection with divorce might
be, Julia couldn't imagine—but she was
perfectly certain that they'd got some-
thing to do with one another, all the
same.

This was being the most horrible
afternoon.

"I'm sorry, Julia," said Katherine
in her most grown-up and dignified
way, "but I shall simply have to tell
mother what's happened. You see she
trusts the boys to me, and if I know
you say things like you did just now,
she certainly won't want you to come
here again."

NOTHING is SAFE

Continued from Page 37

"I never want it come again, thank
you," muttered Julia. "I'd rather be
shot."

Inwardly she felt terribly ashamed,
and also somewhat aghast. Tell I
Would Katherine really tell?

"As for you, David and Fergus,"
Katherine went on. "I think you've
been almost as naughty as Julia.
Quarrelling like that with a visitor!"

The boys began begging her not to
tell their mother. That was what came
of not going to school, evidently.
Katherine thought nothing of telling
tales.

BUT despising

Katherine wasn't going to help her,
if Lady Sybil Drummond complained
to grandmother.

One nasty thing happening after
another—faster than one would have
thought possible. Julia pinched her
arm hard in the faint hope that it
might perhaps be all a dream.

It wasn't.
There was Katherine's mother, wear-

ing a grey coat and skirt and a shawl
with a high collar and a very hideous
hat, standing on the terrace just near
a long window that led into the dining-
room—and talking to her rather loud
and fast was Ollie.

Julia caught some of the words she
was saying.

"I simply told William to go after
the boy, and see if he could do any-
thing—but he's locked himself in
there!"

"Children!" said Lady Sybil—and
Julia remembered at once her odd way
of talking, as though her teeth were
always clenched together, so that it
sounded exactly as if she were saying
"Chinthen!"

"Chinthen! What on earth have you
been up to?"

"Nothing, mother," said Katherine,
in a rather frightened voice. She didn't
sound in the least grown-up or bossy
now.

"What have you been doing to
Terry?"

"Terry?" screamed Julia. "Where is
he?"

Lady Sybil looked at her very coldly.
"How d'y' do?" she said.

"Oh, how do you do!" Julia cried,
hopping from one foot to the other
and muddily pulling at the seat of her
rock, which was now sticking to her
worse than ever. "Please is anything
the matter with Terry?"

"Quite a lot is the matter with
Terry, I should think," Lady Sybil
answered, in a way that almost sounded
as if she was making a joke of it.

"Why didn't one of you come up to
the house with him, if he wasn't feeling
well?"

"We didn't know he wasn't feeling
well," said Katherine. "We were in the
field, mother, and he just went away
and left us."

Julia scowled at her. Trying to make
it sound as if Terry had been rude
was she?

"Where is Terry, please?" she de-
manded.

"Where little girls can't follow him,"
retorted Lady Sybil.

Then she said to David in a low
voice:

"Go along to the place by the hall
and ask Terry if he's all right. Tell
him he must unlock the door."

David started off towards the house.
Julia hesitated for a second, then de-
cided that she must go with him. And
off she walked, as fast as she possibly
could without running. She heard Lady
Sybil call after her: "Wait a minute,
child!" but she took no notice.

T

HEN there were
quick footsteps coming behind her.
Julia glanced over her shoulder, saw
Ollie, and began to run. But it was a
long way round the side of the enor-
mous house to the hall-door, and Ollie
caught her almost at once.

"You're hurting me! Let go!"
shrieked Julia, as Ollie's hand de-
scended on her shoulder.

"Didn't you hear Lady Sybil calling
you? You can't go with David just
now. Terry isn't very well, and he's
locked himself in the lavatory."

Julia saw that she was defeated.
"Why isn't he well? What's the
matter with him?"

"I'm afraid he's been sick. He'll be
all right in a minute or two, I expect."

Julia didn't think he'd be all right.
Good gracious, what a wretched
afternoon they were having.

"I should think we'd better go home,"
said Julia. "What time are we to be
fetched? Soon, I hope."

"That's not a very polite thing to
say, is it?" Ollie asked quite gently,
and Julia muttered that praps it wasn't
and she was very sorry.

And her question remained un-
answered.

"Now," said "Ollie," "suppose we all
go and sit down on the terrace and play
some quiet game. I dare say David
will bring Terry back with him, and
if not, I'll go round and see about him
and make him lie down until the car
comes to take you home."

She meant to be kind, Julia quite
saw that. It was just that she didn't
understand.

Julia stood stock still in the middle
of the path, and drew a very long
sigh. She tried to sound as polite
and as calm as she possibly could,
although it was rather difficult when
she felt neither calm nor polite.

"Please thank you very much, if you
wouldn't mind. I think it would be
better if I tried to make Terry come
out. Sometimes he stays locked in
there for ages, and I think perhaps he
wouldn't much like coming out in
front of David. He might think David
would laugh at him or something. He's
more likely to come out if it's me."

Julia perceived that Ollie was in
doubt.

"God!" called Julia in her own mind.
"Please, please, God, make her let me
go!"

"Very well," said Ollie. "Run along,
and if he's feeling bad he can go and
lie down upstairs. David will show
you."

Julia flew.
At the hall-door she met David, look-
ing rather scared.

Please turn to Page 43

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE?

6

Malvern Star Bikes

FREE

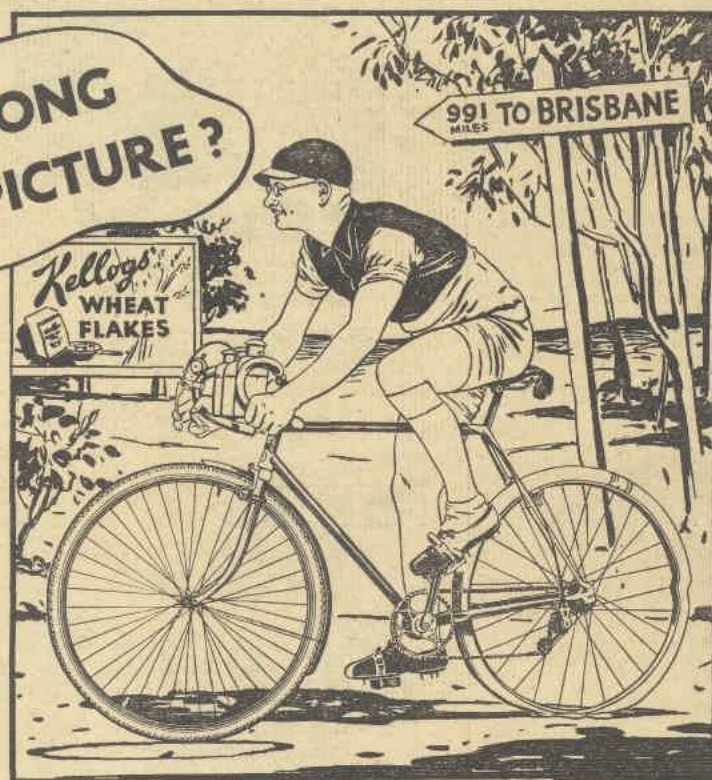
Here's a competition that any boy or girl
has an equal chance to win. And it's great
fun, too! Just pick out all the mistakes
the artist has made in this drawing—and
the six boys or girls who discover the most
mistakes will each win a Malvern Star
bicycle FREE. The best of these entries will be
rewarded with "Oppy's" own racer—the bike
on which he broke the Brisbane-Sydney record.
Now read the rules of the competition care-
fully—and go to it for that FREE Malvern
Star bike.

**Oppy's own racer,
with which he broke the
Brisbane—Sydney record,
for first prize!**



Here is "Oppy" on his
own Malvern Star Racer.
he's giving as first prize.
Read how he praises
them: "Well, boys and
girls, I've seen and know
every famous bike in the
world, and, you can take
it from me, those Malvern
Stars that Kellogg's are
giving away free to the
winners of this big com-
petition are best of all!"

Tell Mother that Wheat Flakes
are much more economical, too!



RULES OF COMPETITION

1. Make a list of the mistakes made by
the artist in drawing the above picture,
which is copied from an actual photograph
of Hubert Opperman breaking the Bris-
bane to Sydney cycling record. Write
these mistakes down on a separate piece
of paper, numbering them 1, 2, 3, etc.,
and only write one "mistake" on each line.

2. People of all ages may enter. There-
fore, fathers and mothers may help children
so that the competition will be fair to
younger entrants. Mother and Dad—
here's a chance to get a FREE bike for
the children's Christmas Box.

3. Hubert Opperman's own £14/10/-
"Malvern Star" racer, on which he broke
the Brisbane-Sydney record, will be
awarded to the person who discovers the
greatest number of mistakes in the draw-
ing. The five next best entries will each
win a Malvern Star Roadster Bike valued
at £9. Girls may choose the Ladies' Pop-
ular Roadster, also valued at £9. If
desired, another Malvern Star may be
chosen and you will be allowed the equiv-
alent of the price of the model you win.

4. There is no entry fee, and you may
send in as many entries as you please.

With each entry you must send the bottom
flap (marked "Kellogg's Wheat Flakes")
from two packages of Kellogg's Wheat
Flakes, obtainable at all grocers.

5. Malvern Star or Kellogg employees are
not permitted to enter this competition.

6. Competition closes on Friday, Decem-
ber 11th. All entries must reach Kellogg's,
P.O. Box 8, Botany, Sydney, by that date.
Results will be published in the Public
Notices column of the "Sydney Morning
Herald" on Monday, December 21st.

7. In the case of different competitors
sending in entries listing the same number
of mistakes, neatness in presentation will
be considered by the judges as the decid-
ing factor in awarding the prizes. The
judges' decision in this regard to be final
and conclusive.

If you've never tasted Kellogg's
Wheat Flakes before, you'll get a
double thrill out of entering this
competition. Kellogg's Wheat Flakes
are so much more delicious than
any other wheat-flake cereal you've
ever tasted. Better quality. Better
flavored and more crispy because
that inner-sealed Waxlike wrapper
always keeps Kellogg's Wheat
Flakes even fresher after the packet
is opened.





WHO IS THE GIRL?

...that NINTH WOMAN who is always herself?

• If you want to see the "Ninth Woman" who is always herself, there is a special show at the Myzone Theatre, 25-27, Castlereagh Street, Sydney, on Saturday, November 14th, 1936. The show is a special feature of the Myzone Theatre, and is a must for all who want to see the "Ninth Woman" who is always herself.

• You can easily tell that "Ninth Woman" who is always herself, by the way she looks. She is a beautiful woman, with a perfect figure, and a perfect face. She is a woman who is always herself, and who is always the "Ninth Woman" who is always herself.

• Do you want to see the "Ninth Woman" who is always herself? Then come to the Myzone Theatre, 25-27, Castlereagh Street, Sydney, on Saturday, November 14th, 1936. The show is a special feature of the Myzone Theatre, and is a must for all who want to see the "Ninth Woman" who is always herself.

• Myzone Theatre, 25-27, Castlereagh Street, Sydney. The show is a special feature of the Myzone Theatre, and is a must for all who want to see the "Ninth Woman" who is always herself.

• Get a box of Myzone Theatre, 25-27, Castlereagh Street, Sydney. The show is a special feature of the Myzone Theatre, and is a must for all who want to see the "Ninth Woman" who is always herself.

• Myzone Theatre, 25-27, Castlereagh Street, Sydney. The show is a special feature of the Myzone Theatre, and is a must for all who want to see the "Ninth Woman" who is always herself.

• WE GUARANTEE YOU LUCK OR REFUND YOUR MONEY!

If you have had luck in the lottery, you should have a box of Myzone Theatre, 25-27, Castlereagh Street, Sydney. The show is a special feature of the Myzone Theatre, and is a must for all who want to see the "Ninth Woman" who is always herself.

• Myzone Theatre, 25-27, Castlereagh Street, Sydney. The show is a special feature of the Myzone Theatre, and is a must for all who want to see the "Ninth Woman" who is always herself.

• Myzone Theatre, 25-27, Castlereagh Street, Sydney. The show is a special feature of the Myzone Theatre, and is a must for all who want to see the "Ninth Woman" who is always herself.

• Myzone Theatre, 25-27, Castlereagh Street, Sydney. The show is a special feature of the Myzone Theatre, and is a must for all who want to see the "Ninth Woman" who is always herself.

• Myzone Theatre, 25-27, Castlereagh Street, Sydney. The show is a special feature of the Myzone Theatre, and is a must for all who want to see the "Ninth Woman" who is always herself.

• Myzone Theatre, 25-27, Castlereagh Street, Sydney. The show is a special feature of the Myzone Theatre, and is a must for all who want to see the "Ninth Woman" who is always herself.

• Myzone Theatre, 25-27, Castlereagh Street, Sydney. The show is a special feature of the Myzone Theatre, and is a must for all who want to see the "Ninth Woman" who is always herself.

• Myzone Theatre, 25-27, Castlereagh Street, Sydney. The show is a special feature of the Myzone Theatre, and is a must for all who want to see the "Ninth Woman" who is always herself.

• Myzone Theatre, 25-27, Castlereagh Street, Sydney. The show is a special feature of the Myzone Theatre, and is a must for all who want to see the "Ninth Woman" who is always herself.

• Myzone Theatre, 25-27, Castlereagh Street, Sydney. The show is a special feature of the Myzone Theatre, and is a must for all who want to see the "Ninth Woman" who is always herself.

• Myzone Theatre, 25-27, Castlereagh Street, Sydney. The show is a special feature of the Myzone Theatre, and is a must for all who want to see the "Ninth Woman" who is always herself.

• Myzone Theatre, 25-27, Castlereagh Street, Sydney. The show is a special feature of the Myzone Theatre, and is a must for all who want to see the "Ninth Woman" who is always herself.

• Myzone Theatre, 25-27, Castlereagh Street, Sydney. The show is a special feature of the Myzone Theatre, and is a must for all who want to see the "Ninth Woman" who is always herself.

• Myzone Theatre, 25-27, Castlereagh Street, Sydney. The show is a special feature of the Myzone Theatre, and is a must for all who want to see the "Ninth Woman" who is always herself.

• Myzone Theatre, 25-27, Castlereagh Street, Sydney. The show is a special feature of the Myzone Theatre, and is a must for all who want to see the "Ninth Woman" who is always herself.

NOTHING is SAFE

"H"EB locked himself in, and he won't answer.

"Where is it?"

"Here," said David, and he took her through some enormous red curtains, through a door, and into a little room where there was a green marble basin in the wall, and some clean towels on a rail, and a looking-glass. There was also another door, covered with red baize.

Julia stood outside it and said, "Terry!"

There wasn't a sound in answer. "Terry, it's me."

"Please go away and leave me alone," said Terry's voice.

She knew at once from the sound of it that he had been crying. No wonder he wouldn't come out.

Julia made angry signs to David that he was to go away, and David went as far as the door.

Feeling very much at a loss, Julia hesitated, and then said again: "Terry, it's me. They want you to come out, and you can go and be down if you don't feel well."

"I'm quite all right," said Terry's muffled voice, and he added: "Thank you."

Julia knew he wanted her to go, but she knew, too, that the longer he stayed in the more difficult it would be for him to come out—especially if the grown-ups joined in. So she tried again.

"I think we shall be fetched almost at once, Terry, and there'll be rather a fuss if you're not ready. Lady Sybil has come home. She asked where you were."

She heard something that sounded dreadfully like sobbing, and then Terry's voice, stifled, murmured:

Then the bolt shot back.

Julia sprang at David and pushed him out, and herself followed him into the hall.

When Terry joined them she wouldn't look at him. If David said one word to Terry, she had decided to pinch him as

Continued from Page 42

"You don't look up to much, old chap, I must say. Something disagreed with you?" he asked; and Julia realised instantly that he was going to be much nicer and more understanding than Lady Sybil had been.

Terry just shook his head. He looked most fearfully miserable, and as white as a sheet.

"Come along, I think we can put you right," said Mr. Drummond, quite cheerfully, and he laid one hand on Terry's shoulder.

"I'll look after him," he added to Julia, nodding at her over his shoulder as he walked Terry off towards some door that looked as if it might lead to a library or a smoking-room.

THANK goodness, he seemed to be a kind man and to have some sense. Not a pig like Lady Sybil, or a fuss-pot like Ollie.

Julia felt enormously relieved. She turned to David quite amiably. "I'll come back to the others now, if you like. That's to say, unless the car has come for us."

In her heart she felt what a good thing it would be if only the car had come for them.

But it hadn't.

"We shall be told when it does," David said. He spoke in a very quiet little voice as if he were feeling frightened.

Julia glanced at him curiously. "What was the matter with Terry?" whispered David.

"He was sick. He quite often is."

"I know. But he'd been crying, too, hadn't he?"

Julia nodded, unable to deny it. "Was it—was it anything to do with us?" David asked.

"I shouldn't think so," Julia answered curtly.

She resented the inquiry. It seemed to her rather cheek that David should think that he and Fergus and Kath-

Suffer No Longer from CATARRH

Hay Fever, Head Noises and Kindred Affections

INSTANT, POSITIVE RELIEF

Sent FREE to Readers

No More Hawking, Spitting, Sneezing, Coughing or other Distressing Symptoms of Catarrh.

If you suffer from Catarrh, whether recent or of long standing, you are invited to accept our generous Free

Instant Relief Offer and to prove for yourself, without cost or obligation, what Eupathy can do for you.

The British Eupathy Course attacks Catarrh from within. It gives immediate relief and positive, lasting health benefits.

E. N. DAVIS, P.L.C., Supervising Chemist, The Eupathy Co., Ltd.

It eliminates the possibility of contracting any of the more serious complaints that may result if Catarrh is neglected.

No matter where the trouble is located—in the passages of the head, throat, chest, in the stomach or intestines—Eupathy cleans Catarrh right out of the system. Headaches and head noises cease, nasty mucous discharges stop, coughing, choking and sneezing end; the blood is purified, the throat and lungs are strengthened, breathing, appetite and digestion improve, good health is restored.

3. With this generous trial supply, and without any obligation to you, are particulars of the Eupathy offer to thoroughly eradicate Catarrh under a Guarantee, which assures to sufferers either that they are fully satisfied or it does not cost them one penny.

4. We shall also send, FREE, a specially informative new health handbook, entitled: "THE TRUTH ABOUT CATARRH," explaining in non-technical language the cause and effects of Catarrh.



Post the Coupon NOW!

Don't neglect Catarrh! It may lead to severe suffering and serious consequences.

FILL in the Coupon IMMEDIATELY. This is the first step to glorious new health and the joy of easy breathing.

Be rid forever of Constant Colds, Catarrhal Discharges and Headaches, Head Noises, Sneezing, Coughing, Bad Breath and other manifestations of this persistent, humiliating trouble.

Eupathy will restore the tone of your membranes, strengthen your nerves and assure the regularity of your bodily functions. Send the Coupon NOW for FREE IMMEDIATE RELIEF.

COUPON for FREE INSTANT RELIEF from CATARRH

To E. N. DAVIS, P.L.C., THE EUPATHY COMPANY, 25-27, Castlereagh St., Sydney

Without any obligation please send FREE INSTANT RELIEF OUTFIT (Eupathy Fume and Eupathy Tablets) for Catarrh, and particulars of your offer to banish the trouble.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

(Please write clearly and enclose 4d. in stamps for postage.)

Accept this Remarkable FREE OFFER

We will gladly send FREE OF CHARGE to all who fill in and post the coupon—

1. A full five day's trial supply of the powerful new Eupathy Fume Distillate which, though perfectly harmless, bland and pleasant, will give POSITIVE INSTANT RELIEF in every case, however severe or troublesome.

2. A five days' trial supply of Eupathy Mucocorrective and Membrax Tablets to purify the system and bring about a wholesome condition of internal health and cleanliness.

IF YOU SUFFER WITH YOUR FEET

You Should Use

Zam-Buk

If you want to get through your daily work in comfort and enjoy your recreation to the full, you must look after your feet.

The best way to avoid sore, aching feet and swollen ankles is to bathe the feet in warm water and, after drying thoroughly, gently massage Zam-Buk into the ankles, insteps, soles, and between the toes. Do this every night before retiring and you will be surprised at the immediate relief you get. The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk are readily absorbed into the skin. Thus

Pain, Swelling & Inflammation

are quickly relieved by Zam-Buk. Corns, bunions, and hard growths are softened; blisters are healed; joints, ankles, toes, and feet are strengthened and made comfortable and walking is again a pleasure. Start with Zam-Buk to-night!

1/6 or 3/6 a box. On all chemists & stores.

"Since regularly using Zam-Buk I no longer experience the misery of aching feet. At the end of a day's work as a factory operative, my feet are in comfort, able at the beginning of the day."—Mrs. F.H.D.

"For soothing and healing tender, blistered heels I have found nothing to come up to Zam-Buk. Rubbed well into the skin, Zam-Buk is due for keeping the feet sound and healthy."—Miss L.S.

Rub ZAM-BUK In Every Night



New Joys In Australian-Made Toys



MEET WINNIE WOGGLES and GERRY GIRAFFE—two bright members of a fascinating new toy family, which also includes Willie Waddles and Mollie Mermaid.

VIVIDLY colorful and of the jointed or "wobble" type of toy, they are destined to make baby gurgle with joy, and intrigue the five to the fifty-year-olds! Fashioned from solid Nally ware (more familiar to you in the guise of picnic ware), these cuties are satiny-

smooth, hygienic—inasmuch as they can be washed as often as you please—absolutely non-inflammable and durable. When you go shopping take a peep at them—you'll probably want Winnie Woggles for your car mascot. They're Australian-made and inexpensive.

They were important enough to be able to make Terry cry, whatever they might say or do.

"If he tells father that it was our fault we shall be punished."

"Are they very strict with you?" Julia inquired, with more interest than compassion.

"They never spoil us. They don't believe in spoiling children. Mother always says, 'Treat 'em like puppies and they thrive.' When Fergus and I are naughty we get thrashed. Katherine doesn't, because she's a girl."

"They must be very old-fashioned," Julia said. "Nobody whips children nowadays—absolutely nobody."

She felt a little bit sorry for David—not because he got thrashed when he was naughty, but because it must be so beastly to have such fearfully unmodern parents. She had often heard Peggy Foster and other grown-ups discussing the modern parent and the modern child, and saying how much better things were nowadays than they'd been in the old days. From all that she had heard or read about the old days, Julia quite agreed. No wonder Katherine and Fergus and David were always so dull and never seemed to care about any real fun.

Still, Mr. Drummond seemed kind. Julia felt nearly certain that Terry would be all right with him.

Please turn to Page 44

Divinia FACE POWDER



PRICE 6/6 and 9/6 Trial Size, 1/-

Obtainable all Wholesalers and Retailers.

Sole Australian Representatives: MCGOWAN & GARDNER, 318 Flinders Lane, Melbourne.

KNOW YOUR FUTURE!

What... Lottery shall I be lucky in? What... Is my lucky Number. Day and Date?

What... Business shall I be successful in? What... To do with your children?

Let Astrology and Numerology and the World-famous "NARGEE" help you. Full readings and these questions answered. Send P.N., 3/6. Birthdate, stamped addressed envelope to "NARGEE," Box 4018 VV, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

Coming?

Adelaide for Xmas

... GREAT CENTENARY CARNIVAL - December 18 to 31

HOLIDAY EXCURSION FARES—For details ask the South Australian Representative at the New South Wales or Victorian Government Tourist Bureaux or write to G. R. Langrell, S.A. Publicity Officer, c/o Victorian Government Tourist Bureau, Queen's Walk, Melbourne, or Victor M. Ryan, State Organising Director, S.A. Centenary Celebrations, Box 644G, G.P.O., Adelaide.

To keep your hands lovely restore natural moisture



Hands become red, rough and old-looking because water, work, gardening, sports dry out the Natural Moisture of the skin.



Pond's new Hand Lotion restores Natural Moisture to the skin, renewing youth and loveliness. Use several times daily.

EXPOSED skin dries quickly—that's why you use creams to guard a lovely complexion. Think of how desperately your hands need attention, too—special care that will nourish and soften and restore the Natural Moisture that keeps them beautiful! To fill this need, Pond's have perfected a new lotion—a fragrant liquid cream that can be absorbed instantly, nourishing the skin, supplying it with the natural moisture that active



NEW

Now selling at
all stores and
chemists - 1/-

daily life dries out. Pond's Lotion smooths and softens, bringing a petal-like texture to your hands, keeping them lovely,

restoring their expressive youthfulness. Keep a bottle of Pond's new Lotion on your dressing table, in the bathroom, in the kitchen. Use it often—after washing the hands, before working or sewing, before going out. Use Pond's Lotion on all skin surfaces to smooth and soften. It's especially cooling and healing after sunburn.

NOTHING is SAFE

Continued from Page 43

SHE and David went back to the others and found them playing "I Spy with My Little Eye." Lady Sybil had disappeared, and Ollie didn't stop the game. She only looked at Julia, who nodded.

The game was fearfully dull, and they went on with it much too long. Julia kept on wishing that she had a watch and could tell what time it was. The afternoon seemed to have been going on for hours.

At last a footman came out of the house and stood looking round him. Would he ever see them?

He did—and he was coming up to them. It was all right.

"The car has come for the young lady and gentleman, if you please, miss," he said to Ollie; and Julia sprang to her feet at the first word.

"Thank you, William," said Ollie very calmly.

She stood up, too, though not as quickly as Julia, and smoothed her striped grey frock down over her sides, in a way she had.

"Now then, we must go and collect Terry. I hope he's feeling quite well again by this time."

"Father took him away into the library," said David, in an awestruck sort of voice.

"Well, dear, there's a very nice couch there. I dare say he's been lying down on it," Ollie answered.

If she spoke to me in that soothing kind of voice I'd bite her or something, thought Julia.

But she said good-bye to Ollie very politely—and then found that Ollie, as well as Katherine and the twins, was going with her to the house.

On the way they talked about the sea, and it turned out that the Drummonds were going to a place in Scotland for a month and Julia felt rather jealous.

At the half door stood the familiar old Daimler car with Price at the wheel, and when he saw Julia he smiled.

Mr. Drummond was also at the door with Lady Sybil—but not Terry.

"Where's Terry?" said Julia directly—and she was careful to say it to Mr. Drummond.

"WHY, he's having a very nice little sleep on my sofa, and I think we won't wake him up just yet, as he's not been very well. You tell your grandfather I'll run him up to the Plas myself later on, and have a word with him at the same time."

"Are you sure you don't mean grandmamma?" said Julia, astonished. Mr. Drummond laughed, although she couldn't see that she'd said anything at all funny. Lady Sybil laughed, too—rather like a horse neighing, only not nearly so nice—and thumped Julia smartly between the shoulders.

"Say good-bye to your friends, and pop along. The car's waiting."

Friends, indeed! thought Julia. She wouldn't smile as she shook hands with them, though she had to say "Good-bye, thank you very much for having me; I've enjoyed myself so much," to Lady Sybil.

Mr. Drummond came last in the handshakes, and Julia, though still not smiling, said good-bye to him in a nice voice, then she'd used to the others. She wanted to ask him to give her love to Terry, but thought it would sound rather soppy. She heard him explaining to Price that Master Terry was staying on for a little while, and would be sent home later.

Price had got down and was holding the door open for Julia, but she asked if she might sit next the driving seat. Of course he said, "Yes."

At first it seemed so heavenly to be going away from the Drummonds that Julia couldn't think of anything else. Price was very sympathetic when she told him what a beautiful day it had been, and said he didn't think a great deal of the Drummonds, and never had. He was all right, poor old chap, but she wore the trousers, and led 'em all a pretty dance.

"Why do they let her?" asked Julia. "She's got the money, miss," said Price. "It's that what counts. What's up with Master Terry, miss?"

Julia told him that poor Terry had been fearfully upset, and that afterwards he'd gone to sleep, and Mr. Drummond wouldn't let him be waked up.

"Ah!" said Price. "He's what I call high-strung, is Master Terry. I had a sister was just the same."

Julia thought how very nice and understanding Price was. No tiresome questions, no exclamations of surprise, no long speeches.

That made her remember that grandmamma wouldn't be nearly as easy to explain things to as Price. She wanted out to be friends with the Drummonds and to behave very nicely at their house—and Julia couldn't feel that either she or Terry had behaved nicely at all. Terry couldn't help having been ill, of course, but he'd cried as well, and locked himself in the lavatory for simply ages. Grandmamma would want to know what had started it all.

A thought that Julia had been trying hard not to think now forced itself upon her notice. Had Terry seen the rabbits in the field being driven about, shouted at and hit on the head, and had that upset him?

Julia didn't at all want to believe this was true.

For one thing, everybody expected a boy to enjoy killing rabbits, and would despise him for minding. For another, it made her feel that she herself had been cruel and horrible not to mind—at least, not to mind much. And, last of all, it meant that Terry would never want to hunt or shoot or do any of those kinds of things, and there'd be endless upsets if they tried to make him like them.

If only they still lived in London, it wouldn't matter. But Julia felt that she really didn't know where they'd live nowadays. It seemed to be the Plas as much as anywhere.

She heaved a terrific sigh.

"I wish you'd brought Chang," she said to Price. "Why didn't you?"

"He was out when I started, with her ladyship and Mrs. Prettyman," said Price.

Goah! She'd forgotten all about mummy. Of course, mummy was at the Plas; and she'd certainly be able to comfort Terry and not let grandmamma be cross with him. How funny to have forgotten about mummy! It must be, Julia supposed, because it was such ages since they'd lived with her properly.

Well, it was quite a relief to feel that mummy would be there when Terry got back.

All the rest of the way Price and Julia talked about dogs, and Price told her some very good stories about various dogs he'd known.

The drive came to an end at last as Julia had known all the time that it must. There was nothing for it but to say "Thank you very much, Price," and get out at the turning that led to the stables—which was what grandpapa and grandmamma always called the garage—and walk up to the house. It was only a quarter-past seven when she got in. She had hoped, and had felt almost sure, that it must be much later than that, so that mummy would be in her room dressing for dinner. But the grandfather-clock in the hall only said quarter-past seven, and she could hear voices in the drawing-room.

To be continued.



New Shampoo-Rinse safely presents
Light-Blond hair from Darkening
—MAKES MOUSY, BROWNISH
HAIR 2-4 SHADES LIGHTER

Her hair was once as gleamingly light and golden as her little daughter's but, like all blond hair that has been neglected, it darkened, became brownish and dull. Then she used STA-BLOND, the wonderful shampoo and rinse all-in-one, specially made for natural blond hair. Quickly her hair became shades lighter and regained the beautiful natural golden color and silky softness of her childhood. STA-BLOND is the very thing for her daughter's hair too—will keep it too ever fascinatingly blond and lovely.

STABLOND contains no irritating bleach and is used by over a million blondes all over the world. Also makes "perms" last longer. All you "need-to-be" blondes get a packet of STABLOND today and give back to your hair its glorious youthful blondness. If you are not delighted with the results simply ask for your money back.

Known in America as Blondex. Sole Distributors: Daint & Johnson Ltd., P.O. Box 3679, S.A. Sydney.

STABLOND

BETTER HEALTH Without Laxatives

Cream of Yeast helps your system to new vigor, helps you to reduce snoring by relaxing your nerves, helps you to sleep more peacefully, and improves the activity arising from a "ballooning." You can cut out laxatives. You can stop taking sleeping tablets, too, for Cream of Yeast is a fast-acting Pick-me-up. Combats Headaches, Dis-eases Cold, Acids, Pains, Dizziness, Dull Tired Feeling, Run-down Conditions, Bad Breath, Stomach, etc. All ailments. 1/11 3/6 3/9.

CREAM OF YEAST IS LIFE!

WATERLILIES... add Luxury to SUMMER LINGERIE

A rich design in cream, yellow, and pale green...cool and lovely for hot weather wear.

THE beauty of the waterlily inspired Bertha Maxwell to create this exquisite design for decorating lingerie. You can obtain the transfers for the design together with hand-cut paper patterns for making the three slim-fitting garments comprising the underwear set pictured on this page.

DESIGNED
BY
Bertha
Maxwell



ABOVE: Lovely three-piece set embroidered in a fascinating waterlily design created by Bertha Maxwell. The design in transfer form can be obtained for 1/-. Paper patterns for the slim-fitting three-piece lingerie set, slip, nightdress and knickers, cost 2/6 for the set.

flowing line as shallow scallops, with a quick twist and turn which gives room for an open effect or to show folded net in applique. There is no break in the stitching, whether it is buttonholing or satin cording over one thread; just work straight on round all the curves; do not break off at all. If this extra little twisted curve is not wanted, it should be clipped away from the transfer, when a very graceful plain scallop remains.

Waterlily Motif

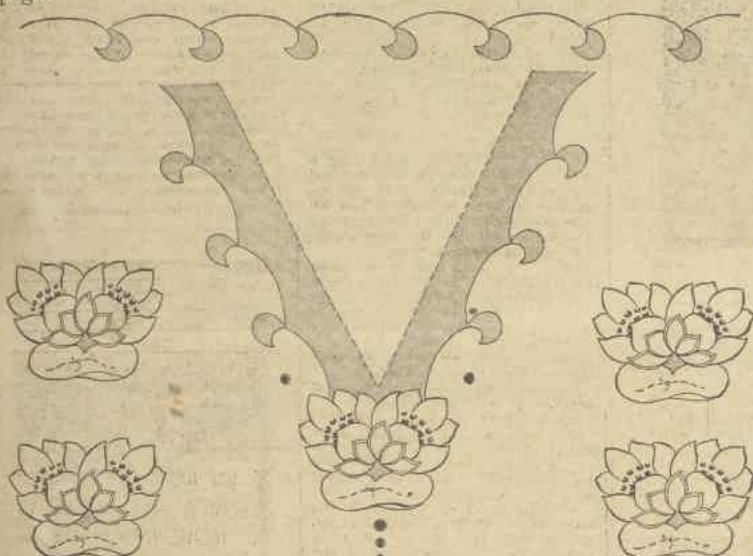
THE DESIGN: Two half-opened waterlilies resting on a leaf make up each motif. Each lily has a few curly leaves at its base; these are green like the leaves. The flowers may be in all shades of pink or rose, blue, lavender, cream and white. The centres are thickly massed yellow stamens.

Buttonholing is a lovely stitch for this work; it is the necessary stitch for all

applique or cut styles of work, but is just as good for solid work where there is to be no cutting-out. It is best worked over one or two threads as a foundation.

A Color Note: Pale green is very popular for lingerie sets. Cream lilies with yellow centres and pale green leaves will make a very lovely piece of work on green material. Choose one of the greens which have plenty of blue in them, not the hard, sharp greens which are so difficult to wear.

A Tray Cover: These little lily motifs are just perfect for an afternoon tea tray cover where insects are troublesome. Use fine sheer linen for the material, pale cool green or blue or soft yellow and applique the flowers and leaves in soft natural shades. Place a motif in each corner, and your initial in the centre of the cloth. You will find it one of the most useful pieces of linen in your home.



AT LEFT is illustrated the new waterlily design specially designed

by Bertha Maxwell for housewife and holiday lingerie for summer. The transfer, which measures 15 by 20 inches, costs 1/-. ing satins, fine cottons and sheer linens. Colors may be white, cream and all pastel shades.

For the set you will require seven yards of 36-inch material. For the nightdress 3 yards, for the slip 2 1/2 yards, and for the scanties 1 1/2 yards.

Allow for seams when cutting. All notches match.

To cut out: Lay centre front and back skirt and bodice of nightie to the fold of material. Lay centre front and back skirt and bodice of slip to the fold of the material. Cut scantie pattern double. Cut back and front yoke double.

Gather top of slip and nightie to fit skirt. Turn in top edge of skirt and machine close to the edge on the right side. Join back yokes. Join shoulder and side seams of nightdress and side seams of slip. Then join top edge of back and front yoke, and join right-hand side seam.

Machine, back and front seam of scanties. Slip left side of scanties for about four inches from top. Bind all round edge with a crossway strip of material. Turn a narrow edge at lower edge of yoke. Slip the scanties between and machine together. Make two buttonholes at left side of yoke. Sew two buttons at other side to correspond. Make shoulder straps from material and sew to slip.

If lace is used, sew all round edges and whip neatly at the back. If a plain edge is required, either face or bind the edges with a crossway strip of material.

The Scallops: These follow a smoothly-

WHETHER you sew for pleasure or for profit you will love to make this dainty lingerie and embroider it in the new fascinating waterlily design.

If you belong to a craft society where you sell your work and make some pocket-money, you probably already know that well-made lingerie always commands excellent prices for neat hand-sewing has a very good market value.

Needlework of this kind is one of the most pleasant pastimes for summer afternoons, especially if you have a friend who sits and sews with you.

Lovely materials are a delight to handle, threads are entrancing in their lustrous beauty, and work slips along in a speedy manner. When finished, you are the owner of something lovely and valuable and a joy to wear.

Recently a serious discussion took place regarding the real use of hand needlework and embroidery from the point of view of a pastime suitable to modern times.

English experts in health matters and handicrafts, as well as many other people, unanimously decided that needlework was required to-day more than ever; that it was a perfect means of spending a restful hour or two; that its charm and interest were soothing to tired minds wearied with the speed of to-day's life.

Probably Australian women have found this out for themselves, as there is an amazing amount of hand-sewing done in this country. Quite a lot of it comes on the market through the craft societies, where it finds a ready sale at good prices. The remainder is cherished privately.

If you belong to this happy band of people who know the joy of making

something worth while, you will find today's design for a set of underwear entirely to your liking. The summer patterns are up to date in cut, yet simple to put together. The embroidery design is made of waterlilies and their leaves, the very simplest motifs imaginable with an unusual scallop which suggests the waving edges of lily leaves on water.

The transfer-sheet measures 15 x 20 inches, and gives two V-necks, four groups, each composed of two flowers and one leaf to match the necks, and over thirty inches of wavy scalloping for borders. It costs 1/-, posted.

More Scalloping

THERE is sufficient design for night-dress slip and knickers. If you need more scalloping than is given on the transfer-sheet, you may buy a second sheet, or trace from the used transfer by placing the material over it and using a pencil to mark the outline. All thin materials can be easily traced over in this manner. For thick silks and satins, use carbon paper and mark with tiny dots all along the lines, instead of making straight strokes.

Net Applique: If you are using folded net for an applique effect, you may care to omit the wavy scallops and finish with a straight line; this is easily ruled on your silk with a pencil and ruler.

For Lace: Whip on the lace after cutting out the material, press it well on the wrong side, then iron off the transfer motifs where you want them, omitting all lines and scallops.

Beautiful patterns, carefully cut by hand, are available in sizes 32 to 38 inches, and cost 2/6 per set of night-dress, slip and knickers; or each garment may be ordered separately at 1/- each.

Materials: Use all washing silks, wash-

The surprise...



STERLING HOME PAINT
A PRODUCT OF STERLING VARNISH CO.

TRUST YOUR DENTIST

To discover the joy of
attractive White Teeth

-he says KOLYNOS



Kolynos Dental Cream—the proved antiseptic, germicidal and cleansing Tooth Paste, contains absolutely no gritty abrasive and is entirely free from harmful bleaching action. It removes stain and tartar, washing away all particles of food debris.

Because of its proved antiseptic properties, Kolynos actually kills harmful germs in a few seconds and keeps the teeth and mouth thoroughly clean and healthy. Discover for yourself the joy of clean, naturally white teeth and a healthy mouth.

Being highly concentrated, Kolynos is most economical in use. BEST used on a DRY toothbrush. Sold by all Chemists and Stores.

ONE TUBE LASTS TWICE AS LONG

Half-an-inch of Kolynos on a dry brush
cleans Teeth PERFECTLY!

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

ICE-CREAM and Summer DRINKS

Lead the Prizewinning List in
This Week's Best Recipe Contest

Summertime is nearly here again . . . blazing days when it seems almost too hot to eat. But just try these refreshing drinks and ices, and light cakes and puddings—they will surely tempt the most capricious appetites.

Prizes awarded for the best recipes each week are £1 first prize; and six consolation prizes of 2/6 each.

ALL you have to do is to write out clearly your best recipe and send it to us. It may win you a cash prize.

APRICOT CREAM ICE

One pound ripe apricots, 4oz. sugar, 1pt. cream, 1 lemon, 1pt. water.

Halve apricots, remove stones. Put fruit in saucepan with sugar and water; simmer till tender, then rub through sieve. Add strained juice of lemon to fruit puree and let it get quite cold. Whip cream slightly, stir into puree, and freeze in usual way. Other fruit may be substituted for the apricots, and, if a less expensive ice is wanted, use custard instead of cream.

LEMON FIZZ

One pound loaf sugar, 1 quart water, 1oz. tartaric acid, 30 drops lemon essence.

Bring water to boil, add sugar, and boil for a few minutes. Pour into a basin, allow to cool, then add tartaric acid and lemon essence, and bottle. Use a tablespoonful in a tumbler of cold water or soda water.

LEMONADE

Four lemons, rind of 1 pineapple, 2 quarts water, sugar to taste.

Boil the pineapple rind with the water and sugar over low gas. When cool, add strained juice of lemons. Serve with cracked ice.

First Prize of £1 to Miss R. Braud, Roland, Tas.

VITAMIN BALLS

Two cups flour, 5oz. butter, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 egg, 1 dessertspoon golden syrup, 1 teaspoon carbonate of soda, 2 tablespoons boiling water, 1 cup dates, 1 cup chopped walnuts, 1 cup sultanas, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, pinch salt.

Beat butter and sugar to a cream, add beaten egg, then syrup and soda dissolved in boiling water. Add flour, salt, and cinnamon sifted, lastly nuts and fruit. Form into small balls; place on greased oven tray and bake in moderate oven about 15 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to G. Bryant, Hayes St. Box, Shepparton, Vic.

APPLE CAKE

Pastry: 6oz. self-raising flour, 2oz. butter, 3 tablespoons milk, pinch salt. Cake: 6oz. self-raising flour, 4oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 2oz. butter, 3 tablespoons milk.

Filling: 3 large apples, stewed, drained, and cooled. Make pastry first, sift flour and salt; rub in butter and mix with milk. Roll out and line a greased tin with pastry. Spread mashed apples over.

Make shortcake by beating butter and sugar. Add well-beaten eggs, then the flour gradually, with milk, stirring until smooth. Spread on top of apples and bake in a moderate oven.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. M. Wells, Box 80, Quorn, S.A.

NOVELTY CHEESE STRAWS

Two ounces butter, 4oz. plain flour, 6oz. grated cheese, yolks of 2 eggs, salt and cayenne.

Rub butter into flour, mix in cheese, salt and cayenne, make into paste with eggs. Lightly flour board and roll out. Instead of cutting into strips, divide into six portions, and spread with any of the following: Anchovy paste, Marmite, finely chopped olives and walnuts, gherkins, carottes and apple, curry powder moistened with a little melted butter.

Roll each of these pieces and cut into rings. Bake about 15 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss E. Payten, 189 Darlinghurst Road, King's Cross, N.S.W.

DATE AND NUT LOAF

One tablespoon butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 large cup dates (also a few peanuts), 2 small cups self-raising flour, 1 small teaspoon carb. soda, 1 cup boiling water.

Pour over chopped dates and nuts the boiling water in which soda has been dissolved. Allow to stand.

Beat together butter and sugar, add egg, then prepared dates and nuts, lastly flour and pinch of salt.

Have ready papered 2 round tins, or one oblong tin in which to place the mixture. Bake 45 to 60 minutes in moderate oven.

This recipe makes a deliciously moist, dark loaf, which may be made quickly, and will bake in the oven with the meat if needed.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to I. Cuthbert, 457 Logan Road, South Brisbane S.E.3.

ORANGE SPONGE CUSTARD

Cream together 1 tablespoon of butter and 1 cup of sugar; add 1 tablespoon flour, juice of 2 oranges, and grated rind of one. Mix well, then add 11 cups milk, gently stirring, and then 2 beaten egg-yolks. Lastly, add stiffly-beaten egg-whites, folding in very lightly.

Pour the whole into a pie-dish and stand it in a medium oven in a dish of water to cook gently. It is a delicious pudding, with a light, spongy top and a creamy custard beneath.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. J. R. Cree, Campbell Street, Bowen Hills N. 1, Brisbane.

WALNUT QUEEN CAKES

Quarter pound self-raising flour, 3oz. castor sugar, 3oz. butter, 1 egg, 2oz. shelled walnuts, and little milk.

Cream butter and sugar, add well-beaten egg and beat; add flour gradually, then walnuts chopped finely, and enough milk to make a batter that will drop, but not pour, from the spoon; fill paper cake containers (3 parts full), and bake ten minutes in hot oven. Sultanas or other fruit may be substituted for the walnuts. When cold, ice and decorate with half walnuts.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. Lynn, Norseman, W.A.

If You Could look Under Your Skin



- 1 Lines, Wrinkles
- 2 Coarseness
- 3 Blackheads
- 4 Blemishes
- 5 Dryness
- 6 Sugging Tissues

Skin faults begin in the nerves, cells and oil glands in the under-skin. Once the "teens" are past, oil glands begin to dry up. Circulation slows. Fibres lose tone. Blemishes appear later, wrinkles, sagging tissues. That is why you must use a cream that goes deep, and keeps your under-skin active—Pond's Cold Cream. Cleanse the skin thoroughly night and morning and during the day with Pond's Cold Cream. Circulation is stimulated. Impurities are lifted from deep within the pores. Your under-skin is free to function actively again. Use Pond's Cold Cream regularly and your skin faults will soon disappear!

TRIAL OFFER: Mail coupon to-day with four 1d. stamps, in a sealed envelope, to cover postage, packing, etc., for free tubes of Pond's two creams, also a sample of Pond's New Face Powder. Check (indicate wanted): Brunette (Natural) ☐ Light Cream ☐ Rose Cream (Natural) ☐ Natural (Light Natural) ☐ Rose Brunette ☐ Dark Brunette (Sustained) ☐

POND'S Dept. 577 Box 1131 J, G.P.O., Melbourne.

Name: _____

Address: _____

Now is the Time to Prepare Your CHRISTMAS PUDDINGS and CHRISTMAS CAKES

THEY WILL THEN BE NICELY MATURED FOR CHRISTMAS.

Try these recipes.

CHRISTMAS PUDDING

6 oz. flour,
6 oz. breadcrumbs,
8 oz. suet (beef),
8 oz. sultanas,
8 oz. currants,
8 oz. raisins,
2 oz. almonds,
6 eggs.

Shred suet and rub it into the flour, add breadcrumbs and fruits properly prepared and cleaned. Add spice, sugar, grated lemon rind and grated carrot. Beat eggs and pour into dry ingredients; add lemon juice, and mix well. Cook in floured cloth or greased basin for 4 hours. Lift out, hang in a cool place until required (will keep for 6 weeks). Then boil another 2 hours and serve hot with sauce.

6 oz. brown sugar,
1 lb. mixed peel,
1 packet spice,
1 teaspoon salt,
1 teaspoon cinnamon,
Grated rind and juice of 1 lemon,
1 grated carrot.

CHRISTMAS CAKE

1 lb. flour,
1 lb. ground rice,
1 teaspoon baking powder,
1 teaspoon cinnamon,
1 packet spice (mixed),
2 tablespoons caramel,
8 eggs.

Sift flour, baking powder, ground rice, cinnamon, spice. Cream butter and sugar; when thoroughly creamed add eggs, one at a time, and beat them in well; add fruit and flour alternately until all is used, and colour with caramel. Put into cake tin lined with paper, and bake 4 or 5 hours in a moderate oven (375 deg.).

1 lb. butter,
1 lb. brown sugar,
1 lb. sultanas,
1 lb. currants,
1 lb. raisins,
1 lb. candied peel,
1 lb. almonds.

CURRENTS, SULTANAS, and RAISINS can be used in many Delicious Christmas Dainties.

The Dried Fruits in your cookies are full of health-giving properties.

The above recipes are taken from THE NEW SUNSHINE COOKERY BOOK, which contains over 100 Tested Recipes, and is obtainable FREE.

Fill in the attached Coupon, and Post NOW!

To The Dried Fruits Joint Publicity Committee

623 Collins Street,
Melbourne C.1.

The Postage on this Coupon, if forwarded in an UNSEALED envelope, is ONE PENNY.
Please send me a FREE Cookery Book.
NAME (Mr., or Miss) _____ (Block Letters)
ADDRESS _____
W.O.

WHY I USE NEW VEET

- 1 'New Veet' ends all unwanted hair in 3 minutes without trouble, mess or bother.
- 2 'New Veet' leaves the skin soft, smooth and white without trace of ugly stubble.
- 3 'New Veet' is just like a toilet cream—sweetly scented and pleasant to use.
- 4 'New Veet' avoids coarse regrowth—unlike the razor which only makes the hair grow faster and thicker. 2/6 and 4/- (double size).

DON'T NEGLECT A CUT

DALZO
STICKING PLASTER
FOR FIRST AID
AND THREATS

TOMATOES are HEALTH-GIVING

.... Rich in Vitamins—Delicious to Eat

THE tomato is one of the most valuable of fruits. It is rich in vitamins, especially those so essential in the daily diet for maintaining good health.

It possesses vitamin C, which helps to preserve the teeth, vitamin B, which aids digestion by stimulating the appetite, and vitamin A, the most vital of all, which builds up body resistance.

TOMATO juice makes a delicious and healthful drink. It is already popular in America as an early-morning cocktail or a before-dinner appetizer, and the idea is rapidly finding favor here.

The beverage is most pleasant to drink if chilled before serving. It can be bought here in tins, but can also be prepared at home with little trouble.

Simply put the tomatoes in a saucepan with a little water and cook slowly until soft. Strain the liquid into a container and leave in the ice-chest or refrigerator until required.

Tomatoes themselves may be used plentifully in the daily diet, either raw, in salads, cooked in various ways or added to other hot dishes.

WAYS OF SERVING

Scald tomatoes, remove skin, sprinkle with crumbs, salt, cayenne, dot with butter. Bake. Serve with bacon, sausages, or grills.

Peel tomatoes, scoop out centre, put devilled egg in each. Bake. Serve as an entree.

TOMATOES AND SPINACH

Four tomatoes, 1 cup chopped ham, 1 cup chopped cooked spinach, butter, salt, cayenne. Cut tops off tomatoes and scoop out



TOMATO JUICE makes a delicious and health-giving beverage.



TOP LEFT: Preparing tomatoes for stuffing. Above: Some of the appetizing preparations made with tomatoes: a tomato sausage loaf, and tomato-juice cocktails, the glasses garnished with pieces of bright red tomato on the rim.

centres. Mix spinach and ham. Add butter seasoning. Fill tomatoes with mixture. Replace lid. Bake in a moderate oven almost 30 minutes. If tomatoes are very juicy leave the shells turned upside down for 10 minutes before stuffing.

STUFFED TOMATOES

Three new-laid eggs, 1 teaspoon butter, 11 teaspoons tomato sauce, 6 even-sized tomatoes, pepper and salt to taste, lettuce.

To serve six people you will need six medium-sized tomatoes, and choose nice, firm ones. Hard-boil eggs, peel and halve them. Remove the yolks carefully and mash them till smooth with butter, tomato sauce, and pepper and salt to taste. Stuff the six half-shells with this mixture. Hollow out a little flesh from the stalk end of the tomato, using a very sharp knife to do so; then season inside lightly with pepper and salt and sink in each a stuffed half-shell of the egg. If you want to make a particularly nice job of these, mask the top with a thick mayonnaise and garnish with a scrap of gherkin. Arrange the tomatoes on a dish lined with lettuce leaves.

TOMATO ROYALE

Tomatoes, salt, cayenne, butter, slices of bread, grated cheese.

Scald tomatoes. Remove skins. Cut into four, put into saucepan with butter, salt, cayenne, and cook for a few minutes. Toast bread. Cut into squares or rounds, butter and sprinkle thickly with grated cheese. Put a spoonful of tomato on each round of toast. Sprinkle with cheese. Place in oven to reheat thoroughly. Serve at once.

TOMATO BATTER PUDDING

Half-pound tomatoes, sugar to taste, lemon juice, 1 tablespoon sugar, 2 dessertspoons butter, 1 egg, 1 cup plain flour, small teaspoon baking powder, essence, 1 tablespoon milk. Scald tomatoes, remove skin, cut into slices. Lay in well-greased pialdish. Sprinkle with sugar and lemon juice. Place in a hot oven for a few minutes. Cream butter and sugar, add beaten egg, then milk and essence, lastly sifted flour and baking powder. Pour over the hot tomatoes. Bake in a moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes. Serve hot with custard.

TOMATO TOAD IN THE HOLE

Six tomatoes, pancake batter, breadcrumbs, bacon, salt, cayenne, butter, chopped parsley, chopped onion, cheese.

Scald tomatoes. Remove skin. Scoop out centre. Mix pulp, crumbs, chopped

bacon, onion, parsley, salt, cayenne. Fill tomatoes with the mixture. Then turn upside down on a very well-greased pyrex dish. Make batter. Stand 1 hour, then pour round the tomatoes. Bake in a hot oven 40 to 50 minutes. Cut into six squares. Sprinkle with grated cheese and serve at once.

TOMATO AND LIMA CROQUETTES

Three cups cooked lima beans, 2 tablespoons chopped onion, butter, 1 cup tomato pulp, 1 teaspoon Worcester sauce, flour, egg glazing, breadcrumbs, salt, cayenne.

Melt butter, add onion, and fry without browning for a few minutes. Add tomato pulp, mashed lima beans, salt, cayenne and sauce. Cook for a few minutes. Turn on to flat plate. Leave till cold. Form into cake shapes. Roll in flour. Then coat with egg glazing. Toss in breadcrumbs. Wet fry till golden.

Tomato Juice Cocktails

No. 1

ONE cup tomato juice, sugar, lemon juice, and salt to taste. Mix well. Chill thoroughly before serving.

No. 2

Two cups tomato juice, 1-3rd tablespoon chopped onion, salt, sugar, 1 tablespoon vinegar.

Mix ingredients. Simmer for 10 minutes, strain, then chill before serving.

No. 3

One cup tomato juice, 1 teaspoon vinegar, celery salt, sugar, 1 teaspoon Worcester sauce, 1 teaspoon lemon juice.

Mix the ingredients in the order given and thoroughly chill before serving.

brown. Drain. Serve very hot with tomato sauce.

TOMATO FRITTERS

Slices of firm tomatoes, fritter batter, salt, cayenne, frying fat, parsley.

Make batter in the usual way. Sprinkle slices of tomato with salt and cayenne. Completely coat with batter and fry in boiling fat till a golden brown all over. Drain on white paper. Serve at once, garnished with sprigs of parsley.

TOMATO JUICE JELLY SALAD

Eight large tomatoes, half onion, cloves, salt, cayenne, 1 pint water,

1oz. gelatine, lettuce leaves, mayonnaise.

Chop tomatoes and onion. Add water, salt, cayenne, cloves. Cook till soft. Strain through fine strainer. Add gelatine which has been dissolved in 2 tablespoons cold water. Pour into wetted moulds. Leave till set. Serve on lettuce leaves, with mayonnaise.

TOMATO BRAUN

One pound tomatoes, 1 onion, sugar, salt, cloves, mace to taste, 2 tablespoons water, 1 dessertspoon gelatine, 1lb. ham, 2 hard-boiled eggs, lettuce leaves.

Wash tomatoes and chop finely with onion. Add water, sugar, cloves, mace, and salt, and simmer gently till mixture is quite soft. Then rub through a fine sieve. Add gelatine, chop ham. Cut eggs into slices. Arrange ham and egg in small wetted moulds. Pour in the liquid. Place on ice to set. Unmould, and arrange on lettuce leaves. Serve with mayonnaise.

TOMATO SAUSAGE

Two large tomatoes, small onion, 2 cups breadcrumbs, 1lb. minced steak, 1lb. fat bacon, chopped parsley, salt, cayenne, 2 eggs.

Skin and chop tomatoes; add onion, crumbs, bacon, meat, parsley, salt, and cayenne. Mix well together. Bind with the well-beaten eggs. Form into a compact sausage shape. Tie in floured pud-



By **Ruth Furst**
Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

ding cloth. Plunge into boiling water. Boil for 2 hours. Remove from cloth. Serve on hot dish with gravy or tomato sauce.

TOMATO SAUCE

Slice tomato, carrot, and onion into a saucepan; add salt, cayenne, and 1 teaspoon butter, and stir over fire for a few minutes. Sprinkle in 1 dessertspoon flour, add 1 cup stock, and cook till vegetables are soft. Strain through a coarse strainer. Reheat, and serve.

TOMATO SOUP

Four large tomatoes, 1 pint water, 1 pint milk, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 eggspoon carb. soda, salt, cayenne, croutons. Boil the tomatoes in the water till soft. Add the soda, then rub through a strainer. Return to clean saucepan. Add the milk, butter, and blended flour. Cook for a few minutes after it boils. Season to taste with salt and cayenne. Serve very hot in soup tureen with croutons.



CAN YOU LEND ME A SPOONFUL OF GRAVOX?

Just fill to-morrow's dinner without GRAVOX. Isn't it wonderful, how it SALT, SEASONS, BROWNS & THICKENS—all at once?

Gravox
The IDEAL GRAVY MAKER
Send 1d. Stamp for FREE SAMPLE
KEMMID PTY. LTD., MELBOURNE, VIC.

TERRIBLE NERVOUS HEADACHES!

HEADACHES are caused by inflammation of the nerves of the head, and result usually from some debilitating influence such as worry, overwork, overeating. By all means take a tablet as a remedy for quick relief, but go beyond that and take Bidmak, the wonder tonic, which goes at the roots of headache. Mr. F. L. Perkins, of 7 Prince St., Leichhardt, writes as follows: "I have been suffering from headache for years, but last autumn, after three years, I had a sudden cure. I had been told that a 'wonder' was Bidmak, not only cured the headache, but I feel very greatly improved in general health." Bidmak—the Tonic of the Century—3/- of all Chemists and Stores



New! instructive series of 9 crochet folders!..

The first folder is simple enough for the beginner; the second a step more advanced, and so on. See the complete series at your needlework shop—choose the folder that matches your ability and graduate up to the more ambitious designs. Each folder costs 1d. (2d. if posted). The Series comprises: 1. Edgings and Joinings. 2. Crochet Edgings. 3. Edgings and Corners. 4. Handkerchief Edgings, and Collar. 5. Crochet Collars and Cuffs. 6. Crochet Mats. 7. Crochet Medallions. 8. Crochet Luncheon Mats. 9. Felt Crochet.

COATS' MERCER-CROCHET
IN WHITE & 30 COLOR INSPIRATIONS!

COUPON W.W.
To P.O. Box 1494, Melbourne; P.O. Box 25715, Sydney; P.O. Box 11010, Perth; P.O. Box 113 Toowoomba, N.Z.
I enclose in stamps for one copy each of folders
No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9. "Crochet Made Easy" "Crochet Today" "With Your Crochet Hook" *Stamps not needed NOT required.
Name
Address
M.C.R.



"What! Go to bed? . . . Now? . . . Well, that's a dirty trick! We let you get us all dressed up, and we did our best stunts for your old company . . . and now your dinner's ready, you pack us off to bed!"



"We won't lie down—and we'll never go to sleep! Not one eye will we close all night long. You'll see how much noise twins can make! Our feelings are hurt—and we're prickly and cross!"



"Ah-h . . . look! She's getting that smooth Johnson's Baby Powder! (Good teamwork, eh?) When we get sprinkled with that silky-slick powder we'll purr like kittens. Mother—see forgive you!"

Johnson's Baby Powder is the comfort and joy of millions of babies, because it soothes away all little skin irritations and makes baby happy. Soft and smooth as satin, it is good for your own skin, too.

Johnson's BABY powder
"Best for Baby—Best for you"

A product of Johnson and Johnson—World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, Johnson's Baby Soap and Cream, Talc Toothbrush, Modess, Etc.
Johnson's Baby Soap reduced in price—now 6d. per tablet

Radiantly BEAUTIFUL HAIR
—THIS Simple WAY

Be you dark, auburn, fair or white, Camilatone will give your hair a new, fascinating brilliance. Camilatone is not an ordinary shampoo. Its gentle action not only cleanses the hair but nourishes it, makes it soft and lustrous. Just try it—you can obtain Camilatone at all good hairdressers and chemists at 9d. a packet, including special rinse to suit your shade of hair.

Sole Agents: Billmeyer Ltd.



Camilatone 9d
BEAUTY SHAMPOOS

...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

..BY A DOCTOR..

Ventilation vital to good health

PATIENT: One meets so many extremists these days that it would be interesting to know just how wise fresh-air fiends are.

WINTER is the time when we should think more about ventilation than in the summer, although it is astonishing how few of us ventilate properly, simple though it is.

Poor ventilation accounts for a lot of our complaints that have to do with lowered vitality and efficiency. Many a man immediately perks up and takes an entirely different view of the work he is doing, as soon as he begins to think about fresh air.

Remember that you breathe in and out from fourteen to eighteen times a minute.

Each time you inhale and exhale you accomplish the following change of conditions in the air that surrounds you—

1. You increase the temperature. No matter what the temperature of the air may be that you inhale, when you breathe it out again it is about 100 degrees Fahrenheit.
2. You decrease the volume of the air. This is because you condense it, make it smaller.
3. You increase the amount of carbon dioxide.
4. You decrease the amount of oxygen.
5. You increase the amount of water vapor.
6. You add small quantities of ammonia and organic matters.

Keep Windows Open

NOW none of these conditions, which you produce in air that surrounds you while breathing, is conducive to mental activity. All tend to depress.

One does not have to draw heavily on the imagination to figure out how quickly you really create an intolerable situation for yourself—one of tainted air that devitalizes the system and makes heavy inroads upon your reserve energy.

I suppose you have heard about the famous but horrible "Black Hole of Calcutta." In a small room without ventilation 146 prisoners were locked up together one night. By the following morning 123 had died. They had poisoned each other through the apparently innocent process of breathing.

In the office and factory and in the home be careful, therefore, that you do not poison yourself to any degree or allow others to poison you. Every now and then, open the doors and windows and let fresh air sweep through the room.

Open the windows part way at the bottom, also at the top. Warm, foul

Hygienic Air

Filtering and Conditioning
a Necessity of the Future

THE day will come, so scientists and architects say, when we will no more think of breathing unfiltered air than we would of drinking impure water.

This especially applies to air circulating in offices, factories, and shops in the cities, and in homes and flats in areas where the air is quite laden.

Air conditioning has already arrived in many city buildings, and is also being installed in many new homes, even in those in such areas as Killara, where the air is practically free of city dust. In such cases air conditioning is used not only to filter the air, but to cool or warm it as required.

Much can be done, however, in the average home where there is no such thing as air conditioning towards keeping the air inside the house fresh and free from germ-carrying insects.

Fly-wire windows and doors are essential in summer to keep out flies and mosquitoes as well as a certain amount of heavy dust.

Food should be protected in every possible way by being kept under cover and also under conditions where the air is fresh and clean. Milk in hot weather should be scalded, placed in clean vessels and protected with net covers. Cooked meat should never be placed on the table for any length of time uncovered, but always protected with a wire or net covering.

air rises and escapes at the ceiling, and this helps to let the cooler, heavier air come in at the floor level.

In this simple way also a constant current of air is set up in the room. The air is in motion, in other words, and moving air is much healthier than sluggish or static air.

But be careful of draughts. Place a board across the bottom of the window so that the fresh air will be reflected upward.

During the winter, however, be careful to maintain a room temperature that is agreeable and comfortable and does not chill.

When possible, therefore, it is well to let the incoming air pass over the heat radiators, most of which are placed under the windows nowadays, anyway.

Warm air is not, of course, necessarily impure air, nor cold air pure. Sewage, for instance, can render cold air impure.

Agreeably warmed fresh air, with lots of oxygen in it, is what the body and mind need and thrive on best when you are indoors.

Why not give yourself that which costs nothing but a little thought and planning?

10,000 hours Stomach Pain!

Imagine! In six years Mrs. H. R. suffered over 10,000 hours of stomach torture—and then found at last a remedy. Read her vivid letter telling of this harrowing experience.



"After what I have gone through, it is making short of a miracle to me being able to enjoy and digest anything at before me. For nearly six years I used to get severe pains, which lasted for a couple of hours after every meal. Then I decided to give 'Bisurated' Magnesia a trial. That was about two months ago, and apparently my stomach is now healed for good, as I have had no pain since then." H.R.

No matter how serious your stomach trouble, or how long you have suffered, don't despair. 'Bisurated' Magnesia has relieved thousands of people who were beginning to give up hope. Prove that 'Bisurated' Magnesia can be just as effective in your own case by getting a bottle from your Chemist today. Your first dose will stop stomach pain and start your recovery.

'Bisurated' Magnesia
For the Stomach

A concentrated preparation, very economical. The package bears the 'Diamond' Trade Mark

BISMAR

Essential to Charm—

POTTER & MOORE'S

Mitcham Lavender



MOST people you admire insist on having Mitcham Lavender Water amongst their personal necessities. Its quality indicates refinement, its delicate fragrance is in perfect taste. The same perfume can be found in all forms of toilet preparations. See them at any department store or chemist's—they're all moderately priced.

Gift bottles as illustrated from 1/3 to 12/6 each.

Toilet preparations by
POTTER & MOORE
THE HOUSE OF QUALITY—LONDON

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

Health-dieting and Slimming

—in the Light of Modern Science

This is the fourth of a special series of articles by a medical writer giving the truth about diets and dieting and written expressly for *The Australian Women's Weekly*.

SO many new dietary factors of vital importance to health have been discovered in the past five years that scientific ideas upon dieting for health may be said to be still in a state of flux.

THIS much, however, has been established: a basic diet to maintain health must include milk, meat, the dairy products, fruit and vegetables. Other supplementary foods, such as cereals, may be taken; but the "big five" are necessary for health. They are best taken in as complete a variety as possible.

An adult average has been calculated at (for a daily intake) milk, one-and-a-half pints; meat (this includes fish and poultry), four ounces; egg, one; cheese, two ounces; green vegetables, three ounces; potatoes, eight ounces; butter, two ounces; cereals, eight ounces. Bread comes under the latter category; wholemeal is advised, but if the "big five" are adequately represented, white may be used.

The average reader will probably be staggered on reading this modern schedule, which is based on what is known as the Stiebeling formula, for a "balanced" diet. Sugar, for instance, is not mentioned; a little may be added, but it is not necessary; and an excess of it is looked on as in-

RADIANT health, which is the basis of all beauty, is not so much dependent on whether you are plump or slim, but on whether you are fit. This carefree young beauty is the personification of health and little grace.

jurious. The diet of meat, tea and bread-and-jam, which is the basic Australian diet in our backblocks and industrial districts, is obviously upon the wrong lines altogether.

Slimming Diet

AS regards slimming, the modern scientific idea is that if this "big five" diet were adhered to in the first place, weight (otherwise excess fat) would not be put on (except in special cases mentioned below). However, if it is there, the only method of reducing is a restricted diet (that is, a period of semi-

starvation) on the "big five," cutting down the potatoes, cheese and butter, and dropping the cereals, starches and sugars altogether. Skim milk should be substituted for whole milk.

A typical day's diet on this plan could be:—breakfast: Glass of skimmed milk, one or two apples. Lunch: Clear soup, one egg, steamed carrots (or similar dish), glass skimmed milk, fruit. Dinner: Lean meat with vegetables (no potatoes), and a green salad to follow (non-oily dressing). Practically similar recipes are found in the modified Banting, Ebstein and Hay systems.

As slimming is a process of forcing the body to burn up its accumulated fat by starving it of necessary fat and carbohydrate in the diet, it is obviously a strain on the system, and should be a gradual process, especially in elderly persons and invalids. And there are types of stout persons for whom even the most rigorous dieting may prove useless.

These are individuals who were fat boys or girls at school

COMPACTS

IT'S not a bit of use having a lovely face if your neck is neglected-looking. First, wrap a towel wrung out of very hot water round your neck, so as to open the pores. Then smooth over the heated skin a thick layer of almond oil, wrap up again in a towel or old scarf, and leave on as long as possible. Finally bathe your neck in warm water, then apply an astringent made of one-third witch-hazel and two-thirds rose-water.

AFTER a hot bath there's nothing to tone up the skin like toilet eau-de-cologne. Wring a loofah out in cold water, then soak it in eau-de-cologne and rub briskly all over the body. This is grand for stimulating the circulation and breaking up fatty tissues.

IF your neck is rather short, you should wear your hair bobbed, and very short at the back, and wear dresses and blouses with "V" necks. Avoid ear-rings, but if you do have them, have small stud ones.

TRUTH ABOUT DIET No. 4

all. Such persons really suffer from gland deficiency, or lack of balance among the internal glands. Dieting is of little use in such cases; treatment with gland extracts by a qualified medical man who specialises in such work is the only remedy.

Value of Exercise

EXERCISE is an excellent adjunct to health; but as a slimmer it actually accomplishes little, unless joined to a rigid restriction of diet.

Exercise naturally increases appetite, and so provides a pit-fall for dieters. If the prescribed diet is adhered to, however, exercise prevents tissues from becoming flabby.

By keeping tissues rigid, especially in cases of those who tend to overweight, exercise accomplishes a very useful purpose.

One further point of importance in any dietary on scientific lines is the individual constitution or "make-up." Hereditary tendency to high blood-pressure, Bright's disease, the anaemias, the "allergies" (these include hay-fever, asthma, and some skin troubles), and diabetes may necessitate diets specially restricted in regard to one factor. As Sir Raphael Cilento pointed out recently, the ultimate scientific approach to health-dieting is from the individual standpoint, rather than *hokus-bokus* rules applicable to mankind in the mass.

Excitingly modern— Lenthéric's



Each exquisite Lenthéric fragrance is created to express an individual feminine personality. If you're lovable, gay, romantic—your perfume is Lenthéric's *Lotus d'Or*. If you're of a more exotic type, you choose *Shanghai*. For the dreamy, poetic personality there is *Gardenia de Tahiti*, and *Risque Tout* for the one who dares to be different.

But for you—if you are full of poise yet attune to a modern tempo—if you're magnetic, with a worldliness softened by gracious charm—your fragrance

is *Miracle*. *Miracle* has a breathless loveliness—try it once, and you'll see it was made for you. All Lenthéric fragrances come in two forms: Perfume for the competitive hours of the evening and Bouquet Lenthéric for more informal daytime use. You will also be delighted with Lenthéric's exquisite Face Powder and the lovely Lenthéric Indelible Lip-stick.

All Lenthéric perfumes are imported direct from France and sold in sealed bottles only. *Miracle* prices, 13/6 to 78/6. Purse size, 4/6.

Lenthéric Paris

"I'M NOT WEALTHY!"
...yet I'm the richest man
in the world...

"I've got something nobody can buy—perfect health—energy—happiness! I have the secret of physical and mental fitness. Freedom from constipation! Keep regular in your habits. Don't let poisons accumulate in your system. At the first sign of constipation take Nyal FIGSEN—the non-habit-forming laxative which

does not purge or gripe. Nyal FIGSEN relieves constipation (in adults or children) in a natural way—gently but surely—and there are no unpleasant after-effects. FIGSEN defeats constipation—and THAT is the SECRET OF GOOD HEALTH." A tin of 24 tablets costs only 1/3 from your chemist.

**NYAL
FIGSEN**
FOR CONSTIPATION

POST THIS COUPON FOR FREE SAMPLE
The Nyal FIGSEN Co., 47 F. Coler St. R. G. Sydney, N.S.W.
Please send me one free sample of Nyal FIGSEN.
Name _____ Address _____
37814-11/36

Adorn the
"mirrors of the soul."Lovely
Lashes.Grow lashes and
brows in 30 days

Perfect eyebrows and long, silken eyelashes make all the difference to the allure of the most beautiful eyes. No other feature is so important as the eyes—none is so expressive. Study YOUR eyes now. Your mirror will show them as they are today. Yet in thirty days you can grow long, curling, silken lashes and perfectly pencilled eye-brows by applying Le Charme Eye-lash Grower.

Thousands of Women Have Proved It.

No matter how scant your eye-lashes, how indistinct your eye-brows, this Le Charme discovery will positively increase their length and thickness.

Results Evident in One Week.

Even in the first few days you will notice the promise of a beautiful silken fringe, and if in 30 days, you are not satisfied, the cost of Le Charme Eye-lash Grower will be refunded in full. All Le Charme preparations are obtainable at leading stores, chemists, and beauty salons. Eyelash Grower, 1/6; Eyelash Cosmetics (with brush and comb), black or brown, 3/6; Eyeshadow (blue, brown, grey, green, silver-grey), 1/6; Eyebrow pencil (black or brown), 2/-; Or write direct to Box 23382, G.P.O., Sydney.

Le Charme

LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG

REDUCE
SAFELY

with
FORD'S
CORPORA CAPSULES
A Rectal (body) capsule. It has been reduced from 11 to 10 to 9 to 8 to 7 to 6 to 5 to 4 to 3 to 2 to 1 to 0. This is a scientifically correct treatment, endorsed by leading doctors. No dieting or exercising. Three weeks' treatment, 3/-, all weeks, 10/- at all chemists, or post free from NOKI, P. FORD, 212 King Street, Newtown, N.S.W.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS CONDUCTED BY EVE GYE

More Gift Suggestions

Make these dainty and practical Christmas presents

Only six weeks to Christmas . . . Hosts of relatives and friends you want to remember with little gifts, so it's high time to do some serious thinking about the matter.

GIFTS you have made or put some work into with your own hands are, of course, the ones most appreciated. Besides, handwork, though it may cost you very little in actual money, has a definite value far above the same factory-made article you might buy in a shop.

It is not necessary to make articles which involve a great deal of tedious handwork. Simple articles, that are useful as well as attractive, and that can often be made very quickly, always bring cries of delight from the recipients.

The needlework ideas suggested here are thoroughly sensible, inexpensive and simple and quick to make. You may find it a good idea to make several of the same articles for different friends.

The School Packet

Something for the Schoolgirl Who is Learning to Sew

FOR the wee girlie who is learning the first steps in embroidery, this attractive school packet would be most sensible.

The packet contains one linen finish d'oyley 7 x 7 1/2 inches. The d'oyley is finished with a spoke-stitched edge and is supplied with colored and white threads for working. The design, when finished, looks most attractive.

The school packet is available from our Needlework Department for 10d., with 1d. for postage.



WITH this traced d'oyley and threads for working, the tiny schoolgirl can learn to make little Christmas gifts.

SOME SMART LUNCHEON SETS

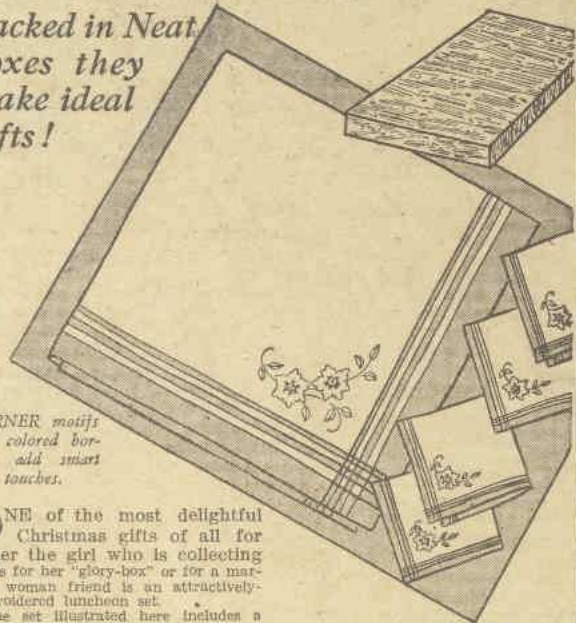
Packed in Neat boxes they make ideal gifts!

CORNER motifs and colored borders add smart touches.

ONE of the most delightful Christmas gifts of all for either the girl who is collecting items for her "glory-box" or for a married woman friend is an attractively-embroidered luncheon set.

The set illustrated here includes a supper cloth 36 x 36 inches and four serviettes, all hemmed, and traced with an attractive design on each corner ready for working. The set is made in pure Irish linen and each article is finished with a smart colored border.

Complete in a neat box, the set costs 6/11 from the Needlework Department of The Australian Women's Weekly.



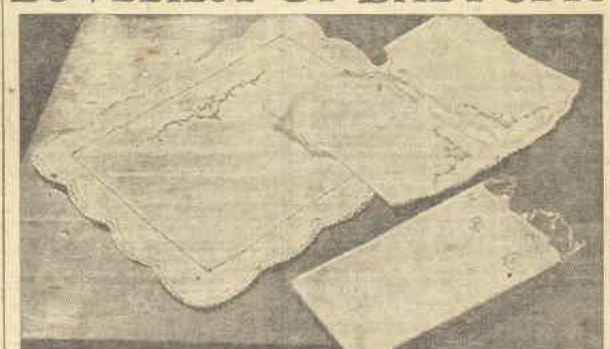
HUCKABACK TOWELS

Ideal for the Girl in an Office

ANY girl who works in an office or store would appreciate one of these smart office towels. They are made of heavy white huckaback to stand up to plenty of hard wear and laundering.

Each towel is attractively finished with a colored border at either end and is also traced ready for working. You can get these towels in two sizes, one, 30 x 35 inches, costs 2/6, and the other size, 25 x 35 inches, is 2/6. You may order these towels now from the Needlework Department of The Australian Women's Weekly.

LOVELIEST OF BABY SETS



Your babies deserve only the very best—so this season have them looking enchanting and cool in this adorable matinee jacket, with dainty pram-cover and sham to match.

MADE of soft, silky, mercerised material, this set is obtainable in white and the palest of blue and pink and may be bought with either hemstitched or crocheted edges.

The tiny sprigs of flowers are ever so easy to work, too, and you'll just love doing them.

Write to The Australian Women's

Weekly and obtain the pram-cover (measuring 26 x 20 inches) and pillow-sham (15 x 17) for 5/-, including postage.

The delightful little jacket with matching sham will cost you only 3/11, including postage. All articles are attractively wrapped in cellophane.

Send immediately and obtain this set, fragile-looking as cobwebs, but easy to launder.

Practical Shoe-Bags

A Pretty Idea for Keeping Shoes Tidy

HERE'S something really novel, yet most useful—shoe-bags. They are ideal for keeping dainty shoes, such as delicate evening sandals, perfectly clean and dust-free while not in use.

They are just the thing, too, for packing shoes when travelling.

By sending 1/6 to our Needlework Department a pair of these useful shoe-bags will be mailed to you. They are obtainable in apple-green, blue, or primrose-yellow Cessario cloth.

SHOE-BAGS, neatly embroidered, make practical gifts, especially for those who travel.



THE DOCTOR'S ORDER

DOCTOR, YOU USED TO SAY SHE WAS A PRETTY BABY—BUT LOOK AT HER SKIN NOW!



Give your baby sure protection against rashes, chafing, cradle cap, prickly heat and all skin irritations. Use soothing Rexona Soap on that sensitive baby skin. The specially medicated Rexona lather has wonderful healing properties which ensure comfort and a clear, healthy skin for your little ones.

REXONA SOAP and OINTMENT TO SOOTHE AND HEAL

Even stubborn skin irritations yield quickly to Rexona Soap and Ointment used together.

Rexona Soap, 9d. Tablet. Ointment, 1/6 Tin. 8,179.32 (City and Suburbs)

Rexona

Soap, 9d. Tablet. Ointment, 1/6 Tin. 8,179.32 (City and Suburbs)



Your Hair

Every woman should have lovely hair. YOU can have it by feeding the hair roots. Silkenness and gloss, luxuriant growth, beauty and attractiveness quickly follow the daily use of Barry's Tri-coph-erous. It drives out dandruff, prevents greyness and falling hair. Use it also as a dressing. Fine for children's hair, splendid for men.

BARRY'S Tri-coph-erous For Luxuriant Hair Growth

Sold by all Chemists and Stores, 8/- per bottle.

BARRY'S Tri-coph-erous

For Luxuriant Hair Growth

Sold by all Chemists and Stores, 8/- per bottle.

BARRY'S Tri-coph-erous

For Luxuriant Hair Growth

Sold by all Chemists and Stores, 8/- per bottle.

BARRY'S Tri-coph-erous

For Luxuriant Hair Growth

Sold by all Chemists and Stores, 8/- per bottle.

BARRY'S Tri-coph-erous

For Luxuriant Hair Growth

Sold by all Chemists and Stores, 8/- per bottle.

BARRY'S Tri-coph-erous

For Luxuriant Hair Growth

Sold by all Chemists and Stores, 8/- per bottle.

BARRY'S Tri-coph-erous

For Luxuriant Hair Growth

Sold by all Chemists and Stores, 8/- per bottle.

BARRY'S Tri-coph-erous

For Luxuriant Hair Growth

Our Fashion Service & Concession Pattern

Smart Practical Styles for the Holiday Wardrobe

PATTERNS for all these easy-to-make styles shown here are now available on application to our offices at reasonable prices.



Please Note!

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child. (4) The box numbers given on concession coupon. (5) When sending for concession patterns enclose 3d. stamp.

YOUTHFUL CHARM

WW1409.—The gathered shoulder and yoke to a plain bodice is very new. Sizes 32in. to 36in. bust. Material required, 3 yards 36in. wide; and 11 yards for sleeves and yoke. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

BEACH OUTFIT

WW1413.—A charming outfit for the beach for the little girl 8-14 years, and with the holidays approaching will be found a most useful garment. Sizes, 8-14 years. Material required, 11 to 12 yards 36in. wide for shirt, and 11.8 to 13.8 yards for shorts. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

BOY'S SUIT

WW1414.—For the little man we have designed this smart suit, comprising pants and shirt. Sizes, 1-8 years. Material required, 11 to 14 yards 36in. wide. PAPER PATTERN, 10d.

SMART AND DIGNIFIED

WW1410.—This smart afternoon frock is cool and useful for summer wear. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. Material required, 3½ yards, 36in. wide, and 5.8 yard contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

ALWAYS POPULAR

WW1411.—The popular shirt-style sports frock, made either in striped linen or silk, is always neat looking. Sizes, 32in. to 38in. Material required, 3½ yards, 36in. wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

AFTERNOON ENSEMBLE

WW1407.—Character and dignity are expressed in this smart afternoon ensemble. Sizes 32in. to 36in. Material required, 3½ yards 36in. wide for frock, and 2½ yards 36in. wide for jacket; 3/8 yard for contrast. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

FOR MATRONS

WW1408.—Smart matrons will appreciate this charming style. The bottom front and plain sleeves are popular. Sizes, 38in. to 46in. bust. Material required, 4½ yards 36in. wide. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

DRESSING-GOWN

WW1412.—A very new design dressing-gown for the summer wardrobe. The collar and sleeve treatment is very charming. Sizes, 32in. to 36in. Material required, 4½ yards 36in. wide; 1 yard lace for skirt edge and 3/8 yard all-over lace for jabot. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

Concession Pattern Coupon

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a concession pattern of the garments illustrated at right, fill in the coupon and post it, WITH 3d. STAMP, clearly marked on the envelope "Pattern Department," to any of the following addresses. Be careful to specify which size you want. ENCLOSED. An extra charge of threepence will be made for patterns over one month old. Use following Australian Women's Weekly box numbers when sending in for all other patterns:—
ADELPHI—Box 3883, G.P.O.
BRISBANE—Box 4007, G.P.O.
MELBOURNE—Box 183, G.P.O.
NEWCASTLE—Box 11, G.P.O.
PERTH—Box 9110, G.P.O.
SYDNEY—Box 42907, G.P.O.
If calling, 160 Castlereagh Street.
TASMANIA—C/O Andrew Mather and Co. Pty. Ltd., 105-113 Liverpool Street, Hobart.
Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see addresses of our various offices, which will be found on another page.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Name

Address

State

Size

Pattern Coupon, 14/11/36.

FOR BEACH OR SPORTSWEAR— Three Complete Patterns for 3d.—See Below

OUR SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

JACKET and shorts, bolero and shorts, and shorts and coat are the three ensembles that may be cut from this week's three-in-one concession pattern. Price, including postage, is 3d. Pattern is cut in three sizes—32, 34, and 36 inches.

Material required:—
For No. 1

shorts 1½
and 2 yards for jacket; No. 2 bolero and shorts, 1½ yards for shorts and 1 1/8 yards for bolero; No. 3 shorts and coat, 1½ yards for shorts and 2½ yards and 1 yard contrast for coat.

To obtain this pattern, fill in coupon as directed, stating clearly size required, and for each pattern in each one size include 3d. in stamps.



ww1412

THE ALL-IMPORTANT FACT ABOUT STOMACH TROUBLE IS THIS—

The digestive system is an intricate machine in which the stomach is one of the "cogs" so to speak. If you have trouble in one of the parts the rest of the system is thrown out of action. For that reason treatment of any digestive ailment must embrace the entire digestive system. Stomach trouble can become chronic and serious through overlooking this important fact. So if you have pain, wind and other distressing symptoms which seem to be confined to the stomach remember that stomach help alone is not enough.

For Relief to be Complete and Lasting You need Stomach Help and MORE 'BiSoDoL' is a COMPLETE Remedy

After a few doses of 'BiSoDoL' you will find your stomach troubles have disappeared. That is because 'BiSoDoL' soothes the stomach nerves whereby the acidity of the gastric juice is regulated. Food no longer ferments and turns sour, gas ceases to form, you are free from pain and flatulence, and can digest your food in comfort. But the restorative action of 'BiSoDoL' does not end in

the stomach. The headaches, the liver attacks, the mental sluggishness and bodily lethargy, the fits of depression, the abdominal flatulence and distension—all the distressing symptoms of intestinal or bowel indigestion with which most middle-aged and elderly people are only too well acquainted—are quickly relieved and finally vanish when 'BiSoDoL' is taken.

"Thanks to 'BiSoDoL' I am enjoying new life"

Miss E. D. writes:—"Having suffered for many years from acute indigestion I feel you would like to hear from one who has tried 'BiSoDoL' with remarkable success. I have tried many things without effect, now thanks to 'BiSoDoL' I am enjoying new life."

"No return of Indigestion for weeks past"

Miss G. L. J. writes:—"I have lost my indigestion completely, for I have not had a return for weeks past. It really is a treat to be able to enjoy my meals, also to have full nights' rest. Since I have not had indigestion I have been a new woman altogether."

BiSoDoL

TRY 'BiSoDoL' and you will realize what a great stride has been made in the conquest of indigestion and gastric trouble by the discovery of this COMPLETE remedy.

1/9 and 2/6
OF ALL CHEMISTS
Pronounced
BY—SO—DOL

Flavour Unequalled.



CHAMPION'S

PURE MALT
VINEGAR

RECOMMENDED BY THE MEDICAL
PROFESSION

Approved
by Doctors

RENDELLS

Famous
for 50 years

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET—

John Rendell, WARD AND WARD (AUSTRALIA) LIMITED,
322 CLARENCE STREET, SYDNEY.

CARNATIONS . . . Lovely Old-Time Favorites

Delicately perfumed, colorful, here's the way to grow them with outstanding success—says The Old Gardener.

Fragile pink and white, like a glimpse of the old world, or vivid reds and quaint flecked varieties, modern as you please, there are radiant carnations to suit the most capricious gardener.



AN UNUSUAL table decoration with var-colored carnations arranged in pyramid style.

NOVEMBER is usually carnation time, and although in many districts we have had adverse conditions during the spring, these plants are giving promise of a really beautiful display.

During October the carnations were a mass of tiny buds, and now they are ready to bring a fresh, new charm to your garden, with their attractive blooms.

So at this particular time the really successful carnation-grower will find plenty to do to make that show come up to expectations.

The soil must be kept well stirred so that no weeds will get a foothold, and in the event of scarcity of rain the plants must be thoroughly watered, and to keep them strong and healthy stimulants should be applied from time to time. Old plants, especially, should be given fertilisers or liquid cow manure, and the correct time to apply these is when the buds begin to make their appearance.

Magical Fertiliser

A MIXTURE I have found most successful is made from one part of sulphate of ammonia, two parts of sulphate of potash, and two parts of superphosphate, mixed thoroughly together. Then to every gallon of water add one handful of this mixture, stir well, and pour round the roots of the plants, being careful to keep the liquid from the foliage. One gallon of this mixture should do six to eight plants, and should be applied about once a fortnight. Before using, see that the ground around the plants is damp. This little extra attention will reward you with large flowers, vigorous and healthy plants, and rich, true coloring.

Another essential factor in carnation-growing is lime, the addition of which will act like magic to these plants. Also, if you give the foliage a light dusting of the lime from time to time it will help to keep down the insects. An easy method of doing this is to put the lime into a piece of muslin, and then shake over the plants. The lime will come through the mesh of the muslin and cover the plants with a fine dust. For this treatment use about a handful of lime to the square yard, and repeat several times a year, but never under any circumstances apply the lime at the same time as fertilisers and manure.

The carnation buds must definitely be nipped off, as too many buds on the plants will overtax them and will result

Feature Them in Your Garden!



THE GARDEN that is ablaze with flowers adds great beauty to any home. Carnations are suitable for most gardens, their delicate colors and perfume mingling perfectly with other flowers.

THE LOVELY pale pink carnation is a firm favorite, especially as it combines well with other flowers for interior decorations.

In small flowers of inferior quality, so pick off all the buds on the stems, saving only the top one.

At flowering time you will probably find the buds have a tendency to burst, but this may be easily prevented by fitting a rubber band or wide pieces of raffia round the calyx.

Carnations will give of their best in a medium light soil that is good, loamy soil, with a mixture of sand.

Good drainage is essential, so pay special attention to this point when selecting a position. If the soil is poorly drained the roots will very soon rot, and if the plants are dull in color and are gradually turning yellow, that is a sure sign of bad drainage.

Staking and Watering

MAKE sure that all plants are properly staked and regularly watered, but by no means overdo the water—a good soaking once or twice each week is quite sufficient.

Carnations can be raised from seed, struck from cuttings, or layered. The latter process is generally carried out about the end of February, and the layers are usually made from tufts of grass-like shoots which spring from the flowering lead. The tufts have a small slit made in the end, and the stem is then pegged down with a piece of wire. Peg the stem below the ground with the top of the layers just above the surface, and as many as twelve young plants may be secured from one of these stems. The layers will root in about four weeks. Should you wish to grow carnations from seed, now in February, and the young seedlings will be ready for the spring. The seed is usually very fertile, and no trouble should be experienced in raising them.

Good, well-sifted soil of a light character, and a position where they will receive the morning sun, are all these plants require.

It is most necessary that the beds should be carefully prepared. Then firm the surface with a piece of flat board, and sprinkle the seeds on, lightly covering with well-decayed manure rubbed through a fine sieve. Keep the seeds moist, and germination will soon take place. Should boxes be used for raising the young plants, it will be necessary to crock the bottoms well, and, of course, make sure that there are plenty of holes in the boxes for drainage.

The grass shoots used for layering are also most suitable for cuttings. Break these off, and firm into the nursery bed in a semi-shaded position, using a little sand on the surface of the bed. Keep moist, and in four to six weeks the young plants will be ready to move.

Carnations have been greatly improved during the last few years, and there are now dozens of varieties to choose from.

And you will find growing these attractive plants from seed is a most fascinating hobby. All seeds are obtainable from The Australian Women's Weekly Seed Department, from 1/- per packet.

MARVELLOUS GARDENS FOR 4/6 EACH

A garden of colorful beauty, for months, can be had by sowing the following seeds now. Sufficient plants to fill a large garden will be yours. Aster "Royal Emperor"—The best purple Aster ever sent out. 1/- pkt. Marigold "Mural Feet"—Makes up sharply blooms in alternate bands of gold and mahogany. 6d. pkt. Marigold "Barney"—A perfect gem. Golden orange and reddish brown. Honey sweet perfume. 1/- pkt. Nasturtium "Golden Globe"—Dwarf. For edgings, massing, etc. Double and semi-double flowers. Molten gold color. 1/- pkt. Zinnia "Pink Shades"—Large flowers—most fashionable shades. 1/- pkt. Zinnia "Golden and Orange Shades"—Glorious colors; extra large blooms. 1/- pkt. Special Offer: Set of 8 for 4/6, post free.

ANDERSON & CO., LTD.
325-331 George St. 1st Pitt Street,
Box 1000RB, G.P.O. Phone: BW101-1000R,
SYDNEY.

See the quality
through
clear
glass
jars!



Peck's have always insisted on glass jars for their products because they are perfectly hygienic, and also because the highest quality product demands the highest quality pack. Housewives should insist on Peck's Anchovette, packed only in glass jars.

PECK'S ANCHOVETTE FISH PASTE

Sold only in
glass jars

BRONCHIAL ASTHMA

Just a Few Sips and—
Like a Flash—Relief!

Sleep Sound All Night.

Spend 2/3 to-day at any chemist for a bottle of Buckley's Canadiol Mixture (triple action)—by far the largest-selling cough medicine in all of this hardy old Canada—take a couple of doses and sleep sound all night long. One little sip and the ordinary cough is "on its way"—continue for 2 or 3 days and you'll hear no more from that tough old hang-on cough that nothing seems to help—if not joyfully satisfied—money back.

AT CHEMISTS—2/3 BOTTLE

W.K. Buckley's CANADIOL MIXTURE

Product of W.K. BUCKLEY LTD
Toronto, Canada—Buckley, Inc.
A SINGLE SIP PROVES IT

HANDICRAFTS of GREAT BEAUTY

Clever artist creates novel articles in paint and metal work for the home

BOTH here and abroad there is a great interest at present—indeed, it almost amounts to a revival—in handicrafts, especially in designing and making artistic things for beautifying the home.

AMONG the most interesting and fascinating handicraft work yet seen in this country is that of Mrs. A. W. Cheal, a clever artist who possesses talents quite out of the ordinary.

BY
Our Home Decorator

Mrs. Cheal, who is a New Zealander by birth but has spent most of her life in Australia, has been interested in handicrafts as long as she can remember.

As a child she learned to paint and to do metal work, and later employed entirely new ideas of her own in combining the two arts to produce some of the loveliest handicrafts imaginable.

One might apply several adjectives to Mrs. Cheal's work, for along with a gift for combining both materials and colors she is amazingly versatile, distinctly original, and unusually ingenious in obtaining the results she desires.

Her work includes all sorts of articles for the home, from tapestries and table-lamps to supper-cloths and powder-bowls, which are not merely decorated, but in many cases made entirely throughout by her own hands.

Some of Mrs. Cheal's French tapestries are extremely beautiful. This is an old art, by the way, which has been revived lately overseas, but which Mrs. Cheal supplements with many of her own ideas.

Her colors are clean rather than vivid, and most happily blended, producing light and shade effects which, from a distance, throw the scenes depicted in the tapestries into high relief.

A striking example is one showing a Moorish oasis. The scene is painted with specially blended oil paints on heavy canvas which is worked while wet. A surprising finish in these tapestries is the use of beaten metal, and, in this case, it is cleverly used for the trappings on the horse in the picture. The whole thing is also bordered with a painted design of green palm leaves and motifs in beaten brass set with colored jewels.

Use of White

ANOTHER of lovely coloring shows an early French hunting scene. In this the use of white against other colors is particularly effective, while insets of beaten metal add to its beauty.

The tiny pictures worked in metal are delightful. Beaten into relief, in brass or copper, they are then enamelled in soft colors and antiqued, the whole idea being an entirely original one of the artist's.

Some religious pictures are exceptionally well done. One is a copy in Byzantine style of the "Virgin and Child".

beaten out in copper and set with semi-precious stones, moonstones, and emeralds. A copy of Botticelli's painting of the head of Christ is done in beaten copper and enamelled in beautiful colors, while St. Therese is depicted in beaten brass, enamelled and antiqued.

Mrs. Cheal's ingenuity as far as pictures are concerned does not stop at



A BEAUTIFUL French tapestry carried out in oil paints and beaten metal. The artist, Mrs. Cheal, is standing beside the picture.

An exhibition of Mrs. Cheal's work is open at present, for a fortnight, at Grace Bros.

A round powder-bowl of wood painted in gold and enamelled in an all-over pale pink and blue flower design vies with another decorated with a raised flower design in hickory.

There is even a clock which ticks away in its frame of beaten copper finished with colored motifs of hand-made enamel.

An exquisite piece in a very tall vase created entirely in pewter and jewelled in amber and sapphire semi-precious stones. There is also a huge float-bowl in beaten pewter on wood, decorated with vivid green-enamelled motifs. A pewter jewel-case shows a weird fish design, while a fascinating table-lamp consists of a big pewter fish supporting the light on its upturned tail.

Even quaint-shaped glass bottles are turned into things of beauty with decorations of beaten pewter, such as a patterned banding round the neck and a cut-out design fitting round the lower half of the bottle.

Beaten copper makes a standard-lamp which shows a most intricate design finished with semi-precious stones. It is topped with a big pale green parchment shade decorated with dragons cut out in copper.

The artist's work also includes cushions of many kinds, such as those of leather. One effective example employs a cut-out design in pale green suede attached to a background in deep wood-green suede.

There are tiny stools, too, such as one decorated with pokerwork, and a pretty design in bright enamel.

And by way of being completely versatile, Mrs. Cheal also produces some beautiful hand-worked supper-cloths and other linens. Two particularly striking pieces are a luncheon-cloth edged with a fifteen-inch deep border of fine filet crochet, and another in natural Irish linen with an unusual design in emerald-green thread.

A GROUP of articles in beaten metal work including a large plaque, a big float bowl, and an unusual table lamp, jewel case, and jewelled vase.

metal work and oils. She also carries them out in needlework. Some little Japanese figures are most delicately done in exquisite colors and fine threads, while an Old English garden scene is entirely worked by using a single embroidery thread at a time.

Another sideline is wooden wall-plaques. A large oblong one depicts an Old Norman kitchen scene, which was created by using half a dozen different processes, including pokerwork, staining, enamelling, and using pieces of pewter



WOODEN PANEL depicting an old Norman kitchen in painting, metal and poker work.

and other metals. A round, plate-shaped plaque has a Hindu goddess done in vivid scarlet enamel against a poker-work background in brown.

Various articles such as lamps, bowls, vases, and so on are very lovely, and done in beaten pewter, wood, and other materials.



How to Make Your Lips Look Younger

There's no excuse today for dry, rough lips. The new Cutex Lipstick contains a special oil to nourish your lips and keep them young looking.

Cutex Lipstick stays on for hours without drying your lips. It's delightfully smooth yet never greasy. No streaking, no ugly colour rim.

Cutex makes Lipsticks to harmonize with all its famous Liquid nail polishes.

Use Cutex Lipstick with your favourite shade of Cutex Liquid Polish.

CUTEX
Lipstick and Nail Polish



"Regular"
BUT NOT THOROUGH
—Her TONGUE TELLS

Headaches, indigestion, lack of energy, pimply skin and other signs of constipation warn thousands that regularity is not enough. Bowel action must be THOROUGH as well as regular. But "regular" or constipated, you'll benefit by taking an occasional dose of Chamberlain's Tablets.

CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLETS
they tone and strengthen stomach and liver.



No Mid-summer Sags in a Jantzen

Just when your spirits are highest you don't want the hang of your swim suit to drag you down! When you feel glorious you want to look it—so you'd better wear a Jantzen! Jantzens are admittedly the smartest suits made and in addition they keep their smartness—they keep their fit—they keep their shape. No "Mid-Summer sags" in a Jantzen!

Be sure this year's suit stands this True Fashion Test!

Here is the way to prove that you get more style in a Jantzen—more style because it keeps its shape and fit all season.

Pick up a Jantzen and stretch its fabric—pull it way out and let it go. Notice how elastic it is! Hold it up to the light—there's not a flaw in its firm, even texture. Then remember, that after you've worn your Jantzen many times, it's still as firm, still as smart. You can't look well in a suit that doesn't fit or keep its shape, so why take a chance?

Buy a Jantzen and look your best all summer long!

This year Jantzen styles are especially lovely—there are so many designs to choose from, such gorgeous new fabrics, such gay new colors. See them to-day—you'll love them!

On the left above you see a Jantzen that's classic in its simplicity, and on the right a model with interest centred in the smart banding which forms the belt and straps. These two Jantzens (Styles 31 and 36 respectively) are most reasonably priced.



FOR Young WIVES and MOTHERS Introducing Baby to Thickened Foods

By MARY TRUBY KING

The usual time for introducing thickened foods into baby's diet is after he has finished his ninth month and while he is being weaned from the natural milk of his mother to modified cow's milk.

DURING the first week of weaning, while baby is getting used to the taste of modified cow's milk, it is as well to withhold the thickened food, but he should be able to manage a tablespoonful of cereal jelly daily during the second week of weaning.

Make the jelly from plain coarse oatmeal.

Take equal parts of well-cooked oatmeal porridge and water. Mix well, and cook again in a double saucepan for from half to one hour, and then strain.

When ready, the jelly should be firm—not semi-liquid.

It is necessary for baby to learn to eat solids, and he cannot do this if, when you add a little milk-mixture to the jelly, the whole thing becomes the consistency of thin cream.

Jelly Recipes

DO not keep the jelly from one day to the next. Oatmeal jelly tends to be relaxing, so if baby should be suffering from relaxed motions it is best to give barley jelly instead.

Should baby have diarrhoea, give rice jelly, as it is slightly binding.

To make barley jelly, mix 2 level tablespoons of patent barley plus a pinch of salt in about one ounce of cold water.

Add nine ounces of boiling water, and boil in a double boiler for about one hour.

To make rice jelly, soak four level tablespoons of rice in one quart of warm water for an hour. Boil, and keep just about the boil for three hours.

While hot, strain through muslin or a very fine, perfectly clean, boiled wire gauze strainer into a scalded jug. Cover loosely, cool rapidly in running water and keep in a cool, airy safe.

If baby's motions are quite normal, give oat jelly as the rule, but an occasional helping of barley or rice jelly by way of a change, so that baby does not become tired of the one food.

Whole wheatmeal jelly may be made in the same way as the oatmeal jelly, for occasional use.

When giving the jellies pour over them one or two teaspoons of scalded milk.

Do not mix this in with the jelly, and do not add any sugar.

Increase Gradually

THE amount of jelly given at the 10 a.m. feed (by spoon, before the bottle) may be increased slowly to four tablespoons daily at 10 months.

As more cereal is given at this feed, decrease the amount of milk-mixture in the bottle from 8 to 7 or even 6 ounces.

At eleven months of age, baby may have eleven tablespoons of cereal jelly daily, divided between two feeds.

When baby is about a year old, a little unstrained porridge may be added to his jelly. Very gradually more and more of his feed may be unstrained, till, at 18 months, he can take the whole of his cereal in an unstrained form.

Should you notice that the motions become too relaxed, proceed more slowly in the matter of introducing the unstrained food. The individual child must be studied, as some babies who tend to be constipated can take fully unstrained porridge at 15 months.

Learning to Chew

AT nine months baby may commence to have crusts of twice-baked bread. It is not necessary for baby actually to eat much of these at first.

They are given more to educate him in the art of masticating solid food.

You will need to present him with his crust ten minutes before his proper meal-time, and sit with him while you teach him how to eat it.

When baby has learnt how to eat a crust, one may be given before each of the 10 a.m., 3 p.m., and 6 p.m. meals.

Vegetable milk broth may be given from about the 11th month. Mutton broth may be given after baby's first birthday.

The vegetable milk broth supplies

mineral matter, and is a very important adjunct to baby's diet.

At first, strain the broth. After a few days a little of the pulp of the vegetables may be added to the broth. Press through a fine wire sieve.

All kinds of vegetables may go into the broth—both green and root. Add a little rice or barley. Begin with one tablespoon of vegetable broth and increase to five or six tablespoonfuls.

Introducing Vegetables

WHEN baby has become used to vegetables in the broth he may be introduced to them as a separate dish.

Begin with cauliflower, carrot or spinach. Press through a fine sieve and serve with a little butter, or with the meat-gravy which drips from the roast as it is cut.

Do not give baby the gravy made in the baking tin with flour.

Begin with a tablespoonful of sieved vegetable. Add a little parsley sauce sometimes, by way of a change. Increase the amount gradually, as with other foods.

Another food which may be introduced after 12 months of age is milk puddings. Serve with apple or prune pulp. Semolina is the best cereal to use, but ground rice and sago may be given by way of a change.

FADED MATS: If the matting on the porch or in the sun-room is looking faded, scrub it with a very strong solution of common salt and water. You will be amazed at the result—all the colors seem to come back into it.



Baby Enjoys Peaceful Sleep

A Mother writes from Enfield, N.S.W., as follows:—

"I think Ashton & Parsons Powders are the best I've used. I have tried others, but they had no effect whatever on Baby, whereas your powders seemed to soothe and take all fever out of him. Also, until I tried Ashton & Parsons Powders, Baby never seemed to be able to sleep, but since giving him your powders he sleeps quite peacefully. I can thoroughly recommend Ashton & Parsons Powders to any mother whose Baby is teething."

ASHTON & PARSONS INFANTS' POWDERS are intended to ease pain, soothe the child and check stomach disorders, correct the motions, relieve fever, restlessness, fretfulness and similar troubles incidental to the teething period, and are useful in delayed or prolonged dentition.

Mothers, ensure the best protection and comfort for Baby by using Ashton & Parsons Infants' Powders, which are perfectly harmless.

ASHTON & PARSONS INFANTS' POWDERS

20 Powders 1/6 at chemists and stores. For free sample write to Phosferine (Ashton & Parsons) Ltd., 131-133 Palmer Street, Sydney.

2GB

"The Favourite Station"
presents

A PAIR OF JACKS

Enjoy a hearty laugh by tuning to this new Funny Story Session featuring "A Pair of Jacks," who are none other than Jack Lamudaine and Jack Davey, radio's foremost entertainers. Each Monday night at 9.45.

RADIO CHARADES

Don't puzzle over nothing. Tune in to "Radio Charades," the great dramatic puzzle game, where you will find something worth puzzling over. "Radio Charades" is a B.S.A. presentation, broadcast from 2GB each Wednesday at 9.5 p.m., and Sunday at 9.0 p.m.

CHARM OF THE ORIENT

North of Australia is China—land of quaint customs and strange traditions. "Charm of the Orient" is brought to you in song and story each Monday at 9.30 p.m., and Thursday at 9.0 p.m., by Russell and Morgan, and on Wednesdays at 9.45 p.m.

RADIO PIE

As full of good things as the Christmas Pudding—"Radio Pie," featuring Dill and Daffy-Dill, Susie and outstanding guest artists, provides the ideal Saturday night's entertainment. Hear it each Saturday at 9.0 p.m.

2GB

"The Favourite Station"

FARMER'S LAY-BY for Xmas

Just six weeks to Christmas and Santa Claus! By laying your gifts now you not only stretch the payment easily over weeks, but you avoid Xmas shopping crowds.

4/11

Pure silk chiffon hose. Quality that will last and last. Koon Value. Lay-By for Christmas.



A clear weave Silk chiffon hose

The sheerest stockings we've had at this price. Yet they've a firm heel, which makes them doubly important to you. There's lace at the welt. In every colour, including the new sun-tinge tones. Hosiery Department, Ground Floor



GIBSON Girlish Frocks

Light-weight masterpieces in gay summer colours. One is yours for only **63/-**

Printed silks and cotton plaids with the puff sleeves, peplums and kilted ribbon of circa 1900. And naively pretty in small women's sizes. You can make a lay-by now and it'll be paid for by mid-summer.

Cotton plaid. Patent belt. In blue, pink, yellow, green and beige. S.W. Why not an easy lay-by?

Multicolour print silk. Emerald printed ribbon at neck and sleeves. Pleated skirt. Size S.W.

From the Maid's Department—2nd Floor. (Only 1/- in every five to lay-by.)

9/11
White
linen
bag

21/-
Wooden beads,
envelope shape

6/11
Silk lined
white bag

6/11
Beaded bags,
Silk purse

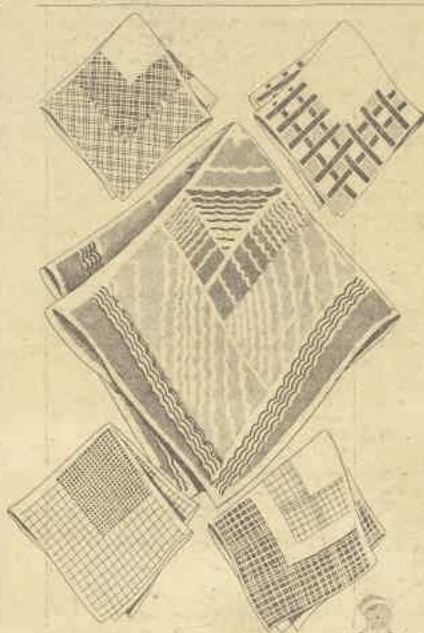
11/6
White hand-
bag, envelope

21/-
Wooden beads,
Oriental colour



Beads or lacquered linen....

Both were prominent at the cup carnival... both equally important to you as summer accessories. Wooden bead bags for day or night... white lacquered linen to accompany you to sport. Farmer's prices them so inexpensively that you can have them both for less than 30/-.



6,000 Printed hankies

The most amazing low-price hankie clearance for months. Coloured print lawn, that wears wonderfully well! A huge range of colour combinations in nine designs. Narrow hems. White and coloured centres. Lay-by several dozens. They'll be wonderful for Christmas. Each at **3d.**



cyclax brings five easy steps to make you really lovelier

Special Lotion first! It draws out acid waste. **7/6** Cleansing Lotion is for day or overnight use. **5/6**
Skin Food softens braces, nourishes facial tissues. **5/6** Astringent Milk maintains skin elasticity. **5/6**
Cyclax Soap. Its soft abundant lather removes all trace of grease and is almost a beauty treatment in itself. **5/-**
Larger sizes are available in all Cyclax products, Ground Floor

Miss Thelma Besant

from the "Cyclax" Salons in London,
gives Beauty Talks at Farmer's.

WEDNESDAY, 11th "Mayfair and Natural Make-Up"
FRIDAY, 13th "Skin Care, Make-Up for Summer Days"
WEDNESDAY, 15th "How Deep is Skin Deep?"
FRIDAY, 17th "Diving into the Cyclax Secret"
WEDNESDAY, 23rd "Beauty Hints from Mayfair"
FRIDAY, 25th "Skin Care and Australian Climate"

No need to book but it would be wise to do so. Place at Cinema Section on the Ground Floor. No charge for booking or admission.
Talks given in Beauty Salon, Third Floor, at 3 p.m.

FUR STORAGE AT FARMER'S. Furs kept in cool vaults. Ring M2405; Farmer's will collect.

Cruise to Nowhere



*Complete
Book-
Length
Novel*

THIS
SUPPLEMENT
MUST NOT
BE SOLD
SEPARATELY

FREE
SUPPLEMENT
TO THE
AUSTRALIAN
WOMEN'S
WEEKLY

By DECK MORGAN

CRUISE TO NOWHERE

By DECK MORGAN



JANE WESTON heard the cold wind and sleet beating against the panes as she dialled the Central Employment Bureau again. She said in a tired monotone, "Miss Weston calling," and glanced at the office clock.

It was 11.30. Every day for 30 days, while she was at this temporary job in the Oceanic Magazine office, Jane had called the same number, Regent 3000. The sing-song refrain buzzed in her mind.

And each time, as now, she had received the same reply: "Sorry. No call for you yet, Miss Weston."

Jane sighed and put down the telephone. She began to type again. It was a relief from thinking about herself.

Or was it? It was maddening, counting off the hours from eight to six. A good, steady job that absorbed her was what Jane wanted. For more than a year she had taken anything—typing, holiday clerking, switchboard work, anything she could get. She couldn't admit defeat; she couldn't go back to that little middle-western town until she had found what she had been looking for when she set out alone for the city.

Back in Indiana Jane had been a girl of high, keen spirit. She was the middle child in a family of five and had neither the intense self-reliance of the first-born nor the home-loving content of the last-born. She wanted to see things and do things that were beyond the ken of her companions in the town. And Jane was practical. When she wanted a thing, she went after it.

In the midst of the final letter in her wire basket, she looked up and saw Dickie Landon grinning at her. Dickie was no more than a glorified office boy, at his first job. He had tried to make an appointment with her every day for a month.

"Have you ever been to Coney Island in the winter?" Dick asked. "That's the best time. No crowds, no hot dogs, just the long sweep of the ocean and—"

"And a breeze so cold it'll freeze the marrow in your bones," she replied. "No, thank you. I'll take a cruise to the South Seas on a luxury liner."

She smiled knowingly, for she had just typed a letter to a very wealthy woman who had written the travel editor of the magazine, asking about cruises to the South Seas.

"Aw, come on," Dick begged. "Just this time. You're no killer for looks, Jane, but you knock the shine off the others in this building. I ought to know. I've tried them all."

Jane flushed a little, but she smiled at Dick's naivete. He was as open and frank in his observations as a child.

NEVERTHELESS she paused in her work long enough to glance at her image in the wall mirror. She had dark-brown eyes and a pert, cushioned mouth. Her reddish

hair was set in smooth waves away from a high, white forehead. She had never thought of herself as being especially pretty, but there were plenty of young men who turned around to look after her when she passed on the street.

At this moment there came the faint sound of a ship's horn from the river, Jane glanced quickly toward the window which overlooked the shipping at the piers. Far down she could see the tug-boats nosing a giant liner, like a sleek greyhound, out into the water.

Streamers of white paper hung from the stern of the ship, and faintly Jane could hear the notes of the sailing. She could see the black throng on the pier-head, waving handkerchiefs to the people on board the departing cruise ship.

She stood up and tried to distinguish people on board the ship, but they were too far away. The ship steamed down the bay, carrying those people to life, color and gaiety on tropic seas.

"Down to the sea in ships," escaped Jane's lips. Then she sighed.

"Huh! It's one of those cruises to nowhere," Dick Landon scoffed. "I'll bet they don't have any more fun than we had on the Show Boat last summer. We used to go up the river and back all in one night."

But Jane didn't hear him. She picked up a newspaper and turned to the steamship columns. "The S.S. Orinoco sails to-day at noon with 440 on board. Among the passengers are Prince Raoul d'Espitnay; Jack Fields, international tennis star; the Earl of Abington; Lola Martinez, the danseuse; and Alberto Grandi, the tenor."

From somewhere Jane conjured up the sight of a romantic Italian baritone who sat on the deck under the stars and murmured a lot of nonsense about the moonlight and kisses on Lake Como to her—Jane Weston. Or there was a bronzed young man with blonde hair and blue eyes on the sun deck of this ship who asked her if she'd like to go for a swim in the Pompeian Room which was luxurious and smelled like bath salts all the time.

THE buzzer on Jane's desk brought her back from her reverie. Dickie Landon said, "Hey, wake up! Jerry, the boss is calling you."

But Jane had heard. She had already picked up her dictation pad and was on the way, smiling and alert.

She found Jerry Seal hunched up at his desk. He was rousing his brown hair and when he looked up his eyes seemed tired.

"I'm sorry to spring this on you," he said. "As I told you when you came, the job was temporary. To-day I'm forced to tell you the magazine is suspending publication. After to-day your services will no longer be required. Nor will mine," he added gloomily, "as soon as I untangle the business end of it."

Jane thought about Jerry Seal's wife and two youngsters and for a moment didn't think about losing her own job.

Tears came to her eyes. They were the tears she had been holding back all day. She gripped her chair hard, but she couldn't keep Jerry from seeing her wet eyes.

He smiled in his friendly, robust way. "I know it's tough. Look here—take some time off this afternoon and scout around the agencies for a new job. I'm going to lunch now with the publisher."

Jane stood up and thanked him. Then she went back to the outer office, put on her hat and coat and left the building.

A COLD wind was blowing in from the river and instinctively Jane drew her coat closer about her. She turned up her collar and began to walk. "I've got to save carfare," she confided to herself. "Besides, most of the employment agencies are close together in the downtown business district."

But she soon found the walking difficult in the slush. The icy wind cut her face and her goldfishes were sodden and heavy. From a corner drug store, she called her room-mate at the walk-up "room with cooking facilities" they shared.

"I'm down town making the rounds of the agencies," Jane said. "I'm through at the office; there isn't any more job. Won't you come down and share my misery this afternoon?"

Alice said, "Have you had your lunch?"

"No."

"Well, you little idiot, go to Kramer's on Canal Street and order some hot food. And wait for me there."

Jane left the booth and entered the little white-table-top restaurant with its pleasant smells of vegetable soups and pastries. She sat down at a table before the window and ordered a bowl of clam chowder.

She and Alice had often made the rounds together. Alice wanted a steady job, but had found nothing except spare typing jobs to do. There was something disheartening about entering a crowded employment bureau alone, but, together, Jane and Alice sailed into the agencies, one after the other, with chins up and spirits soaring. Employment managers liked to see them come in. The harassed managers always said, "Nothing for you two girls to-day. But I'm looking out for you. Come again to-morrow."

Someone had left a newspaper at the table and Jane picked it up to look at the "help wanted" section. But, with a sigh, she put it down. It was the same old story, nothing in her line.

But a headline caught her eye. "Sardine Prince Visits America." Below was a picture of a blonde, smiling, personable Scandinavian youth, aged 21, who was making his first visit to the United States. He was the son of a wealthy packer of—curiously enough—sardines. He was in this country to make a study of his father's business interests. He was too handsome, Jane thought idly, scanning his features.

The young man was quoted as saying, "I'm crazy about American girls. I might

martyr one before I go home. Who knows?" And for moments Jane stared at nothing.

She transferred her thoughts to words as her room-mate, Alice, sat down at the table, ordering a cup of coffee.

"Where do girls meet men like that?" Jane asked, pointing out the smiling male personage. "Certainly not in an office! There's Jerry, who's worried sick about his own wife and two kids, and Dickie, the office boy, and—"

"Dreaming again!" Alice commented drily. "Why must you pick out a sardine prince to yearn after? What you want is a job!"

When Jane didn't answer, Alice went on pitifully, "You meet men like that on shipboard—taking a cruise to here, there and yonder. They and the fishes don't inhale dry land. That's how close we ever get to one."

JANE came back to earth with a start. "Let's get going," she said. "We have to make the rounds before dark." The two girls were systematic in their job hunting. They knew the short-cuts on foot and subway from place to place. They stepped into an elevator and were carried up several floors. As the elevator approached the employment bureau, the steady hum of feminine voices could be heard, rising crescendo. Jane once said it was the sound of tortured souls.

When the elevator doors were open the noise of the waiting-room almost knocked one back into the car. Low voices, shrill voices, business-like calls and shrieks of laughter. Hysteria and an occasional joyful squeal. Underneath the uproar—the steady undercurrent of human wants and wills and ambitions.

It takes a little steel in one, Jane thought, to advance cheerfully into such a picture of hubbub and excitement, but she managed it to-day. She and Alice stood in line, adding their chit-chat to the volume of noise about them. As they advanced, one applicant after another, towards the harassed manager, their hopes soared until—when at last it came their turn to be spoken to—the answer came, resonant and clear, "Sorry, nothing for you to-day."

After they had visited ten agencies Jane's spirit flagged. "It's no use," she said. "We've done this so often it's like a dance routine. And still we never find jobs! What's the use?"

They were standing before a brilliantly-lighted show window. It was the office of a steamship company and there was a gorgeous display of color in the advertisements. There were signs which glorified the islands set in tropical seas, Bermuda, The Bahamas, The Isle of Pines, "Spend your winter in Sunny Spain," "The roses bloom in Venezuela in winter," Port au Prince, Gay Havana, "Take a cruise—"

Jane was so absorbed that she did not notice the blonde young man who stood at her side, looking at the same display. She said to Alice, "All of us islanders have our Paradise set on islands in the southern seas. I wonder why it is—"

TURNING suddenly, she saw the young man. He was smiling, and Jane realised—with a shock that sent a deep blush to her cheeks—that he was the handsomest man she had ever seen. Like something that had stepped out of a movie.

Glancing away, she made mental note of his blonde hair and blue eyes and a face that was tanned the color of russet-brown. Evidently he didn't belong to the work-a-

day canyons of the city. His bare head and tanned face were proof of that.

Jane began to talk meaninglessly to Alice about the inclement weather, and took her arm.

But the young man didn't notice. His eyes were on the ship model, taking it all in from bow to stern.

Now Jane had a chance to watch him. He seemed to be making up his mind about something. Suddenly he turned and, with-out much ado, said, "Swell tub, isn't it?" He smiled and, with that friendly gesture, he was gone. He went up the steps into the steamship office, and Jane saw that he limped slightly on one leg.

"Maaher!" Alice murmured. "No, I don't think he was the type at all!" Jane said. "He was too clean-looking—"

Jane watched the young man talking to the clerk inside. The latter pulled down a booking chart, indicated a stateroom on the cruise ship, and the young man nodded his head.

Jane sighed. "And he ups and buys a cruise just like that."

They moved away from the window when a biting wind caught them in their faces again. "I've had enough discouragement for to-day," Jane said. "Besides, I have to go back to the office and tell my kind-hearted boss, Jerry, that I didn't find a job."

They parted and Jane made her way back to the office alone. She was physically tired from the trudging in the snow and her shoulders drooped a little as she came in. She sat down at her desk for a moment before she went in to see Jerry.

SHE was tired, unutterably tired. As she sat there, trying to compose herself for a final stab at typing, that feeling of hysteria and dread came over her again. She picked up the telephone and dialled the telephone employment bureau once more. Regent 3000. She said, "Miss Weston calling." And waited.

"Sorry. Nothing to-day, Miss Weston." Jane put the receiver back on the hook and steeled herself. At least she had three weeks' pay coming to her. She could live on that thirty-odd dollars until she found another job. She couldn't go home—

She got up, smoothed back her hair, and went in to see the business manager. He looked up and said, "Oh, hello, Miss Weston. I don't think I'll need you for dictation to-day. But sit down. I've more bad news for you."

Jane's heart leaped to the gorge. She listened, wide-eyed.

Jerry went on, "I feel like a perfect heel, Miss Weston. On one day I have to let you go—don't think I don't know how hard things are—I haven't a job now, either. But, look here, it's just this—"

Again Jane's sympathy went out to him. He was such a harried individual, as he sat there, all hunched up over the desk, his face wan from worry.

"There's no money to pay you off," Jerry went on. "Oh, you'll get it in time, in the course of—liquidation. But there isn't a penny for anybody now. I can't get mine, either. The publisher is tied up."

Jane said, "But I haven't a penny to go on with! And no job. What'll I do?"

It was the second crisis she had faced that day. This news was the final blow. The business manager winced. But he went on talking. "How would you like to take a cruise?" he asked. "One of those triangular affairs. First to the Bahamas,

then to Bermuda and home. I'd give you a chance to take stock—look here, Miss Weston, I couldn't help this—"

Was the man mad with his worries? What was he talking about—a cruise?

"I know it's not a job," Jerry went on, "but you might enjoy it. A breathing spell. You need a rest. This cruise, starting to-morrow, isn't half bad. How would you like to forget all your troubles—and go?"

Jane stared at him without comprehension. "I'm afraid I don't—"

"Here's the way it is: The advertisers in our magazine—steamship companies—have been paying us off in scrip. We have a stack of cruise passages in the safe. Most of them we sell for the face value. A 600 dollar cruise nets us only 300 dollars, some of them we can't sell at all. If you say you want to go on this cruise to-morrow, I'll take the rap and make you the present of a cruise. I'll charge it against the salary we owe you, and all will be square."

Jane's eyes widened with surprise and delight. "You mean—I can sail on that cruise ship to-morrow—to islands in the southern seas—"

Jerry was a realist. "Life, color and gaiety," he scoffed. "That's the poetry of it. Don't believe everything the advertisers tell you. I write it," he ended cynically.

"Oh—" Jane stood up and beamed down on him with joy. "That's what I'd hoped and dreamed of!" she said, whirling in a delicious circle about him. "I'd love to. I'd adore it."

Jerry felt embarrassed by her exuberant spirits. He said, gruffly, "All right. Here are your tickets. A cruise to—to nowhere. Now get out of here and let me clear up this jam—the whole business—"

She picked up the tickets and grabbed him for one fervent embrace. Jerry sat back in his chair and eyed her smilingly. "Young lady, this handsome guy doesn't go with the cruise. You'll have to find your romance aboard. Good-bye. Bon voyage and all that."

Jane went to the door with his last words on her lips. Bon voyage! At this time to-morrow she'd be on the high seas, sailing away—away from all that tensed feeling—to romance in southern seas. What adventures would befall her there?

FROM the stern of the s.s. Oceanic, Jane watched the great towers of the city, their tips wreathed in clouds, until they were dimmed by fog. It was enchanting, unreal, this sailing away into the unknown. As the ship ploughed its way through the harbor, and out towards the ocean, she said to herself: "Here I am on a big liner headed for the high seas, but nowhere in particular. I had always dreamed that this would happen to me on my honeymoon."

This was a lonely thought which held her until the ship had passed into the open sea. She hated to be alone. People milled, up and down the deck. She began to look about her, for she had found the crowded ship as lonely as a big hotel.

Her room-mate had seen her off on the cruise. Alice had said, "This is not a cruise. For you it's a reckless adventure. When you get back to town a week from to-day you'll still be without a job. And if you expect anything to happen on this cruise, let me put you wise. A few drinks in the bar, ogles by a lot of strange men, a touch of seasickness—that's all the romance and adventure you'll find."

Jane had scarcely listened to her. "I

wonder who'll be on board!" she had said, conjuring up in her vivid imagination the romantic personages on this cruise ship.

Now, standing on the promenade deck, watching the giant twin-screw propellers churning up the waters behind the ship, she sighed. "Get busy, old girl. Powder your nose!" she said inwardly. For Jane had a practical bent in her imaginative nature.

She walked up the deck and saw that people were being assigned deckchairs. They walked back and forth, young couples and old couples, selecting the best places to bask in the sun. Some stood in line. A white-haired dowager with a sour, tremolo voice was having quite a job of finding hers. She was querulous and fussy. There were two deck stewards and a mousy little girl, with eager hands, more like claws—who, Jane judged, was her companion—to get the old lady settled.

"I'm an old woman," the dowager said tartly, "but you two white monkeys can't put me where I'm out of the sun."

With her cane the dowager cleared a way through the throng to a choice place in the sun. "There!" she commanded hoarsely. "Where are my blankets? I came on this cruise for a rest, and I intend to start right now. Go on away. All of you. Clear the deck!"

The deck steward was ready to write her name on the place-card. "Your name, please, madame?"

The dowager tapped him on a leg with her cane. "You impertinent young rascal!" she said, her voice high-pitched and shrill. "To you I'm just Madame Doremus."

"Madame Doremus," he said politely, and tipped his fingers to his cap. He looked at Jane, who was standing close by, and vaguely smiled.

Jane stood by the rail and pointed out a deckchair close by. "I'll take that one," she said. "Jane Weston is the name."

The steward hesitated. One was supposed to stand in line with the others. But Jane gave him her best smile, and he said, "Yes, Ma'am!" Jane glared a little in that feat. There was something about her that made men eager to help her at any time.

Then all of a sudden the crowd seemed to melt away. People went to the bar, or downstairs to their cabins to unpack their things. She was almost alone.

BUT then she saw him standing by the rail, not 20 feet away. He had on a raglan coat which made his shoulders appear monstrously broad, but she recognised him by the blonde head of unruly hair. He had his face to the stiff, cold breeze, breathing in the salt air.

It was the tanned young man she had seen in the city yesterday, arranging for passage on a cruise. And she hadn't ever expected to see him again! Now he, too, was looking back at the roaring, crumpled towers of the city which were rapidly disappearing from view. He was restless. He tapped a cigarette on his wrist, and lighted it.

Jane remembered the news story she had read of the Danish sardine pirates visiting in America, and her eager mind built such a role for this young man. But of course he was an American. "Well, tub!" he had said to her casually yesterday in the street. Yet he was like some blonde Viking.

As if in answer to the thoughts which went on in her mind he turned and looked at her. It was an interesting gaze, the gaze he had bestowed on her yesterday in New

York. It was not the rude look of a bystander in the street. He seemed to smile, and then turned to the sea again. He had not recognised her!

Jane knew, by the sharp disappointment she felt, that she was definitely interested in that young man. Why, she wondered, couldn't two people without companions on shipboard simply say: "Hello, are you all alone on the cruise? I am. Can't we just say how-de-do, and start talking about the weather?"

He was probably only shy, Jane thought happily. She was glad that he was not adept at picking up girls. But what if he should walk away down the deck and never see her again? Her heart felt sudden panic—

A small boy in a coat that made him look a little general came striding down the deck between them. He was a manly little chap with an insolent snub nose. The young man at the rail turned and beamed down at him. "The first trip, fellow?" he asked comradely.

The little boy frowned, and kept on walking. "No, the eleventh!" he sneered.

THE young man blushed sharply. "Friendly 'ole cruise!" he said, half aloud, and Jane smiled. When she smiled, the young man's eyes widened, and she was sure he recognised her from that one glimpse he had had of her yesterday. But now she realised that people on the big liners might not indulge in easy back-slapping of strangers. It seemed to make her lonelier.

The man edged toward Jane now on the rail. But as he made this obvious move the dowager who sat immersed in furs and a rug looked at him through a lorgnette and sniffed audibly. "It is outrageous!" she said distinctly to the companion at her side. "See"—she nodded at the bold young man—"I told you we should never have come on this cruise. It is like an excursion boat on a river. A cruise to nowhere! The idea is preposterous!"

The young Viking stopped. He eyed the dowager hopefully. But when he got no response he was embarrassed and sat down in the deck-chair nearest him, picking up a magazine.

Jane's heart sank again. Give him courage! In another minute he might be lost!

From the corner of an eye he watched the old woman. Despite her sagging jaws and querulous manner she seemed to be merely a kindly old woman. He straightened his tie, and ventured a remark.

"It's warmer out here on the ocean," he said. "New York was damp and cold."

She stared at him for a moment, but, arising, beamed down amiably on him. "It's quite nice, thank you!" she said, then turned to go. She shivered, as if the deck were too cold for her now.

"Young man, I'm an old woman, long past the age for flirting with strangers. You can't practise on me. If you want to try your luck, there's a pretty young girl standing there by the rail. Now, go away and leave me alone. I want to rest. I don't want to see anybody. I don't want to talk. I don't want to listen! I don't want anything to happen! I want quiet, quiet."

Madame Doremus hobbled a few steps, and then turned to him again, wagging the cane in his face. "When I was a girl—well, faint heart never won fair maiden." She went away, cackling at her witticism, like an old barnyard fowl.

The young man grinned appreciatively. He got up and approached Jane, casually

this time, but with the firm audacity of youth.

He stood at her side looking down at the eddying foam, as brown as a river flood. He spoke without hedging comment.

"To-morrow the water will be green—when we cross the Gulf Stream," he said. "We're almost out of sight. The skyline of the city was grand, wasn't it?"

Through all these manoeuvres Jane had smiled to herself. She looked up quickly and studied his face, and it struck her with a force that bewildered her; she had fallen for him! Here he was, speaking to her, and she liked everything about him, his clean good looks, the wrinkles about his eyes, his smile, his shyness, and what was apparently his sunny disposition.

"It is grand, I never realised it before." She trifled with his searching look, and turned away. She couldn't be too familiar with a strange man at first. But she sensed the effect her contrary move had on him, and leaned closer to the rail.

"When you live in a place too long, you fail to see the nice things about it," she volunteered.

"Oh, you live in the city," he said.

She gave him her face in an. "You don't, I know. You've an eye that has looked over great distances, probably the western plains. I know. Your eyes are clear as crystal. You see I had a chance to study you yesterday in New York. I saw you standing in front of the steamship window—"

"Then it was you!" he said quickly. "I've never lived in New York. I'm from California. I've been skiing up at Lake Placid."

She said, "Oh!" Inside her Jane experienced sudden panic again. That one sentence, "I've been skiing up at Lake Placid," seemed to place him miles apart from her. When he found out she was only a little typtist in the canyons of the city, he wouldn't be interested in her. He was probably a lumber king or a rancher's son.

Couples passed them now, arm in arm, promenading the deck. "Will you walk around the deck with me?" he said. "It seems to be the thing to do."

"Why not?" she said. "But don't ask me my name. You haven't just picked me up, have you?"

They both laughed and, arm in arm, began to promenade.

THREE times Jane and the blonde young man circled the promenade deck of the s.s. Oceanic. They talked of trivial things like the current movies and dance tunes until they decided to explore the cruise ship.

They passed the Florentine Room where people were already having gayly-colored drinks. They entered the Italian Pompeian Room where people were splashing about in the bluish water of the pool. As they looked on, he said: "Your name is Jane Weston. You wouldn't tell me, but I saw it on the deckchair reserved for you. I'm Dirk Strom, and I'm going to have the steward reserve my chair next to yours for the voyage. Do you mind?"

Jane was secretly glad, because after a few moments of his awkward self-revelation she trusted him implicitly. No man with an eye as clear as his could mean any harm to her.

But she said, with reserve, shaking a finger at him: "You work too fast, Dirk Strom. But I guess it's all right." Then she laughed, for she couldn't bear to see the sudden hurt look in his eyes. "Now

that we've met, let's go up to the lounge and see that gorgeous dancing salon. Oh, I've looked forward to this cruise!"

"You do dance?" he said eagerly.

Her answer was like a joyous cry, "Dance!"

"To-night?" he said eagerly. "Will you go to the dance with me to-night?"

A cautious little voice inside Jane pronounced solemnly: "Jane, you've met a strange man on board a ship. It seems harmless enough, but watch your step. He'll think you're only a pick-up!"

She gave Dirk her best smile, and though she would have liked to go to that ball with him more than anything else in the world just now, she replied: "No, I'm going to get some rest to-night. I'm a little tired. Tenae, I came on this cruise—just like that. Getting things ready has worn me out. But perhaps to-morrow night."

He looked genuinely hurt. "I'm sorry," he said. "I only thought, dancing, I could get to know you better, find out all those things one wants to know."

She smiled her best, for she couldn't see him hurt. "All right, ask me. What do you want to know?"

DIRK laughed, wholeheartedly. "Oh, what you do in that crazy place, the city. It gives me the jumps. I'm used to the wide, open spaces. Who you are, what things you like, what your ambition is—"

"But that takes time," she said gaily. "You can't pry out all the secrets of a girl's soul in a single session." For a starter I'll tell you just one thing. My ambition is to have a good time and enjoy life—on this cruise. After that, well—"

"You haven't told me what you do besides spend a lot of time skiing at Lake Placid. But I don't care. I'll be me. And you be you, for the present. For myself I'm interested in the stage—"

This audacity left Jane gasping. She wondered whether she should not have told him the truth, that she was a typist without a job. But a rich young man might not be interested in a mere typist.

She looked about her to see if anybody had heard her. Standing close to her was a youngish man with dazlingly sleek black hair which receded from a pale forehead. He had an unwholesome, shifty glance. His ceaselessly roving eyes took her in from the top of her head to her toes, as she talked. He seemed to be interested in her remark.

"Oh, you're an actress!" Dirk said, and he naively looked at her more closely again. (Jane thought— with a great deal more interest.) He grinned. "You have the looks for one. If your hair was redder you'd look like Myrna Loy. She's my favorite star. She could have me anytime," he added facetiously.

Jane saw the dark man watching her closely, and she took Dirk's arm to move away from the swimming pool. "I don't like that man," she said, low.

They walked on. Jane was still a little in awe before the luxuries afforded by this floating palace of the seas. It was just like the motion pictures she had seen, only not quite so barbaric and splendid. They were in the glided elevator, packed with laughing people, when a voice boomed out behind them.

Jane looked around and saw a man, almost bald, with cheeks like fat jowls. He was smiling, and trying to wiggle through the mass to them.

"Mr. Storm," he said, panting in the crush.

"Snowshoes!" Dirk exclaimed at the sight of him, and all the people laughed.

"Sh-h-h-h!" he cautioned, turning beet-red even on the top of his head, which was like a polished billiard ball. The mass swallowed him up again when the contents of the elevator were disgorged at Deck A. But once he had extricated himself from the crowd he pounced on Dirk again. They stood in the foyer of the great lounge.

"Say, you eagle that flies with skis for wings, what are you doing on the high seas?"

"Snowshoes! Defender of the right. The law himself," Dirk said, introducing him to Jane. This is Snowshoes Blake, a house detective! Going to look after the loose morals on this ship?"

Snowshoes looked about him cautiously and put a finger to his lips. "I'm on my first vacation," he said, "in 20 years. The house dick in an hotel just goes on peeping. But it doesn't look as if I picked the right place for a vacation. In my 20 years of sending them to the pen I never saw a worse lot than is on board this ship."

Dirk laughed, and pounded him on the back. "Same old story, Snowshoes. To you the world's just a great big meat pie of crime."

The detective's eyes roved over the great lounge where men sat smoking and talking. "I can feel the hair rising on the back of my neck," he said. "Like a dog when he smells prowlers in the night. Well, if there ain't Dutch Lenz, the old badger artist. Everything from extortion to blackmail. Wonder what's his game now?"

He nodded his head toward the bar, where a heavy-set man with bristly cropped hair stood talking to the bartender.

SNOWSHOES chuckled like a quarrelsome old hen. "It looks like a new gang war in New York has sent the rats scuttling to this ship. Excuse me. I'm on my way to my stateroom to lock up my winter clothes and a can of sardines. There may be a bread line on this ship before we get back to New York."

Dirk laughed. "You don't want to frighten Miss Weston?"

Snowshoes pulled a news clipping out of his pocket. "You see that." They looked, and saw the beautiful likeness of Nora Lane, the celebrated actress. "Nora Lane is on board, and it got out to the papers yesterday. She's been in the headlines for a week now. That second husband of hers ought to be horsewhipped. They say she had bruises on her arms and face before she escaped from that Hudson River castle he owns. She's come on this cruise to rest her nerves, and I'll bet one-third the people have come on board with Nora Lane in mind. There are just two things that attract mobs now—a Big Name and a collection of jewels. Miss Lane is both of them. She owns the Kokinor diamond, and takes it around with her in a necklace."

Shaking his head, Snowshoes went down the passageway toward his stateroom. Dirk had turned to conduct Jane into the lounge when she squeezed his arm suddenly. "That sleek black-haired man has been following us. He's watching us now. Let's go out on deck."

Dirk said, "Snowshoes will have given you the jitters. Don't mind him."

It was growing dark outside on Deck A. They walked down the long polished boards until Dirk suddenly said: "There is my suite—AA."

She looked at the door of this outside suite, with its penthouse air, and said, wrinkling her nose at him: "You snob! I'll feel like a galley slave down in Deck C. You wouldn't be the Danish sardine prince by any chance? Or do they grow sardines in the west where you come from? No, only lumber and gold dust," she went on, laughing.

They turned and walked back down the deck. He left her at the elevator. Jane went to her own room confident that she had done what was proper. She couldn't let him think she was too eager to know him. Or too easy to be known.

DIRK STROM folded his expensive tweeds and hung them up carefully on hangers in a closet. He went to his travelling bag and took out the new white linens for the tropical phase of this cruise. His single bag was in the middle of his bedroom and he eyed it sorrowfully.

"How can I fill up a three-room suite with the contents of one bag?" he said, half-aloud, and laughed at himself in the mirror. "Here I am on a de luxe cruise in the most expensive suite," he mused, "It's more than a bridal suite. The bellhop said it was the royal suite. The King of Siam used it on his last transatlantic crossing. Who'd ever have thought it? One year ago to-day I was marooned out in the High Sierras and had never seen a big ship. Nor a street car," he added, smiling. "Nor a building higher than the three-story saloon in Truckee."

Dirk got out his safety razor, and took it inside the green-tiled bathroom, intending to shave before dinner. He had two hours to kill before 8 o'clock.

Then he took a silver trophy from his bag and placed it on view on a stand in the big sitting-room. He paused to admire it. It was the figure of a ski jumper poised in a mad flight through the air—symbolic of Dirk's victory in a ski jumping competition at Lake Placid.

Dirk Strom had spent 20 years in an isolated mining town high up in the Sierras of California, self-educated in arithmetic as well as in skiing. Way back there in the 'eighties his father, a Norwegian, had been imported—as they are imported into the Andes to-day—for the task of carrying the mail to isolated mining camps on skis.

THROUGHOUT the nine months of isolation in the High Sierra snows, skis were the only practicable means of running swiftly over the ground from post to post. Old Lars had frozen to death in the blizzard of 1927, and his wife, a sturdy Norwegian, had taken his job until Dirk was old enough to become the pack animal and postman on the hazardous, sky-high route.

Then one day a celebrated skier had seen him jumping on the rude hill at Truckee, and, observing his style and terrific distance leaps, had sent him on an exhibition tour of the Rockies, the middle-west and the east with all expenses paid.

Now, on board the s.s. Oceanic, Dirk sat down in a chair and began to massage the tendons in a leg.

He had injured the leg in a fall on his skis at Lake Placid, and it had cost him a coveted place on the American Olympic team this year. A little girl of five had run out on the jumping hill, in the path of his downward flight on skis. He had landed safely and was speeding straight toward the child at 60 or 70 miles an hour when he took the spill to avoid hurting her. He had rolled over and over and landed against a post.

With an injured leg he couldn't make

the trip to Europe with the Olympic squad, and it was a bitter disappointment. The father of the child whose life he had saved had showered wealthy intentions on Dirk, all of which he had refused except the one—a letter to a prominent ski manufacturer who accepted Dirk's new design for skis and gave him a job in a hickory sawmill down south where all the skis came from.

But when the doctor said it'd be a wise thing for Dirk to do a lot of sitting down and basking his leg in the sun, he accepted this offer of a cruise under a tropic sun.

Now, as he went into the bathroom to shave, Dirk smiled at his lone suitcase in the middle of this royal suite. The child's grateful father had ordered the best! Even the expensive tweeds and white linens had been part of the wealthy man's idea of a cruise; they had been forced on him.

Dirk put his razor away, and came out into the bedroom to dress. But when he had finished he picked out a small slab of hickory from his suitcase and began to whittle on it. It looked like a small model of a ski—which it undoubtedly was. He was busily engaged in the work he liked most in the world when a knock came at the door.

"Hello?" Dirk said, low, to himself. "Who can this be?"

When he opened the door a man with sleek black hair stood outside. Dirk saw his furtive glance about the suite, and noted the shifty expression in his eyes. It was the man who had been following him and Jane earlier.

INSTINCTIVELY Dirk let his frame bar entrance. "Yes?" he said. Even as the intruder spoke his eyes ceaselessly roved about objects in the suite, taking in everything—the furniture, the clothes in disarray, the bedroom and bathroom beyond.

"I—I beg your pardon," he said, bowing with an exaggerated gesture of politeness. "I guess I made a mistake." He stepped back and looked at the number on the door. "Suite AA. That was a dirty steer the steward gave me. I was looking for a—lady."

Then he paused, and spoke with a leer. "Swell layout, you got here, buddy. All by yourself, too," he said with a question mark stamped on his forehead. "My mistake."

Dirk watched him narrowly; he had never seen such tireless, roving eyes in a human being. They reminded him of a python's he had seen a few days before in the zoo—erudite, crafty.

"Yes, I suppose you made a mistake."

"Don't mind me, I'm not a forward guy. Name's Mannie Jackson. There's a friendly little game going on downstairs. Craps—they got it stacked up like a mint in there. But I don't like the noise. I came on this cruise to get a little shut-eye. Wouldn't care to have a drink on me at the bar before dinner? Aren't you lonely up here?"

"I don't usually cotton to strangers like this," Dirk said, a little stiffly. "I'm a lone wolf myself. But I don't like to drink alone. I think I will have a look in at the bar."

In the back of his mind he kept saying: "This bird is up to something. I may as well see what's on his mind now. I don't want him prowling around here at night."

He went out on deck with Mannie Jackson, and they made their way through the swarm of men in the bar.

Mannie seemed to have sized him up accurately from the appearance of his suite, for he said: "You don't look like one

of these Broadway playboys—too much shoulder and flat—but you got a bridal suite on this cruise and no bride. What's your racket?" he added, with a grin that was like a leer to take away the sting of his blunt question.

"I haven't got a job at all, just now," Dirk said. "I'm only a ski jumper, with a bad leg."

They ordered drinks. "Oh, one of those things in the news reels," Mannie said. "I don't want to be personal. But you could go places—a young guy with a pan like yours."

"What's the matter with it?" Dirk said. "You got it," Mannie said. "Looks and class with it. There's a lot of easy dough for smart guys in this world." He reached in a pocket, and showed him a picture of the actress, Nora Lane. "Now, you take a dame like this one. She's on board. Now, if I was a guy like you I'd get to know her."

Dirk looked at him sharply, but Mannie assumed a confidential tone. "She's travelling under a false name. Nobody knows where her suite is, even. I've seen her on the stage, and I could recognize her." Dirk thought swiftly. "So that's it! He came to my room looking for the actress. Because it was the largest suite. They'll find her, sooner or later."

He said nothing. "Nora Lane wouldn't know me. Why, she's famous!"

The conversation lagged, and Dirk looked about for an excuse to be rid of this sleek young man. His eyes pounced upon the bald spot of Snowshoes Blake. He lifted a hand, and Snowshoes came toward him. Mannie Jackson stood up, and excused himself quickly.

"I'll see you later," he said, "Dirk." He paid the bartender and slipped away from the bar just as Snowshoes came up.

"I see you're consorting with the jungle," Snowshoes said.

"I don't get you!"

"That snake who just left you. He's one of the few that ain't in captivity—yet. I've seen him in police court somewhere. Can't remember where. Shall we have another drink and go down to dinner? I want to show you some more of the jungle beasts that ain't put in zoos yet."

MEANWHILE, Jane stood before the small mirror in her stateroom, rubbing cold-cream on her face. It was almost a ritual to-night. She dabbed it on with her finger-tips and rubbed it with a circular motion away from her eyes. She felt like one of the movie stars, comfortable and warm and beautiful. To-night she was so deliciously happy!

She gathered her negligee about her—the really fine one she had picked up at a subway sale for less than a dollar—and danced to the berth. But she didn't turn out the light. She lay back, with her head against the pillows and sighed. It was a long, luxurious sigh. Here she was on a great liner, steaming into the glamorous tropics!

She had been too starved to wait for dinner in the ship's dining salon, for she hadn't had any lunch at all. She had ordered the dainty little things sent up to her, and they had come up on a great silver tray. She had tipped the waiter extravagantly, but she didn't care. It gave her such a sense of well-being now.

The city, with its teeming millions, the bleak cold winds and slush in the streets, was far away from her now. She was all alone—and close to the sun and the moon and the stars—where nothing humdrum could happen.

Gone were her cares about to-morrow. In the morning she wouldn't wake up with that certain dread—that hobgoblin of fear which girls who pound the pavements looking for a job when there aren't any, know. It was like a suspension of time, and for a week she would remain in that delightful state where nothing could happen to her.

But in this moment of tranquillity—this ethereal breathing spell which all of us mortals enjoy between the harsher, more real moments of life—Jane erred. She did not realise that, meeting Dirk Strom, she had broken her splendid isolation from reality. Human wills had already bent to each other, and would inevitably clash.

Powerful, sweeping events had been set in motion by another thing which Jane, in her new-found bliss, ignored. She and Dirk had been singled out by men who made money out of other people's distress. And in this very moment she was brought back from her dreams of security by a rude shock which left her still and cold in her berth.

She became conscious of heavy breathing outside her stateroom in the hall. The fan above the transom kept up a sound of humming of bees. But clearly she could hear the measured breathing. A man was there close to the ventilator, and he was obviously waiting—listening. Her hands became clammy and cold.

She slipped out of the bed and tiptoed to the door. She flung it open, just in time to see a pair of heels disappearing around the corner, into the long corridor which led to the elevator. She heard a door opened and shut, and then she was alone. The electric fan hummed. She slammed her door, locked it, and crept quivering to bed.

DIRK and the detective sat in the great dining-salon and watched the people come in for dinner. They had just finished the entree, Long Island duckling, and were prepared for the dessert and coffee to follow.

Snowshoes was on his favorite subject of conversation. "The big racket in this country right now is the numbers racket. The football pool is no small turkey around Thanksgiving time. But they're just a chiselling game on a big scale. Now you take the jewel thieves—"

"You take 'em," Dirk said, smiling.

"All this talk about unsettled money conditions has made the rich people afraid of gold and securities. A lot of them are putting all their money in jewels. The underworld knows it. There are international syndicates which do nothing but steal and market precious jewels."

"Don't talk shop," Dirk begged. "You give me the creeps. Every person I see to-night I look at and wonder if he might be a blackmailer or an international jewel thief."

"Jewel thieves belong to an exclusive racket. They wear fine clothes, have grand manners, and mingle with the very people who own the jewels."

Dirk was watching the old dowager, Madame Doremus, seat herself for dinner, close by. Her companion, the mousy little girl, was trying to quiet her, but Madame, slightly deaf, went right on talking in loud, stentorian tones, which everyone in the salon could have heard. She was fidgeting a large jewelled pendant about her throat, and as her hands turned to the lights a dazzling collection of large diamonds blazed forth.

"I always come in late," she said loudly to her companion, "so as to attract no attention. It's vulgar to make an entrance." Dirk smiled. "Now, take that nice old lady," he said. "You're not going to suspect her of anything."

"Her jewels are probably paste," Snowshoes said sourly, and Dirk laughed. "She's the real thing, and too wise to come on board a ship with her real jewels."

The dining-room was crowded now, and they looked about them to see three hundred guests merged into one indistinguishable mass of fine clothes under the soft lights. There was a sound as of buzzing bees, as people talked and laid plans to satisfy their various desires. And there were perhaps three hundred human wills at that moment working at cross purposes.

"I can tell 'em," Snowshoes added. "There's a slice of rich Park Avenue, a slice of high-brow Broadway, and a slice of—"

He paused to watch two sleekly dressed individuals enter the dining room, walking stiffly past their table. "Times Square," he said, low. "That was Dutch Lem, and bless me! your drinking pal of a few minutes ago."

"Mannie Jackson," Dirk supplied.

"I'll just write that down," Snowshoes said, for future reference. But it's probably a phoney name. They always are."

"There may be a few people like that who stand out," Dirk said, smiling, "but after all there are probably two hundred just like you and me, going on this cruise for a little vacation."

"Maybe," Snowshoes said sourly, "I wish I had picked some other place for my vacation. I'd rather be shooting ducks."

He watched the two men seat themselves at a table and glance furtively about the great room.

Down the centre stairs came a handsome young man, tall and dark, his clean, smiling face crowned by well-groomed curly black hair. He was smiling for the world to see, and his well-timed entry attracted the attention of almost every person in the salon.

THE waiter, who was leaning over the table, volunteered this information. "That is Tino Rossi, the Italian baritone."

Dirk watched his triumphal progress through the room, the cynosure of all feminine eyes. Tino walked toward a table where sat a boy and a girl who seemed to be engrossed in themselves. They did not look up when Tino approached them.

The boy had a tanned face, and was regarding the blonde girl with an intent gaze. He merely looked at her, smiling a little lastly, not taking his eyes from her when he had short puffs on his cigarette. But it was a respectful look, too. He looked at her as if he adored her.

"Now, you take that pair," Snowshoes commented expertly; "they're in love."

Dirk laughed. "I recognise the symptoms. Do you know who they are?"

"Sure. A house detective don't miss anybody. He's the crooner with the orchestra. Ken Martin, used to be a farm boy. She's the dancer, Linda Bayes, late of Tony's night club in New York. The pair of them are the floor show of this ship."

When Tino Rossi presented himself at their table the boy stood up, and glanced at the orchestra stand. It was time for him to sing again. He got up, and walked nonchalantly to the stand. The orchestra began to play, and Ken Martin sang.

"I don't like crooners," the dowager said

loudly, loud enough for every person in the room to hear her. "I came on board to get a rest from them."

For some reason Dirk found himself watching Tino Rossi and the girl, Linda Bayes, at the table. While the boy sang they talked in low voices and once, as something Tino said, Linda flushed sharply. She was so unnerved that she dropped her cigarette. Tino was seated at her side against the wall. He reached out and caught her wrist, and Dirk distinctly saw him twist it. It was a nasty, swift torture, and the girl's features winced.

Dirk almost rose up out of his chair, but Snowshoes said, "Easy! Seems as if our fine baritone loves the dancer, too."

"He has a quaint way of showing his love," Dirk said hotly. "I'd like to paste him on his noble Byronic brow. That crooner had better not see what I did, or there'll be murder on board. Crooner or no crooner, I'll bet he'd fight for that girl."

JANE awoke to find the sunshine streaming in through the portholes. She heard the waves lashing against the side of the ship. For a few minutes she lay there, knowing nothing but the deep swells of the ocean as the twin-screw propellers churned the ship steadily through warm, southern seas. At first it had a lulling effect that kept her from coming to life.

But suddenly she was on her feet, and went joyfully to the porthole looking out at the great green swells which, rising up, seemed at times to blot out a crystalline blue sky. They were coming close to the Gulf Stream, she realised. The glamour of the tropics was on her.

She dressed simply in a white skirt and blue blouse, and looking in the mirror decided that Dirk Strom was right. She did look a little like Myrna Loy!

There was a knock at her door, and she lost some of her exuberant spirits. A mysterious knock like that had sent her shivering to bed last evening. But she opened the door and there stood Dirk Strom, blonde and smiling in his white linens.

"Good morning!" he said. "How about an early morning plunge?"

"Not before coffee," she warned. "People are usually hateful before breakfast, but you can take a chance on me. Have you had yours?"

"Hours ago," he smiled. "Snowshoes and I have walked around the deck a dozen times."

Jane laughed. "Do tell me why you call that delightful man—Snowshoes?"

"Oh that! He's a detective at the big hotel in Lake Placid, and goes sleuthing around the grounds on snowshoes. He couldn't hide his tracks if he wanted to; they're bigger than an elephant's. And he's never caught anybody yet! Once he sneaked up on some little boys burning down the ice house, but they outran him on skis, taunting him all the way, yelling, 'Hey, Old Snowshoes, you couldn't catch a turtle with those things on. Duck feet!'"

"I like him," she said, simply. "And I adore Donald Duck in the animated movies. He's ten times more interesting than Mickey Mouse. He represents all the pitiful, thwarted ambitions of human beings. I want to laugh and cry at the same time when I see him. I'll tell you what I'll do, now. I'll run down and have my coffee alone. And I'll meet you in the Pompeian Room in my bathing suit at ten."

The pool was filled with young couples

an hour later when they took dives into the bluish water of the indoor pool. Their heads bobbed up, and they went through the motions of the American crawl with churning fervor. Then he clung to her side, for all about them in the water were strangers.

ONCE when her hand slipped from the rope at the side he caught her, holding her up above the blue until she had recovered from the swallowed water. He looked hard at a fat man who came up to say, "Hello, mermaid," at her, and that look was enough. The fat man swam away, saying, "My mistake. I guess we haven't met."

They came out shrieking with laughter at the intruder's red-faced discomfiture.

They went straightway to the sundeck where already people were playing Croquet the Equator in the canvas pool and exposing themselves to the actinic rays of the sun. They lay down, and, propping their chins on their elbows, waited for the sun to start a tan. Jane knew she had to be careful, but Dirk was already as brown as an Indian.

A few feet away they saw a boy and a girl in bathing suits like themselves, and tanning. The boy was looking at the girl, leaning very close toward her, gazing at her intently as if there were nothing else on land or sea. It was Ken Martin, the crooner, and the young dancer, Linda Bayes. They were completely oblivious of the other people, and once Ken said, half-aloud: "Linda, promise me, when we get back to New York from this cruise—"

He looked around and blushed, then he spoke to Jane with his pleasant drawl. "Don't mind me. Didn't mean to propose before an audience." Then he grinned. "I've asked her so much it's like saying how-do-you-do? Don't you think she ought to marry me?" he added.

Linda Bayes merely laughed at him. "I'll never marry a crooner, not as long as I live," she said.

Ken Martin scoffed. "I'm not a crooner by nature. It was grafted on me. I learned how to sing on the open range."

The dancer talked to them as simply and obviously as Ken had done. "Are you two honeymooners?" she asked Dirk. "The ship's full of them. I saw you two together last evening, and I wondered—"

"Not yet!" Dirk said, laughing.

"I only met him on shipboard," Jane put in hastily.

"Well, you know these shipboard romances!" Linda said.

Jane laughed, and forgot all about the strained feeling she had known in the city. She was genuinely sorry when the young pair went down to rehearsal. They seemed to adore each other. She enjoyed a vicarious thrill in knowing their love. Everything that had happened on shipboard had conspired to bring her a happiness she had never known before.

WHEN she had all the sun her skin would take for a first exposure she got up to go. They went to the dressing-rooms and came out ready for some easier relaxation in deckchairs. They went up on the promenade deck, where already most of the people were taking walks. Some people were playing shuffleboard on the stern.

They looked on idly for a while, and then sat down in the deckchairs reserved for them, side by side. He tucked her in the blanket, and, looking up, saw the old

dowager, Madame Doremus, watching him. Her wrinkled cheeks were creased with mirth this morning, though her voice was sour.

"Young man," she said, "I see you got to know her. Such outrageous behaviour one sees on shipboard!" Then she clucked like an old hen, and began to doze.

At last, Jane thought, she is going to get some rest. Jane lay back in her chair and watched the ocean swell and the sky. She didn't talk. She was content to lie there most of the morning, with her dreams of the sun and the moon and the earth and the stars, with a monosyllabic response to Dirk's voice. They were both roused from a lull of contentment by the sight of Snowshoe's baldish head, coming along the deck.

"I've been looking for you," Jane said happily. "I need a policeman! Last night I had a mysterious knock on my door, and when I looked out saw a man vanishing around the corner. I was petrified!"

Snowshoe looked about him furtively, and noticed the old dowager asleep in her chair. "There are queer things going on in this ship!" he said darkly.

The dowager's eyes blinked open, and she sat up, speaking out in a dry monotone. "I came on this cruise to get a rest, and I haven't closed my eyes since I came aboard. Last night when I was down at dinner my jewel-box was ransacked. But I fooled them." Then she cackled. "I wore everything I had to dinner. The blithering idiots—to think I'd leave my jewels in a state-room." She sank back in her chair, and closed her eyes again. "Besides, they're paste! Not worth 40 cents, the lot of them."

Dirk looked at Jane curiously. "Why didn't you call me? But I can tell you what happened. Somebody followed the dinner tray to your room."

"Exactly," Snowshoe added, in a whisper. "If you ask me, they'll turn the ship upside down to get at the Kokinor diamond. You won't be bothered any more. They probably know where Nora Lane's suite is, now. But she never comes out, has all her meals there."

To Jane it was an idyllic day. The hours rolled on into the early evening. Most of the afternoon she had spent with Dirk, thinking about nothing except the content she felt when she was with him, hearing his voice. Other young couples passed them, as the night came on, and they amused themselves speculating on the honeymooners.

"WERE all alike," Jane said. "Give us a little music, and a place to dance. That's all we ask. Tell me," she added, "why did you come on a cruise like this? You might have gone to Europe."

"I don't know," he said confusedly. "I honestly don't know why." Then, tasting her disappointment: "I hurt my leg in a skiing spill at Lake Placid. I have to bake the leg in the sun. That's what I was doing all forenoon when you were having your beauty nap."

"I've never been on a steamship before," Jane said. "I wanted the glamor of tropical islands at the end, I suppose. Most of us born inland have our paradises set on islands in the southern seas."

It was growing dark, and the deck was almost deserted. Dirk leaned very close to her. He looked at her, Jane thought, as a young man ought to look at a girl when he wants to pry out the inner secrets of her soul in a single glance. It was a very respectful look. "I like you," he said, simply, obviously.

"Do you know," Jane said, "I like you."

They stood in a broad band of blackness and all about them was nothing but the sound of swelling sea and the stillness which lay out there.

"I'm a little worried about you on this cruise," he said suddenly. "That man coming to your room last night. Other things, those mobsters on board. I think you are in danger."

She looked up at him and smiled. "Why do you tell me?"

He brushed a hand through his blonde hair—with a gesture of perplexity, Jane thought. "I—I suppose I love you," he said. He leaned over and kissed her, and Jane laughed softly in the darkness.

ON the morning of the third day Dirk told her they had passed a ship and some islands in the night. "We're over the Gulf Stream now!" he said. "Just look at the phosphorescent colors in the water."

But Jane saw that he was observing her, not the brilliant colors in the water, this morning. He gave her profile a cool appraising glance, from the bronze ringlets of hair on the nape of her neck to her freshly-roused mouth. She had spent hours adjusting her make-up to the new tropical glare, just to make him notice her.

She had liked him irresistibly last night. The personality she had discovered in his lips lifted her to new, strange heights of ecstasy—far above the vague terrors which had enmeshed her a few days before in the cold and slush of the city.

They had gone to the ball last night and danced until 2 in the morning, and he was a marvellous dancer! But of course, she thought a little unhappily, a young man who spent all his time playing in the snow at Lake Placid ought to be a good dancer!

She still wondered if Dirk had seen through her pretences, and if, knowing she were only a girl from the workaday canyons of the city, it would make any difference to him. She had been a little foolish leading him to believe she was studying for the stage. Later in the day, she promised herself, she was going to tell him the truth.

They swam, and took long sunbaths before retiring to their deckchairs for the morning. At intervals of perhaps 10 minutes Snowshoe passed them in his solitary promenade around the deck. They joined him for a few laps, and to Jane his observations were as dark as they were amusing. The poor detective couldn't take a rest as long as there were human beings at odds on shipboard.

"She came down to dinner last night," he said.

"Who came down to dinner where?" Dirk begged.

"Nora Lane, the actress. And she wore the Kokinor diamond on her throat. It was as big as a hen's egg, and you should have seen the people's eyes."

Jane said, "Why doesn't she have it put in the ship's safe?"

"She may, for all one knows. But who do you think followed her out of the dining saloon?"

"I'll bet five to one, Snowshoe, that it was you!" Dirk put in laughing.

"Me and somebody else! I followed him. Just as casually as you please he sauntered along the deck behind her until he located her suite. When he lit a cigarette I saw his face, and it was your drinking pal, Mannie Jackson."

"No pal of mine," Dirk insisted. "Can't

I take a drink with a man without being his accomplice—"

"No harm meant, son, but young people are always letting themselves get tangled up with sharp guys like that. That's how crime careers begin."

Long after they had left Snowshoe they pondered on his words. "As far as that is concerned," Jane said, "what do I know about you? What do you know about me? This business of getting to know strangers—"

"I think I know you pretty well," he said.

"Do you," she asked pertly, and glanced at him. The look they exchanged was enough heart-searching at this moment. "But I'm not what you think I am," she added. "I'm just me."

But it was not until early that evening after they had dined together with Snowshoe that she told him. They were up on the hurricane deck, which was almost deserted at this hour. It was very dark. They sat behind a pair of foghorns, and he leaned very close to her.

As they merged into the purple shadows of the early evening Dirk began to talk of his ideals and aspirations, as most young men in love do, and Jane wouldn't put him off any longer.

There were other couples who had sought the deck under the stars. They heard rather than saw them, for these were shadowy shapes which stood two by two, like carved statues against the sky. Close to them on the other side of the foghorns were murmurs and the sound of kisses.

Settly Jane laughed. "This is really only another excursion boat," she said, a little sadly. "Like the excursion boats on every little river and every harbor in the United States. On a cruise ship I expected romance, glamorous romance. You must be convinced that I'm rather unsophisticated. I suppose I'm a little—simple. I thought I would meet—you know, grand people. Not just a lot of young people necking under the stars."

She paused, and watched for the effect of this on him. "Oh, I'm one of them," she added. "Last night, Dirk, when you told me you loved me, I couldn't keep up the farce any longer. I'm not an actress. I haven't got any special talents along any line. I'm just me, a little girl who has tried very hard to find a good job and hang on to it. And so far, I've failed."

SHE inflicted hurt on herself as she said this. She didn't want to lose him. She wanted so much for this to have no effect on him. She watched his face closely for a reaction.

"You don't think my having a de luxe suite on board this ship means anything?" he said, smiling. "But go on. Tell me the truth. What kind of a person did you expect to meet on your first ocean voyage? It wasn't that sardine king you were talking about. A man's money wouldn't mean a thing to a swell girl like you. You're the tops!"

"I had in mind an opera singer!" she said, her eyes aglow, not realising the hurt she now inflicted on him. "You know—the kind who are always crossing the Atlantic on big liners. He would sing to me under the moonlight, and tell me such a lot of romantic lies about kisses in the moonlight on Lake Como."

Dirk laughed uncertainly and reached out for a moon which was not there. The night was black. He felt strangely abashed before her desire.

"I wouldn't qualify," he said. "There's nothing of romance about me. If I'd been born on the plains I'd have been a plough jockey, with the reins around my neck and my big hands on the plough handles. But as it happened, I was born a pack animal. All my family, including me, have carried the mails in the High Sierras on skis. Until a year ago I had never seen a building higher than the saloon in Truckee. When they found out I was a champion jumper, they took me everywhere at no expense to me. You know, like a circus performer. I don't mind. I love to jump! But when I hurt my leg I lost my chance to go to the Olympic Winter Games. I got this free trip instead. A sort of booby prize."

When he had finished this talk, the longest she had heard him speak at any one time, there were tears in her eyes. Her throat hurt her.

THEY had both been engaged in a game of pretending.

"All right," she said, "now you tell me what sort of romantic person you expected to meet on shipboard. Be honest. I know it wasn't a little girl who has lost her job, who is having a free ride on a cruise ship simply because the boss couldn't pay her off any other way."

"No," he said. "I'll admit I had a sort of romantic notion about this cruise. I expected—" He paused. "But I'd rather not talk about myself. When I came on board I wanted to have a good time—a fling. When this is over I'm going down to the State of Mississippi, and turn out skis in the sawmills down there. It's just the job I want. I like to do things with my hands. I've developed a new type of ski."

His eyes were suddenly aglow. "Did you know all the good skis in the world come from the hickory that is found in Mississippi?"

"I never saw a ski!" she scoffed. "Do you skate on them? But please go ahead and tell me whom you wanted to meet on this cruise."

"I think you are nice," he said. He moved to kiss her, but she evaded him.

Jane spoke for him now. "I, a young man who's never been to sea, a man who has pride in his sawmill job, wanted to meet a glamorous actress on this cruise, a real character actress whose every gesture was full of dramatic pose. Somebody like Greta Garbo, Katharine Cornell or—Nora Lane."

He said, grinning sheepishly, "How did you know?"

Then suddenly their meeting had lost its glamor.

They were a boy and a girl who belonged to the workaday canyons of any city in the world. There was no glamor about them.

The greyish night which succeeded the first darkness revealed all the run of the ship. Along the rail they saw a girl looking out at a ship passing in the night, its windows like dollhouse windows streaming onto a lawn. A boy walked up boldly to the girl's side while Jane and Dirk looked on. The boy said, "Haven't I met you somewhere before? Let's go to the bar."

The girl smiled up at the stranger. "I don't know. But it's all the same."

Dirk was ashamed to look at Jane now.

"No, it isn't very romantic," he said.

"It's just like an excursion boat," Jane said. "Commonplace, and a little—cheap."

She saw that her frankness had repelled him, but her pride was up. Not knowing

why they did it, they had each injured the other unmercifully.

Jane moved away from Dirk, on the ship's hurricane deck, leaving him with his own hurt and injured pride. Hot tears stung her cheeks, but she wouldn't let Dirk see them.

Now they were both aware of a woman, heavily veiled and in autumn furs, who walked along the rail, pausing at intervals. She was alone. For a moment she stood and looked out over the huge swells in the sea.

Jane watched her, breathless. Her figure was of the cast which should remain forever in black velvet or, as now, in a silhouette against the early evening. There was something imposing about her appearance.

The figure of a man was rapidly approaching her. It appeared as if he were going to speak, and she turned to him, revealing her face. She merely looked at the man with an ironic smile. The man walked away hurriedly, disconcerted before her smile. He had picked the wrong number!

Jane felt herself trembling. "You saw that!" she breathed, low, to Dirk. "It makes us see ourselves as we are. I'm a pickup, and you're the kind of a man who does."

She saw that he was faked. Frowns creased his forehead, and a hand went through his blonde hair. "Aren't we a little too serious?" he begged. "After all, you're a swell girl. I'm a fellow—of sorts, even if I'm not a moonstruck opera star. But if that's the way you feel about us, good-night, Miss Weston—"

"Good-night, Mr. Strom."

Jane walked away, her head held proudly erect. Disillusionment had been painful, but there were no tears now. She had the feeling that they had both merely indulged in hasty words. When she got to her room she flung herself down on the berth, and lay there, very still.

AFTER she was gone Dirk stood by the rail, nursing his injured pride. He didn't see why Jane should be so touchy about a romantic notion. He had lived long enough close to Nature to know realities. But he guessed he had let his imagination play a little on this cruise. He had wanted to know the sun and the moon and the earth and the stars.

He found himself watching the woman in veils who stood looking out over the water. He felt hypnotised by her poise, and for a moment he forgot the vanity which Jane had surprised in him.

The woman had a medallion-like profile. He saw her stretch her arms out over the water, and her lips moved almost imperceptibly. But the words somehow reached his ears.

"I don't know what I have done," she said, "to deserve all this unhappiness." She said it in a deep, throaty voice that was less theatrical than convincing.

Dirk was sympathetic and sorry for her. This was the penalty for his honesty of sentiment in all his moods. He felt impelled to speak to her, but she moved away from him down the rail. He followed her, not knowing why, until she was lost in the maze of passage-ways.

For a moment he had almost forgotten Jane Weston! But he still remembered that he had hurt her with his frankness, and he was sorry for that. She had done something to him already. Kisses under this moonlight would alter any man's personality.

He was walking along Deck B, toying with the idea that he was really in love with Jane, when he met the purser talking with

the veiled woman. He stopped on the rail to avoid the very meeting he had been seeking, and lit a cigarette.

"I can't sleep in my room for the men in the next suite," she said. "I've even had strange knocks on my door to-night. I'm a little afraid. And now they're playing poker next door, and saying things which are less shocking than loud. I took this cruise simply to rest my nerves, and get away from that sort of thing. But I don't like to annoy. They are quite possibly tired business men. Can't you give me another suite on board?"

THE ship was full. The purser was sorry he didn't have another suite. And it was obvious that he did not wish to disturb the poker players, from whom his largest tips would come.

Then Dirk acted on impulse. He stepped up to the purser quickly, and tipped his fingers to his head. "I beg your pardon. Would Suite AA do for Madame?" he said, smiling. "I'm lost in it, honestly. I'd gladly exchange. I won't mind the poker players. I never go to bed before 2 in the morning, anyway."

The purser stared at him. "You have Suite AA, alone? That's the best suite on board," he said. "The royal suite."

The woman lifted her veil and smiled at Dirk. "You are very kind," she said. "But I don't really deserve a royal suite."

For the first time Dirk saw her face clearly. It was the most intelligent face he had ever seen. It was the actress married and unmarried and unhappily married again, Nora Lane.

"I'm Nora Lane," she said, simply. "I tried to keep my room number a secret, but it was no use. To-night every person on shipboard knew I was in Suite AD. I could hear them as they passed by on deck, saying: 'That's her stateroom—Nora Lane.' Perhaps it would help to change. I only want a little quiet. Will you gentlemen help me keep the secret?" she begged, smiling. "And I do thank you, Mr.—"

"Strom, Dirk Strom." He was as pleased as a small boy, and he pinched himself to see if he were dreaming. Here he was talking on intimate terms with Nora Lane, the most famous actress on two continents.

Jane got up from the berth in her stateroom and looked at her eyes in the mirror. "Shame on you, Jane, for that sort of thing!" she said. "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll just—"

And she proceeded to do just that. She put on her best bib and tucker, which was the slinky evening gown she had actually fought over, torn out of the hands of a smartly-dressed girl at a Tuesday morning sale, price four dollars 98 cents. Then she made herself up in a way that would put Myrna Loy to shame. She got out her dancing pumps, flung a borrowed cape over her shoulders and went upstairs to dance.

She was almost breathless when she passed through the Venetian Room on the way to the dancing floor. She didn't know whom she was going to dance with, and she didn't care. No mere good-looking boy like Dirk Strom was going to make her unhappy. After all, he was only a ski-jumper! Some man might think her attractive enough to ask for a dance.

Before she was half-way across the room, filled with people in evening clothes, she realised what a sensation she caused. Her face was a little flushed with determination, and it was this extra fire in her which made her the cynosure of all eyes. And it hadn't been intentional.

She intended to be looking for someone.

Her eyes fell on the table where sat the small dancer, Linda Bayes, and her partner, Ken Martin. They were toying with their drinks before their time to go on as entertainers.

Jane saw another man at the table, a dark, exceedingly handsome young man whose head was crowned with black curly hair. In that same flash she saw him touch Linda's hand under the table, and motion with his head toward her.

Linda looked around at Ken, a bit nervously, and then bowed to Jane, following it up with a beckoning nod. Jane walked toward them uncertainly, wondering if she was doing the right thing. She could hardly claim to know them.

"This is Tino Rossi," she heard Linda saying, as through a fog. "You may have heard him on the radio. Or at the opera. He's the one and only famous baritone," she concluded, with a little flourish. Ken, standing, frowned at this proceeding.

Tino had stood up, and gallantly leaned over to take Jane's hand, bringing it to his lips for a gesture of flattery which left Jane in a pleasant flush. Everyone in the crowded room was looking at her. At Tino's invitation she sat down.

"Won't you have a brandy?" he said, "while we are waiting to dance. And may I not claim the first dance?"

She said, "Yes," even as her eyes caught those of Dirk Strom, who sat across the room at a table with the detective. Her head went up with a soaring gesture of bravado. Dirk was looking at her resentfully, as if to say: "Well, I see you got your famous opera star. Moonlight and kisses on the Italian lakes!"

Snowshoes looked across the table at Dirk, and said, low: "Since I saw Tino Rossi twist the little dancer's wrist, I've been watching him. What kind of wheels turn in a man's head like his, I wonder? I don't like him."

Jane's face was hot with pride as she turned to the baritone with a smile which engaged his whole attention. "You are too lovely for mere words," he was saying, in his most courtly, most flowery tones.

AT the tea dance in the Venetian Room the ship's passengers saw the blonde young man with the actress, Nora Lane.

They wondered how he had met the actress, and some of them made guesses that he was going to be her third husband, now that her second marriage had gone on the rocks. It was exciting for the on-lookers. Miss Lane laughed for their exclusive enjoyment, it seemed. She was one of them. Dancing close to her, they could have touched her!

But they saw that she laughed with a distinct retraction of her lips. Her eyes were undeniably sad.

"Tell me," she said to Dirk, "are you a bridegroom who was left at the altar?" Her voice was sympathetic. "I have been so terribly afraid that you were. It would hurt your kind so cruelly."

Dirk flushed. "You know my kind," he smiled. "I quite probably would be left at the altar. But why do you ask that?"

"You had the best suite on board—mine now, thanks to you. Wasn't there a woman who changed her mind? Please tell me. The thought of a boy like you facing such cruelty has distressed me—terribly! That is my failing. I absorb too many people's distress."

Dirk said, "No, I haven't been jilted. I'm afraid I don't fall that hard."

Nora Lane gave his shoulder a fond pat, and a thrill passed through the watchful

crowd again. "You are a charming boy," she said.

She lifted a hand and made a gay gesture. But it seemed as though the gaiety which had been in her face slipped off as a mask. A silence overcame them. They danced, looking ahead, with their own thoughts.

Dirk experienced a little self-conscious pride. Everyone pointed them out in the salon. He knew they were saying, "There is Nora Lane, the actress. I wonder who it is with her?"

He wished he'd meet Jane Weston now. He'd like to show her.

NORA LANE asked then, "What do you do? Do you work at something or are you still just—living?"

She was so careful not to hurt anyone's feelings that she worded her questions like bright lines from a play. He told her he was only a ski jumper, and she smiled.

"I once saw those incredible fellows jumping at St. Moritz—sailing through the air like giant birds," she said. "I talked to a little Swiss in the stands. He was only 16. I asked to feel his arms to see if jumpers had any nerves and I think he fell in love with me on the spot. It was a very trying affair. I had to leave St. Moritz with my husband—"

Suddenly the actress turned her head and said in surprise, "Who is that pretty girl staring at us?"

Dirk looked about. He saw the broad-shouldered opera star and, over the man's shoulder, caught a glimpse of reddish hair and an upturned nose. It was Jane Weston. She was dancing with the opera singer.

A moment more and her eyes met Dirk's. Each smiled with a vague, whimsical expression of regret. Then they stiffened. That one look they exchanged was enough. It was youth's challenge to youth. Jane flung up her head, almost with bravado, and Dirk smiled coolly in return.

Later when they met in the foyer Dirk bowed formally and Jane smiled prettily. She and the baritone were going out on deck to watch the sun set. Dirk let his eyes follow them, a little resentfully.

He turned to Nora Lane. "Let's go to see the sun set," he suggested. "We can go up on the hurricane deck and there'll be nobody to stare at us—"

Miss Lane smiled. "I was hoping you'd ask me. I've been lonely on this cruise." Her face was tired again. She looked about her furtively, as though afraid of something.

"But I'll go with you," she finished, and Dirk knew what her fears were. He was sorry for her.

JANE stood with Tino Rossi at the ship's stern and watched the sun set on glorious tropic seas. The blood-red fire in the west sent its parting rays into waves that were almost green. The phosphorescent coloring of the water was fantastic, unreal. There were marine plants and coral sprays, indicating the presence of islands and reefs nearby.

"Late to-night," Jane said, "we'll be in the Bahamas. I asked the petty officer, that lovely brute in the white and gold braid—"

"Darling," Tino said, "When you speak of other men I am mad with jealousy."

"Idiot!" Jane said agreeably. "You've known me less than 24 hours. But you do say the loveliest things."

Tino bowed from the waist. "Knowing you 24 hours makes more than a day. That is a million years."

"My best curisey, Mr. Rossi!"

Inwardly Jane was pleased. It had been really flattering to have the famous singer murmur pleasant things to her all afternoon. She had lunched with him, promenade the deck and watched the deck games until it was time to go on to the tea dance. She asked about his career and he asked her nothing about herself.

"You are so divinely you," he had said. "That's all a man should ask of you." That speech had made Jane think of Dirk Strom. Dirk must not have seen her for what she was. He had been harboring an illusion about her, an illusion which he cherished more than he had her.

But Jane was pleased by the looks that followed her and Tino about the deck. She had hoped fervently to meet Dirk—with the glamorous Tino, attentive, at her side. She'd show Dirk.

She had been surprised and a little disconcerted to see him with the actress, Nora Lane, but she didn't care now. She felt she had everything she had hoped for and dreamed for on this cruise.

Jane turned to see a man with a camera facing them. It was Mannie Jackson, the sleek, pasty-faced individual who had followed her and Dirk the first day on shipboard. She still distrusted him, but when he asked to take a photograph of her with the baritone she gave her assent.

"Go ahead, shoot!" she said gaily. Tino straightened his tie and put his arm around her in the conventional pose for shipboard romance.

"Will that make a better picture?" he asked.

"That's the stuff. A snappy pose," Mannie returned.

Jane was laughing when she saw Dirk and Nora Lane walking toward the spot where she stood. The actress was looking out to sea and did not notice them at the amusing game of striking poses for an amateur cameraman.

TINO said, low, "There's Nora Lane. Don't you know the young man with her? I would like very much to know Miss Lane. Professional reasons, of course."

Jane did not look up. She knew Dirk's eyes were on her.

"Why shouldn't we all be friends?" Tino urged.

Nora Lane turned from the sea and saw Mannie Jackson approaching her with his camera. She breathed a sound of dismay, and flung up one hand as he snapped the camera.

Dirk's eyes had swept the bridge above and caught the stolid features of Dutch Lane. Dutch's lips moved and Mannie Jackson seemed to receive the message below. It was as if Dutch had said, "Okay, Mannie!"

Dirk responded to trained reflexes, as a man will slap off an annoying insect. His left hand flew out and caught Mannie Jackson's collar. With his right he delivered a solid blow that shot the man into a crumpled heap.

Dirk picked up the camera, cracked it like a stick over his knee, and threw it overboard. Then he turned to Nora Lane, hurrying her away down the deck.

She said incoherently, "That man—I'm sure it's he. Notorious—he's been indicted for extortion threats—blackmail. Please forgive me—I'm a fool—to go to pieces like that—"

At the door of her suite Dirk looked at her and saw a woman harassed, haunted by the untoward events that had enmeshed her life. She was the wife of a man

who had made her private life unbearable, a public figure who did not seek her endless notoriety. Dirk had retained, neatly and precisely closeted in his mind, a tabloid description of Nora Lane's flight from the Hudson River estate in the early hours of a rain-swept morning.

"I must go now," she said. "I mustn't bother you again."

"It's no bother to me," Dirk said, "to crack a man like that one. I'm sorry if I lost my head, but when I saw you didn't want him to take that picture I just reached out and let him have one. Breaking up that camera was just my temper!"

"You have been very kind," she said, and, with a reassuring smile, was gone.

AT dinner talk about the incident buzzed. Dirk saw curious looks directed at him. He was sorry to have caused so much commotion.

Everyone stayed late at the tables, waiting for the actress to appear, but she did not come. Nor did Marnie Jackson or Dutch Lens.

Toward 9 Ken Martin, the crooner, came to Dirk's table. "The ship's cabaret, or gala, is to-night," he said. "We like to have the passengers entertained. We were counting on Miss Lane to make it a real Broadway show. I hope this thing that happened won't interfere. She's such a grand trouper. All the celebrities are going to attend. Tino Rossi, that girl with him, Jane Weston—"

Dirk looked around at Jane. Well, if that was the sort of glory she wanted, she had it now.

"I'll ask Miss Lane," he said. "Though I don't know whether it'll do any good. She was very annoyed."

He got up to go and Jane, watching him ramble up the stairs, knew what his errand was. She turned to Tino with a forced smile.

It was the ship's gala or cabaret night. More than 200 guests sat at small tables in the great ballroom, surrounding a square of polished floor. Lights were dimmed. Waiters in white mess jackets wove their way in and out, with drapeau and noisemaking favors of red-and-blue paper. The passengers sat with ship's champagne at their elbows.

The noise rose crescendo until the music began. Several couples were already on the dancing-floor when Jane entered with Tino Rossi.

There was a clap or two for the opera star when he took his place at a choice table, but it was as nothing compared with the adulation heaped on Nora Lane, when she came in with Dirk. Nora Lane, grand trouper that she was, hadn't let the passengers down. At the ship's gala she was one of them!

"Why doesn't the entertainment begin?" Jane asked, and Tino, responding to her interest with a nod, nodded his head to Ken Martin, the master of ceremonies.

Ken sang. That was not a novelty, for he always sang with his orchestra. But to-night he sang to Linda Bayes. By every note, by his gestures and pantomime, Ken Martin showered love on Linda, who sat at her table, looking up at him.

Everyone in the room seemed to sense the young couple's devotion to each other. Not even the applause at the end of the song broke the spell.

But the applause brought Jane out of her reverie. She wondered if her eyes were moist. She was afraid that they were.

Tino smiled at her. "You are so like a

lovely child," he said. "And so much of a woman, too."

Ken stood up to make an announcement. "We have with us this evening," he said, "one of the world's most famous dramatic actresses. It isn't often a master of ceremonies can introduce such an international star, but to-night, ladies and gentlemen, I have the great pleasure of introducing to you Miss Nora Lane."

When the actress arose the applause broke like a clap of thunder. Miss Lane smiled and bowed. Ken Martin stifled the tumult.

"Miss Lane," he said, "we'd be pleased if you would give us a number on our programme."

Nora Lane spread her arms graciously, took a long breath, and said, "But what can I do for you?"

A man called, "A bit from your last play!"

"The Portent?" She laughed. "That's much too deep and dark but—all right. I'll give you the scene at the end of the third act."

The room was breathlessly still. Lights were lowered. Nora Lane's voice was resonant and clear and charged with emotion. She made every listener feel the despair and stark tragedy of her role.

And then the lights were back, and Nora Lane was smiling and bowing. She sat down amid applause that filled the room.

Ken Martin tried to talk and eventually was able to be heard. "We have with us this evening another international figure," he said. "Ladies and gentlemen, I give you a brilliant star on the operatic horizon, the baritone, Signor Tino Rossi."

Again applause rang out. Tino flushed but he did not rise. Instead he looked annoyed.

"NO, no!" he said. At last he stood up, bowed, and sat down again. "I cannot sing to-night!" he said to Jane.

"Sing, Rossi!" a man called insistently. "Sing!" became the refrain.

Tino stood up angrily and put a hand to his throat. "I have a slight ailment of the larynx. I came on this cruise to cure it, and I am under strict orders not to sing. I must beg you to excuse me."

Nora Lane started the applause, because she couldn't see a fellow professional humiliated. But the answering applause was weak. When the orchestra began to play Tino stood up and made as if to leave. Jane had no alternative but to follow.

"I am greatly annoyed," he said. "It is regrettable. We will go up on deck under the stars. We shall be alone."

Dirk watched them leave, then turned to Nora Lane, at his side. She had an appeal which, to Dirk, was beauty and talent combined. In her face he saw a spiritual and intellectual quality he had never met before.

"That man on board," she was saying to Snowshoes, the detective. "The one they call Marnie Jackson—I'm sure he's a notorious blackmailer."

Snowshoes nodded in agreement.

"Unfortunately," the actress went on, "my troubles seem to be in headlines all the time. There's no secret about them. But I have to face extortion and blackmail threats, just the same. They terrify me. I'm afraid I chose the wrong place for a rest."

"For a house detective," Snowshoes put in, "this cruise is about as restful as a typhoon. Take a look round you—"

Dirk laughed suddenly. "I'm sorry, but

a ridiculous thing has happened. My foot has gone asleep."

Nora Lane smiled. "That isn't very complimentary to us, do you think, Mr. Blake?"

"To be exact," Dirk added, "the whole leg, the one I injured on that ski jump, has lost all feeling. It happens occasionally. I'll have to go out on deck, massage it a little and walk up and down. I won't be long. Please excuse me."

Dirk walked slowly across the room, trying the leg, putting his foot down with a soft tread, all his weight on the other member. It was an ordeal and when he reached the cool deck his forehead was beaded with the sweat of throbbing pain.

He sat down in a deckchair and rubbed the calf of his leg to restore circulation. It didn't take long. He got up then and began to walk out on the open deck under the stars. He stood by the rail and watched the black sky, and then the faint phosphorescent glow in the water.

He threw his head back in the wind and breathed in the air. It was less salty than before. There was a smell of jasmine and of coral reefs; they were nearing the Bahamas now, he knew. He began to pace up and down until he forgot that his leg had given him any discomfort. Suddenly he saw a pair of deckchairs that had been placed in a broad band of shadow under the stars. His eyes became as still, china eyes, trying to pierce the blackness.

Two indistinct shadows lay behind the foghorns. Tino Rossi, the baritone, was talking there in the darkness with Jane.

"There is no spot on the globe as lovely as the Italian Alps," the singer said. "You should see Cortina D'Ampezzo under the moonlight—ah! Giant spiny pink peaks soaring into a blanket of stars."

Dirk saw an operatic palm lifted heavenward, and two glistening, eager Italian eyes. The light went out, but the voice, as soft as a caress, went on.

"Kisses and moonlight!" the singer said, sighing. "We used to go there when I was studying singing at La Scala. Do you think I am a terrible type—speaking of past loves to a young girl like you? But you are so exclusive. You should know something of romance and gaiety."

Again Dirk saw the hands flung upward with an impressive, Continental gesture. He couldn't budge without disturbing Tino's talk.

"Shall we go back to the bar now?" Tino asked. "The cabaret should be over. I can't sleep with all this moonlight. The islands are ahead. We reach them in the morning. To-morrow at this hour we'll be high up on the harbour shore, reaching for the stars!"

DIRK could listen no more. He knew that he was in love with Jane, and he was jealous.

He stood by the rail as the pair got up to go. Jane came so close to him that he caught the scent of jasmine in her hair. He gripped the rail hard. When he thought the pair was out of sight he lit a cigarette, shielding the flame before his face. After a few puffs he walked slowly down the deck, tossed the cigarette away, and went back to the ballroom.

People were beginning to leave. Dirk went straight to Snowshoes and Nora Lane and said, "This party's dying. Let's go on to the bar."

Nora Lane laughed. "I'll go," she said. "If you'll let me sit quietly in a corner, sip a milk punch, and talk about shooting

ducks with this amazing detective. We're getting along charmingly."

"What a remarkable woman!" Snowshoes breathed. "Her husband used to take her along to the blind, and she beat him shooting ducks. It was their first quarrel."

They all rose, laughing. Dirk looked at Nora Lane. He could see her, walking over the moon towards the duck blind, a gun in the crook of her arm. She was the amazing creature.

JANE did not go directly to the bar. She went to her stateroom to repair imaginary ravages to her face and hair, and Tino waited for her outside in the passageway. She glanced in the mirror, and stood back in wonder. His face had a radiance it had never owned before.

And how well that one evening gown had served her on this cruise! She was glad that to-morrow they'd be on shore, and she could wear informal clothes. One didn't like to appear in the same dress, night after night, and this cruise had been one gay affair after another.

For a moment her thoughts drifted back to the chill autumn winds in the city, back to her jobless state. But she banished these now, as easily as she powdered a shiny spot off her nose.

The Bahamas were right out there under that gorgeous moon! She had a romantic figure in tow.

Tino didn't seem impatient when she came out to join them. Together they made their way into the Venetian Room.

Last night she had made a spectacular entry into this room, alone, after her quarrel with Dirk Strom. But to-night she felt keenly this moment of personal triumph. The heady wine of Tino's flattery and his flowery words had gone to her head!

They stopped at the bar, and Jane sat on a high stool where her reddish head glistened under the lights. At her side Tino made a distinguished appearance. The hostility the passengers had exhibited when Tino refused to sing at the ship's gala had vanished. The looks which people bestowed on the pair were again those of admiration. Their heads dominated the room.

To Jane it seemed that everyone had merely come on from the ballroom to the bar. Looking about the room she saw Dirk seated with Nora Lane and the detective at a corner table. They seemed quiet, subdued.

Dirk bowed to her slightly, and she nodded in return. It was the first friendly exchange they had passed since their quarrel last night.

Dirk had turned to Nora Lane again. He was afraid the actress had been aware of his distraction over the newcomers in the bar.

But Miss Lane was busily engaged in talk with Snowshoes. Dirk realised, a little ruefully, that the detective had monopolised most of her interest this evening. While she talked to Snowshoes, she had lost some of her tensed feeling about the ugly incident on deck that afternoon.

She was so receptive to every whit of the human comedy about her. She had suffered and lived tragedy.

Snowshoes asked her about the Kokinor diamond and she smiled. At the same time she let a hand slip to her throat where the Kokinor usually nestled, and she seemed almost surprised not to discover it there. Dirk saw her flush.

"I was so distracted I forgot to wear it to-night," she said.

"I'd feel better," Snowshoes said, "if you'd hand it over to the ship's purser for the rest of this cruise."

Her returning smile was one of sincere gratitude. "It's nice to have you both think about my welfare. I have two friends on board," she said happily. "Tell me more about that fantastic numbers racket. I think that is the worst one of them all. It takes the pennies and dimes out of the pockets of housewives and school children. To think that a giant octopus racket has invaded our grocery stores. I thought the corner grocery was an inviolate American institution—"

"What can the grocer do?" the detective said unhappily. "A finger-man comes around and says, 'We've picked you to sell numbers.' If he doesn't agree to sell, it's just too bad for him!"

"Why, the mere thought of it makes me indignant!" she cried.

"If there were a few more indignant persons we could do something about it. But we Americana, since the Spanish-American War, seem to have lost the power of getting indignant over anything."

"It's outrageous!" the actress added.

"We haven't outsmarted the mobs yet. The numbers racket gets the little change, and now the jewel thieves are organised to take care of our new zeal for hoarding precious jewels. You might be interested to know how carefully they work the whole country. A diamond merchant was forced off the road outside a small Mississippi town last week. They found his riddled body in a ditch. The haul in diamonds was forty thousand dollars. The old-time diamond salesman, amiable cuss, carried them around in a leather wallet, just as Diamond Jim Brady did. But that's all changed in the last six months. Jewel salesmen make the rounds in armored cars. Women won't wear their jewels outside the house. You'd think precious stones had become the only medium of exchange."

To get at the jewels which belong to the Sultan of Hyderabad," Dirk put in, smiling, "you would have to pass through dens of cobras, sabre-toothed tigers and fire."

Snowshoes scoffed. "One of our monocled jewel thieves would charm the cobras, make the tigers purr like pussy cats and put out the fire. They'd get the diamonds if they found the cave. They're clever."

"And you think we have them with us on this cruise?" Norma Lane smiled at him, as one always smiles at a man's pet alarm.

"Never can tell. You see them in Paris. You see them in Amsterdam. You see them most frequently in de luxe resort hotels, where the rich congregate and wear their jewels. I've seen hundreds of them in my career as a hotel detective. We caught one with the goods at Lake Placid last winter. He was posing as a Belgian count. He wormed his way into everybody's confidence, and on the night of the carnival ball at the Lake Placid Club, when guests were in fancy costume and naturally did not wear their jewels, 50 people were robbed. A housemaid caught him in the fifty-first room and locked him in. When he tried to escape from a window he fell and broke his arm. We caught him."

Nora Lane said, "I will be more careful with my diamonds in the future. I didn't know jewel thieves were so prevalent. Why,

a few years ago, you couldn't sell a diamond! They were drugs on the market."

"But not any more. People are jittery about gold and silver money to-day—unsettled conditions. Nothing seems safe to some people but a store of precious jewels."

"Persons in the public eyes are more subject to attack than others," the actress advised. "They are publicised. Everybody knows their personal habits, where they live and alas! where they travel. I must admit I was rather unnerved by that photographer on deck this afternoon."

"You had a right to be!" Snowshoes put in. "Since the snatch racket fell under G-men blows, blackmailing has got its nose under the wire. Every year that thinks he has something on another person tries to put on the squeeze."

I'VE been subject to extortion threats for a long time. My name is in the papers too much. This person—Mannie Jackson, as you call him—may have meant no harm. But I suppose I've become a little jittery on the subject. My nerves—"

Snowshoes said laughingly, "You need a bodyguard, Miss Lane!"

Nora Lane looked at him and without hesitation said, "You're hired!"

Snowshoes laughed out loud. "No, no!" he said. "I'm on my first vacation in 20 years. I was only joking—"

She seemed terribly in earnest, and Dirk decided to take her side. At the thought of protection she seemed to be happier.

"I'd like to see you undertake that job, Snowshoes," Dirk said. "Really, I'm a little afraid about Miss Lane's safety myself. Maybe I've got the jitters, too, but—"

"Oh, please, do!" she added. "I'm sure you wouldn't leave me with this feeling now. I do believe I am in danger. Every instinct in me warns—"

Snowshoes was weakening. He was old-fashioned enough to be moved by the thought of a lady in distress. "I'm not getting any rest, anyway," he said. "Gamblers. Tough-looking customers all around."

Dirk laughed heartily.

"I am a woman of experience," Nora Lane went on. "I've had a bodyguard before, and I am prepared to discuss the business end of it. I would be grateful to you if you'd undertake the job, and I'd like to quote your fee—three hundred dollars for the duration of this cruise."

Snowshoes waved a hand, as if he hadn't expected to be paid for anything, but Miss Lane was insistent. "On no other terms," she said firmly.

"If I take the job," Snowshoes said tentatively, "the first thing we'll do is to go straight to Suite AA and get the Kokinor diamond. We'll take it to the purser to be locked up in the ship's safe for the remainder of this cruise."

He admonished her gently, smiling. "You ought never to leave a jewel like that locked up in a room, hotel, private or stateroom. I can take care of any blackmail or extortion threats. All right, let's go."

Nora Lane stood up. Already the harassed look on her face seemed to have faded away. She was no longer tense. She felt safe in his hands.

She looked at Dirk, and said, "I hope you'll forgive me for wanting to retire. I've enjoyed the evening so much, and don't let me spoil your fun. I know you'll want to stay in the bar. Good-night," she said, and gave him her hand.

As Nora Lane and the detective went out of the bar, Dirk crossed the room to-

ward Jane. He approached her smiling, wondering what kind of reception he'd get at her hands to-night.

DIRK came up to Jane at the bar. He wanted to talk with her, if only to tell her he was glad she was having a good time. Jane surprised him by giving him her hand with a low, boyish swing. "Hello, stranger," she said. "I thought I'd lost you," she added, "before I had got to know you."

He held her hand, and it made his new-found misery more vibrant and more keen. She introduced him to Tino Rossi.

"I am sorry," Tino said, "that the charming Miss Lane has retired so early. I had hoped—"

But the sudden look of pique on Jane's face told Dirk that they should not talk about the actress now.

"You have the advantage of me with Jane," Tino said. "You have known her first! Please stay with us. I would be obliged to you. It occurs to me," he went on, in his stilled, Continental tone, "that I owe a private apology to Ken Martin, the orchestra leader, for not singing to-night at the cabaret. I should see him now—only a moment."

Dirk ordered a Tom Collins and sat in a high stool close to Jane. Tino went over to talk with Ken.

While Dirk's drink was being mixed, they watched Tino carrying on an animated conversation with much shrugging of the shoulders and much pantomime.

Then Dirk sat and merely looked at Jane. He toyed with his drink while he gazed.

She sat there, returning his frank gaze. He had won. She had won. And this moment was sweet, though a little bitter, too.

Suddenly he smiled, and it was so naive and wholehearted that Jane smiled, too. It was as if they shared some delightful secret and were too proud to divulge it. Dirk laughed, and Jane laughed. Their laughs were so hearty that people in the room looked at them.

Abashed, they both turned to their drinks, eyeing each other askance, like two small children.

Dirk talked into his glass. "I see you got your baritone," he said, and then sipped.

Jane said, through her teeth, not looking up from her drink: "I see you got your actress. We both seem to have got what we looked for and dreamed of, on this cruise."

"Yeah," he said simply, caressing his glass with a hand.

"Yes," she said after him.

"What do you think of Nora Lane?" he begged. "I think she's one of the grandest humans I ever knew. I never saw but one other actress in person. That was the leading lady in a stock company that made the old Birdcage Theatre in our mining town. I had the same feeling about Phyllis de Vere, the leading lady in stock plays. She was herself so real—"

"I think Miss Lane must be a charming person," Jane said. "I've seen her on the stage, and nobody doubts her great talent. In 'The Portent' she was superb."

Somehow there was a barrier between them again, and they shared nothing. But Jane said, "I'm glad you found such an agreeable companion on this cruise."

"And I'm glad," he added generously, "you found what you wanted on this cruise."

Jane said, a little petulantly: "While we're flinging bouquets, what do you think of Tino Rossi?"

Dirk hesitated. Here they were, asking each other's opinion on subjects that should have been closed to discussion. He and Jane did have something in common that he couldn't define.

Dirk said, "I haven't heard him sing. He has a ready smile for everyone."

"That wasn't kind," Jane asserted briskly. "Perhaps I shouldn't say it, but I don't like him," Dirk added.

Jane's face was hot when she looked at Dirk again. "Perhaps we shouldn't have discussed him at all. What right have you—"

Dirk was looking at her again, intently, and her anger was rapidly melting before his gaze. "I had no right at all," he said simply. "Sorry."

Just as Tino came up to them again, Jane said, low: "At least we understood each other perfectly, now."

"Do we?" Dirk said, arching his brows.

Tino said to her, "Darling, you look sad. I cannot forgive you, Mr. Strom. She should always be—oh, so happy! Champagne is what we need for this party."

Dirk got down from his chair, and smiled. There was something disarming about Tino's behaviour. He fairly bubbled over with enthusiasm for the mere words he spoke and the commonplace things he did. When they heard the champagne cork pop, Dirk laughed out loud, and Jane laughed with him.

But the moment when they had been together, fellow-conspirators sharing something, was lost.

"We drink to Jane Weston," Tino said, in his most courtly, most quixotic tones. "To her rare beauty."

JANE'S head was high, and she was feeling happy again when, from her position on the high chair, she saw Snowshoes making his way through the crowd towards them. There was something about his look that made her stiffen.

Then Dirk saw him, and they waited, tense, until the detective reached them.

Snowshoes said: "Beg your pardon, Miss Weston, but I want to talk to Dirk outside, alone."

"No sooner said than—excused," Jane said to Dirk. "Mr. Blake, you look as if you've seen the proverbial ghost."

"Ghost?" he said, distracted, and then smiled. "Oh, ghost! Perhaps I have seen a ghost."

"This is Snowshoes Blake—Mr. Tino Rossi," Jane said.

Tino put out his hand, smiled his best, but there was a moment before the detective responded. He took the proffered hand absent-mindedly. "Oh! Pleased to know you, Mr.—Mr. Rossi."

Motioning towards the foyer outside, Snowshoes walked away from them. Dirk followed him, nodding his head back at Jane and Tino, who stood, puzzled, at the bar.

Jane had lost her enthusiasm for the champagne. She said, "Something's happened. I know. I'll bet the Kokinor diamond has been stolen from Nora Lane's suite."

Tino laughed, and said, "Oh, it is nothing—your imagination runs away with you. Darling, you are no longer with me," he pleaded. "Let's be gay! To-morrow—"

Her eyes were wide. "Tino, I tell you something has happened."

"Well, let's go and see!" he replied. "We'll follow them and find out for ourselves."

Outside, in the foyer, Snowshoes pulled Dirk to the side, and looking about him cautiously said: "When I went with Nora Lane to your Suite AA—"

her suite now, of course—we found the door locked. But when she turned on the lights, there, stretched out full-length on the floor, was a man. There was blood on his vest. He had been shot through the heart—murdered!"

Dirk watched the detective's face. "You mean—in her suite—the blackmailer—the man I knocked down this afternoon—"

"He's a stiff now. Murdered, while Miss Lane was at the ship's cabaret."

"But, Miss Lane—let's go to her!" Dirk said, taking the detective's arm.

As they strode down Deck A, Dirk's thoughts whirled in hopeless confusion. "But there's no sense to it," he said. "There's neither head nor tail. Why should Mannie Jackson be murdered in Nora Lane's suite?"

"It looks," Snowshoes said, "as if two mobs got mixed on this ship. Two separate mobs wanted the same thing. The dead man lost, as usual. The less you say to the ship's officers the better. After all, you committed assault and battery on the victim this afternoon. That's why I came for you. You'll have some explaining to do—"

When Dirk reached Suite AA he saw Nora Lane in the sitting-room, her features pale. Seated close to the wall, she twisted her handkerchief in her hand, and stared into nothingness before her. She was bewildered.

His eyes swept through the door to the bedroom beyond and he saw the body of Mannie Jackson. The purser was bending over it, going through the pockets of the suit. The ship's doctor came out of the bedroom, and feeling the detective, said, "He's been dead only a short while. Not more than an hour, I should say."

"Shot while Miss Lane was with us in the ballroom," Snowshoes said thoughtfully. "Or in the bar. Between 11 o'clock and midnight."

The actress sat there, wringing her handkerchief. She stood up, and said, her whole being writhed with despair, "Oh, why should this have happened to me on this cruise?"

She was plainly too distracted to be of any use in the ship's inquest, and the doctor indicated to the purser that he was to provide another stateroom for her, where she could get some rest.

Nora Lane appealed to the purser, "Oh, this won't get to the papers, will it? Oh, why, why—? Haven't I enough to bear without this thing?"

THE doctor laid a hand gently on her shoulders. "You'd better go away to another stateroom and get some rest," he said.

"No, no, no," she replied. "I won't go to bed before we know more about this monstrous—"

The purser came to them, shaking his head.

"This is the first murder I've ever seen on shipboard, and I'm stumped. There are no signs of a struggle, and the doctor says it couldn't have been a suicide. There is no identification on him. Nothing in his pockets but a wallet and a film pack, exposed. We might have the film developed. This might show something, a sea gull, or a pretty girl—"

"Or something pertaining to his racket," Snowshoes said darkly. "He was a yegg—an extortion artist. Blackmail. He introduced himself as Mannie Jackson, but it may not be his real name."

Dirk went in with the purser to look over the bedroom for clues. Not a single

article in the room was disarranged. The trunk was locked. There was no object lying on the floor beside the corpse.

Snowshoes was already at work outside looking for fingerprints on the doorknob. He came into the bedroom and went through the routine job of searching with a glass every object that might have been touched by the intruder. There were no clues, no telltale fingerprints.

"Gloves!" Snowshoes explained. "A planned job. And not a single clue!"

They stood over the fallen man while Snowshoes ruminated aloud. "He was shot through the heart from a distance of at least 10 feet. No powder signs. He was facing the man who shot him. If Mannie fell in that position the man was standing just inside the door that leads to the sitting-room. That's all the physical evidence we have to work with. The rest will take time. We can get the bullet that killed him later on, but the gun has probably been thrown overboard."

The purser was more mystified than the rest.

"But what was Mannie Jackson doing in this suite? With the door locked on the outside?"

Snowshoes' eyes were still roving tirelessly about the bedroom and the bathroom beyond. But he said, "The person who shot him simply walked out after the thing was done, and closed the door, swallowed up by the ship. It looks like a perfect job. It's like a crime committed in an hotel where there are a thousand guests. It's a curious thing, but in a public-house the murderer is almost never apprehended. People come and go all the time. It's what you might call," he added, smiling dourly, "an anonymous crime."

Dirk went outside to Nora Lane. She was alone now, for the doctor had gone back to the ship's infirmary. He said, "I'm so sorry this happened, Miss Lane. But I want you to know that you've two friends on board to shield you from any unpleasantness."

The actress tried bravely to smile, and gave him her hand. "I thank you," she said. "My first apprehension was for you. It was a wild thought which came to me in my first panic. Looking at the man on the floor, I said, 'This is the man Dirk knocked down this afternoon. I hope he won't be implicated.'"

"PERHAPS I should be thanking you," Dirk said. "But if there's anything I can do in the next few days, please let me know."

"You have been very kind," she said. "We had gay times together. But now—"

"I know," he said. "You'll have to stay secluded in your new stateroom. I'll hardly see you. I'll have to answer a lot of questions."

He knew that this was the end of his one taste of glamor. Nora Lane wouldn't be seen on shipboard with him again. He had realised a boyish ambition only to have it snatched away from him by mis-hap.

Snowshoes came in with the purser, and said, "Not a single clue!"

"Mr. Blake," the actress said, "I want you to keep our agreement. You are to act as my bodyguard during the rest of this cruise. I'm in your hands," she added. "You're my lawyer, too."

"In that case," Snowshoes said, "I'll do my professional best to solve the crime."

The purser still looked completely mystified. "I'm glad you're going to help with the case. You can have a free hand. I'm

stumped. I wouldn't know which way to turn. I'll have to go report to the captain soon. But I'd like to know something to tell him—"

He threw up his hands with a gesture of despair.

"I can't make head or tail of it. You know something about the man," he went on, so what do you say it is, Mr. Blake? What was Mannie Jackson's motive in entering this suite? If he was a blackmailer he'd be looking for—"

The purser stopped, but Nora Lane looked at him squarely, her chin up.

"Some evidence pertaining to my private life," she said firmly. "Letters—"

"Why not a theft? Has anything been stolen?"

Suddenly Nora Lane's hand flew to her throat. In the first stricken moments when she was unwilling to enter the room where the man lay on the floor, she had been too distraught to remember the thing she and Snowshoes had come seeking in her suite. The necklace with the Kokinor diamond!

SHE entered the bedroom and went to the big trunk in a corner. She fumbled in her evening bag for the key, and opened the trunk. Snowshoes swung the trunk lid back, and Nora Lane opened the little top drawer. Then she looked up, and her eyes were like china eyes. The Kokinor diamond was gone!

"It's gone," she said simply, and invited the purser to look in.

"Why didn't we think of that first?" Snowshoes said. "The diamond!"

The purser scratched his head when he saw that the necklace was gone. "Well," he said, "now we've got a motive for the crime—or have we? A jewel is lifted out of a locked trunk and a man is lying dead on the floor. I can't connect them." He appealed to the detective. "Here, you take the case. You've been retained by Miss Lane. I'll just look on and be the ship's officer at the inquest."

But Dirk spoke up. "It looks simple. Mannie Jackson was shot. That means two men entered the room. Suppose the pair came in together, opened the trunk, got the jewel and closed the trunk again. Maybe one of them didn't want to share the loot. He pulled a gun and shot Mannie Jackson, thus keeping the Kokinor for himself."

This theory didn't suit the detective. "Suppose," he said, "a blackmailer came in alone to look for damaging bits of evidence. Letters, as Miss Lane suggested. Then another man comes in, looking for the Kokinor diamond. He surprises the blackmailer, Mannie Jackson, and shoots him. Then he opens the trunk and takes the jewel."

"That's it!" the purser said. "But who— who was the thief?"

"That's our job to find out."

The purser said, "All right. Have you any suspects?"

"No. Unless you mean every man and woman on shipboard."

"You mean we haven't a better answer than that? It might have been any man or woman on board the ship?"

Snowshoes rubbed his chin. He said, "Mannie Jackson had a pal on board, Dutch Lenz. He might know something."

There was a knock on the door and Snowshoes opened it. Jane was standing there with Tino Rossi at her side. Jane spoke to Dirk.

"What has happened?" she asked. "When you left me I knew something was wrong."

Suddenly she saw the figure on the floor. A cry escaped her lips. "That man! I distrusted him the moment I saw him. You remember, Dirk. He followed us."

Tino said, "That was the man you struck this afternoon on deck, wasn't it?"

"Yes," Dirk replied.

"But why," Jane asked, "was he in your suite, Dirk?"

"I exchanged suites with Miss Lane yesterday."

Jane was still incredulous. She looked at Mannie Jackson and said, "When—when did it happen?"

"Between 11 o'clock and midnight."

"While Tino and I were on deck," Jane breathed slowly, looking up at the opera singer.

The deck steward knocked and entered. Snowshoes had closed the door of the bedroom, shutting out the gruesome sight. The steward advanced to the purser, who had called him.

"This is the A-deck steward," he said.

Snowshoes asked, "Did you see anyone enter this suite to-night between 11 and midnight?"

"No, sir. It isn't part of my duty to watch the staterooms. I notice people going by."

"Whom did you see on Deck A during that hour?"

"I must have seen a hundred. A lot of people didn't go to the cabaret. They're all just passengers to me. I didn't notice anyone in particular."

"All right," Snowshoes said. "You can go."

After he had gone Snowshoes opened the door of the bedroom again. Ken Martin, the crooner, stood staring at the body of the murdered man. Linda Bayes was behind him. She said, "Has the necklace been stolen?"

Everybody looked at her sharply. Snowshoes said, "How did you know a jewel had anything to do with this?"

Ken stiffened to defend Linda. "Look here—"

"Easy," Snowshoes cautioned. "Let the young lady answer for herself."

"It was just a question," Linda replied. "The question anyone would ask, knowing about the value of the Kokinor diamond."

"And as for the explanation of our presence here," Ken went on, "we suspected something and followed Tino Rossi and Miss Weston to the suite. When I tried the door, it was open. So we came in."

SNOWSHOES asked, "Did either of you know Dutch Lenz when he owned the Tip Top Club?"

A look was exchanged between Linda and Ken. "No-o," she said weakly.

Ken corroborated her denial. "Anyhow," he said, "we were singing in the ballroom and bar all evening. Didn't leave once, either of us."

The purser said, "Dutch Lenz. He's the heavy-set guy with a cropped head, isn't he? I remember now."

"I'd like to talk to Lenz," Snowshoes told the purser. "As ship's officer, will you call him in? And while we're questioning him, have his stateroom searched. Thoroughly!"

The detective was pacing off the number of steps between the bedroom door and trunk when a large woman in a dressing gown walked into the room. It was Madame Doremus.

She could not see the man on the floor of the bedroom. Madame Doremus began uncertainly, "I have the suite next door. There was so much noise in here I couldn't

sleep. Who is the man who was murdered?"

Everyone jumped. Snowshoes closed the door to the bedroom, faced the woman. "Madame," he said, "there has been no murder. What makes you think there has been?"

"I couldn't go to sleep. I had just taken two tablets when I heard something that sounded like a shot, followed by a groan. I pulled the covers over my head and tried to go to sleep. Then I heard more noise and here I am."

"Are you alone in your suite?" the detective asked.

"No. I have a travelling companion, Millie. But Millie didn't awaken." Madame Doremus went on, "I'm on this cruise for a rest, but I haven't had my eyes closed since I came on board."

THE doctor called from the bedroom then and suddenly the door burst open, affording a view of Mannie Jackson outstretched on the floor. Madame Doremus screamed. It was a shrill cry which brought the doctor to her side before she fainted. They put her on the lounge in the sitting-room and the doctor applied restoratives.

The dowager came to with a startled cry. "It's a wonder I'm not dead," she snorted. She flounced out of the room, scolding the helpful arm the doctor offered her.

No sooner was she gone than the pursuer returned with Dutch Lenz.

"I don't know a thing about it," Dutch was saying. "I don't know nothing." When he saw the body on the floor he leaned over it. "It's Mannie, all right," he said then. "He was my pal. He came on this cruise to get some rest. That's all I know."

"When did you see him last?" Snowshoes asked.

Dutch thought a moment. "It was about 8 o'clock," he said, "in our stateroom. We were getting up for the party in the ballroom. Somehow we didn't get around to going. I was in the bar most of the evening, talking to Joe. You know—the bartender."

"Where have you been since 11 o'clock?" Dutch looked down at the body. "Is that when he stopped the bullet?" he asked. "I saw Joe at 11 o'clock. The rest of the time I was wandering around the ship. I was all around and I wasn't watching no tick-tock to explain where I'd been every minute."

The detective's voice dripped venom now. "Were you on Deck A?" he asked.

"No. I didn't come up this high."

Snowshoes said, "You're the only person on shipboard who knew Mannie. Can you tell us if he had any enemies?"

"No. He didn't know anybody on board. Unless—suddenly he noticed at Dirk—it was that guy. I saw him take a crack at Mannie this afternoon."

Dirk blushed, but Snowshoes waved the reference aside. "Why do you suppose your pal was in this suite?" he asked.

Dutch shrugged. "I've told you all I know. Maybe he got confused and thought this was his stateroom. Was anything stolen?"

"Would your pal's key have fitted this door?" Snowshoes said acidly. "He's got in with less trouble than he had getting out. When he tried to leave the bullet stopped him. The Kokinor diamond was taken from that trunk."

Dutch grunted. "Mannie wasn't interested in trinkets," he said. "We took this trip for our health—"

Snowshoes turned to the pursuer. "Who

had keys to Suite AA besides Miss Lane?" he asked.

The pursuer thought a moment. "There's one in my office," he said, "locked up. The room steward has a passkey." Then he pointed to Dirk. "You had a key!" he said. "You didn't turn in the one you had—after you exchanged suites with Miss Lane."

Dirk flushed, put his hand in his pocket and drew out a key. He handed it to the detective. "I forgot to turn it in," he said.

"Look here," the pursuer began, "this young man has a lot to explain. He had a fight with Mannie Jackson and he had a key to this suite."

Nora Lane said, "But that's ridiculous. He was with me all evening."

The room was silent. Suddenly Tino Rossi laughed and Jane turned to him.

"That's how much human testimony is worth," Tino said. "Miss Lane, you say Dirk was with you all evening, but I saw him on the promenade deck at 11 o'clock, just about the time of the murder. I was with Miss Weston and we were on our way back to the bar. I saw him standing against the rail and a second later he lit a cigarette. I could see his face plainly. I'm not saying this to make trouble, you understand. I'm Dirk's friend. As a matter of fact, anybody with a hairpin could have entered the state-room. You don't expect a key to solve the murder. The pursuer has a passkey in his office. There are passkeys around all over the ship."

The detective said, "The man who came into this suite didn't need a key. The trunk was unlocked as easily as the door."

The doctor went away with Nora Lane to give her a sleeping powder. Dutch Lenz, after submitting to a search of his person, went to his room, which had been gone over thoroughly. The jewel had not been found. Ken and Linda went back to the bar, leaving Dirk with Jane and Tino Rossi.

SNOWSHOES looked at the pursuer and said, "As a ship's officer, you'll have to question Dirk Strom. He's a friend of mine. I've known him a long time."

The pursuer looked at Dirk. "What time did you leave the room?" he asked.

"I don't remember exactly. It was around 11 o'clock. My leg had gone to sleep and I came out to walk up and down the deck. I must have been there 20 minutes. It was the sundeck. I didn't come on Deck A."

The pursuer faced Tino Rossi. "You saw him on the sundeck?"

Tino smiled. "Yes."

"And after that?" the pursuer looked at Dirk again.

I went back to the ballroom and joined Nora Lane," Dirk said finally.

The pursuer seemed satisfied with Dirk's account. Jane, who appeared to be disturbed, started for the door and Rossi followed her.

When the three men were alone Snowshoes turned to Dirk. "You're on a spot," he announced. "I'd advise you not to go ashore at Nassau in the morning. Let the others go, but you stay on board. Maybe you can help me."

The pursuer went through the form of searching Dirk for the jewel. Then he sat down and they discussed the crime from all its angles. Since it had been committed on the high seas, the body would have to be taken ashore at Nassau and prepared for burial and shipment back to New York.

"I have a suspicion," Snowshoes said,

"that Dutch Lenz knows something, but we'll just let him roam around at will. There's no clue and I'm afraid there aren't going to be any clues. We have a motive. It's almost certain that the man who killed Mannie Jackson took the Kokinor diamond."

"Find the jewel and we find the murderer," Snowshoes went on. "It's as tough a nut to crack as any I've ever tried."

The pursuer said, "I hope something breaks. The one thing that is poison to a ship is murder. I'll have to report to the captain. We'll have the body ashore before daybreak."

Snowshoes didn't move. "I'm stumped," he said, "but I've got my own theory about the murder. The guilty party won't dare quit the ship at either Nassau or Bermuda. To desert ship would be admission of the crime and we'd trap him on an island. He couldn't very easily escape. So we're sure to have a corpse, a murderer and a stolen jewel with us until we reach New York."

Dirk said, "What's to keep him from disposing of the jewel ashore?"

"Every person going ashore will have to submit to a search."

Snowshoes cracked his knuckles. He said, "Getting that diamond through the customs and police net at the pier in New York will be a first-class smuggling feat. Somehow, I feel sure the jewel will turn up before the cruise ends."

He stood up, rubbing his hands as if he had done all he could. "Think I'll catch a nap before the passengers go ashore in the morning."

He went out with Dirk and they walked once around the deck. "You're in a spot, son," the detective repeated, "but don't let it spoil your cruise."

Dirk said good-night and went on alone. He was up in time to watch the passengers go ashore in the morning. He had slept only fitfully, and at dawn arose and watched the sun come up over the pink-and-white houses on the green island. It was a glorious sight.

When he came on deck, gay parties were already in the dories. They didn't seem to mind the search of their persons in the pursuer's office; they regarded it as a kind of lark. The famed Kokinor diamond did not appear, however.

Only one person objected strenuously to the search and that was the old dowager, Madame Doremus. Eventually she submitted to the search, as the others had.

She went ashore in the same boat with Jane and Tino Rossi, breathing loud deprecations against the ship's crew. "Man-handlers!" she raged.

DIRK watched Jane and the opera star until their heads, close together, passed out of sight. Jane had seen him standing at the rail, looking forlorn and lonely, but she hadn't spoken to him.

On shore, she was in such a gay mood that she seemed to have forgotten the murder. She wore one of her most becoming dresses. Tino was romantically attentive.

Thinking about Jane, enjoying herself on the famed coral beach with Tino Rossi, Dirk knew he was jealous. His imagination followed them, conjuring up romantic scenes, with Jane laughing up into Tino's face, dancing with him.

When Snowshoes came up to Dirk, with a hearty slap on the shoulder, the young man felt actually ill. But he didn't want part or parcel of that girl now.

The detective had stayed on board to keep an eye on Nora Lane's new quarters.

Close to a nervous breakdown, Miss Lane was to remain in strict seclusion for the rest of the cruise. The doctor had ordered it.

The fact that he couldn't see the actress made Dirk more forlorn than ever. He had reached for the stars on this cruise and got worse than nothing.

"Don't look so gloomy," Snowshoes said. "I wanted to go ashore, too; I've never set foot on an island. Come on and have coffee with me."

They went down to the dining saloon and stayed there for almost an hour. Occasionally Dirk let his eyes sweep the low-lying coral beach out there on the palm-fringed shore. The detective was immersed in his job. The purser came over and sat down with them.

"Dutch Lens stayed on board," he announced. "He's in the bar, drinking and talking to the bartender. Better drop in some time and talk to him. Something might break while he's jittery."

"You don't know that yet?" Snowshoes said tersely. "He'll squeal like a trapped rat if he gets hurt, but he won't talk. I'd like to find out what he knows about this. It looks as if the Kokinor diamond is still on board. It'll be with us, all right, until we reach New York. The murderer, too."

The purser looked down at the table. "The old man—the captain—didn't like the looks of my report. He's wild! It's the first time he's ever had a murder on his ship. He's radiated details to New York and the company's lawyers and the police are on the job."

"So the old boy's riled?" Snowshoes said.

"**H**OPPING mad. He's on shore now, burning up the cables. He's had reports on Mannie Jackson's post—a record of blackmail and extortion threats—and he has the dope on Dutch Lens. Same count."

The purser looked at Dirk. "I'm under orders to keep a watch on you. He wants you turned over to the police the minute we dock in New York."

"Don't bother about the watch," Dirk said. "I'll be there!"

Snowshoes found Dutch Lens drinking at the bar. He walked up casually and took his elbow. "Good morning, Dutch!" he said.

The other man jumped as if a gun had been stuck in his ribs. The glass went clattering to the floor.

"Jitters this morning?" Snowshoes said amiably.

Slowly Dutch's features composed themselves. "Any man would have the jitters," he said.

"I didn't sleep a wink. When they lowered the corpse to a boat it swung past my porthole. Manny was my pal."

"Sure, he was your pal," Snowshoes said. "Why didn't you go ashore with the body? You might have stayed on that lovely beach all day—for your health."

Dutch was still shaken. "Give me another Scotch, Joe," he said. "I didn't go ashore because I didn't want to meet nobody there. They got dark alleys in Nassau, ain't they? There's goin' to be a night. With a murderer loose on this cruise. I ain't goin' ashore to give him a chance at me in the dark."

"You think the guilty party is ashore?"

"He might be and he might be right outside the bar. I'm not goin' to budge. Say, you're a private dick, ain't you? Want a job acting as my bodyguard? I'd trust

that sanctimonious pan of yours anywhere."

"Sorry," Snowshoes said. "Miss Lane has already retained me."

JANE stood on the terrace of the great beach hotel and watched the sun cast its dying embers on the rolling green surf. The white cruise ship lay just outside the pink coral reef, and smoke poured lazily from its funnels against a blue sky.

The whole atmosphere was languorous. The air was filled with the aromatic scents of exotic tropical plants. It was like a heady wine. Before her in the green garden were scarlet blossoms of exquisite beauty. Pink herons waded in the pool.

Tino stood beside her and pointed out tiny sailboats bobbing up and down on the lagoon. It was the realization of that which she had dreamed. How she hated to leave this paradise behind!

For Jane it had been the most marvellous day she had spent in all her life. After a battle with the surf they had spent most of the morning on the coral beach, laughing and looking up at the white clouds chasing one another all over a crystalline blue sky.

Tino had been charming and gay. His talk was filled with glamorous references to that life he had lived in sunny Italy and, more lately, in California. His flattery and praise of her, as she lay in the sand in her Nile-green bathing suit, had sent blushes to her face and pleased her enormously.

They had lunched in their private cabana, and Tino knew how to accomplish a nicely like this, with a devotion to her wishes like a slave's. He tried everything to please her. The bottle of wine they shared made her a little giddy, and she knew she laughed more than she had ever laughed before. He was so tirelessly amusing.

After lunch they took a carriage and explored the island. Jane enjoyed the quaint, narrow drives, and the superb views of land-and-sea-and-sky which every rise afforded. She was specially interested in the simple white huts of the natives; she adored the little picnics that followed their carriage, holding out fat, chubby hands for pennies. They stopped and bought golden bananas which they picked themselves, tree-ripened.

ONCE when they passed through a shaded lane, where the tropical growths and red bougainvillea brushed the sides of the carriage and obscured all else, the driver kept his head straight forward, and Tino leaned over to kiss her. It was a long, masterful embrace, and she had to push him away.

She laughed gaily in his face, while the opera star looked pained. "Darling, you're so exclusive," he said, petulantly.

Now they stood on the terrace of the hotel watching the first purple shadows of the tropical night descend. As the pale, cold disc, which was the moon, came up over the palm trees Jane was enchanted. Inside the hotel the strains of an orchestra endured faintly. They were playing "Red Sails in the Sunset" and Jane, looking up at Tino, smiled appreciatively.

Her eyes were bright, and her cheeks in a pleasant flush. They had been dancing inside.

"Oh, I adore everything that's happened to me on this cruise!" she said.

"I'm happy for you, darling," he said. "If I have my way your path through this night should be a bed of roses!"

"What a pretty speech!" she said, and seeing a kiss in his eyes, evaded him. She went down the steps toward the fountain in the garden, and he followed her.

"But my time, like Cinderella's, must have an end," she said. "Curiously, it's the same story. We have to be back on board the ship at midnight, to sail away from all this."

At the thought of returning to the ship her spirits fell a little. "That hateful corpse aboard!" she said. "Why did that have to happen to spoil our fun on the ship? I feel sorry for Dirk."

It had slipped out. But she quickly recovered. "Of course, he didn't have anything to do with the murder. It's absurd. He's just a young man who's had a tough time in his day, and was enjoying, temporarily, a glimpse of heaven—just as I am. And now this crime—"

"Darling, don't speak of it," Tino said. "It is too disagreeable to recall in these surroundings." They stopped to watch the sea out there—phosphorescent under the white moonlight.

"We have to-night, darling," he went on. "Isn't it a wonderful night? The air is filled with the scent of jasmine—bougainvillea." Two operatic palms soared heavenward, as Tino inhaled the scents. "It is our night." Again he said, this time insistently: "Don't be so exclusive, darling. This night was made for love—our love. Under the moon you are so beautiful!"

Jane trifled with his praise, though praise so fervently given was hard for her to turn down. She looked down the garden path, and saw two figures seated on the low garden wall, looking out to sea.

THERE was something about the pair that was arresting; they were so still. The girl had her head thrown back, and the breeze stirred in her hair. The man sat there merely looking at her, as the seconds ticked by. It was statuesque, for neither one of them talked.

In that unconscious pose Jane saw the unfailing devotion of the man, and the quiet response of the girl. From the pose she knew it was Ken Martin and Linda Bayes. They lived as a pair, and there was not much which needed to be said between them.

Jane's heart went out to them, for they were so obviously lovers. Ken didn't have to bestow flattery on Linda; she, in turn, was content with his quiet devotion.

Jane took Tino's hand and walked toward them. But when they came close they knew Linda had been crying; faint smudges betrayed this fact. And when she turned to Jane's spoken greeting, they saw tears glistening in her eyes.

"My dear," Jane said, "the night is so lovely I feel like crying myself."

Ken had a lazy drawl. "She's refused again to marry me," he said, shrugging helplessly.

"Ken, it isn't that, you know!" Linda said. "If people would only let us alone—"

Ken went on to explain. "She got some kind of note this afternoon, and she's afraid—"

"I am afraid," she said. "That horrible thing on shipboard last evening. I was sitting in my cabana to-day, waiting for Ken, when a little colored boy ran in. He dropped a note, and was gone like a flash. The note said: 'A good girl will keep her mouth shut on this cruise.'"

"I came in the cabana," Ken said, "and found Linda reading the note. She was

pale as a ghost, but I had to take the note away from her to read it. She fought me. Then she wouldn't tell me what it was about, or whom it was from. If she didn't know just what it meant she wouldn't be afraid. She closed up like a clam. We had our first quarrel. If Linda is in danger, I want to know who sent that note."

"I'm not positive who sent it," Linda said. "But I think I know what it means. It means: a girl who talks might die. That's why I'm not going to—talk."

Jane's senses were alert. "Does this have anything to do with the murder and the theft of the jewel? If it has I think you should tell everything you know," Jane said.

"I don't know anything," Linda said, unwillingly. "If Ken hadn't taken the note away from me, I'd have burned it."

KEN said, "I'm going to show the note to that detective. If Linda is in danger I want to know where to expect it. I'd die for her, and she knows it."

"But the ship's officers will think Linda knows something about the crime," Jane warned. "The note could mean anything."

"I know nothing about the murder," Linda said. "Fortunately, I was dancing all last evening before an audience. But I promise you that a good girl will keep her mouth shut on this cruise."

"It's obvious," Tino said, laughing, "that you are going to be a good girl. I'm trying to teach this young lady, Jane, to be a little bad," he added. "But it doesn't seem to work."

Linda tried to smile, mocking Tino's foreign accent. "Why, Tino, look at those moon—"

"And those starry night," Ken added facetiously. "And this purple shadows on a warm southern night."

Tino bowed low. "Come, darling," he said to Jane. "This is our night of romance!"

The lights from the hotel were splashed on the dark garden now. The strains of haunting music came down to them.

"I have a suggestion," Tino said. "We'll dine together in the hotel, the four of us. On the terrace. Two good girls will charm us with their laughter. We'll stay out in the night where we can reach up and pluck the stars. And then, when we have dined—to romance!" he ended.

"Bravo, speech!" Ken said lazily. "But it's a capital suggestion, Tino. Let's go—"

For a moment Jane looked out to sea, where the lights of the cruise ship twinkled brightly against the night. Somewhere in that ship was a young man who sat down to dinner in the empty dining saloon, forlorn and lonely. Suddenly Jane forgave Dirk for the imaginary slights she had endured at his hands.

She had everything she wanted; she could afford to be generous! Though she distrusted Dirk she resolved to try to help him out of his present dilemma. What could she do? For one thing she could find out who murdered Mannie Jackson!

But now she felt herself swept up the terrace by Tino's ready arms. Gaily she laughed.

Towards midnight a long black box was brought to the ship and placed in Suite AA, the scene of the murder. Dirk witnessed this gruesome reminder as he stood looking towards the brilliantly lighted hotel on the beach.

Then he waited by the rail and watched the parties come from the shore. He was standing there, alone, when he caught Jane's tantalizing laugh. Down there on

the embarkation deck, Tino Rossi was swinging along at her side.

Dirk had wanted to see Jane's face, to know if she were happy. She had realised her ambition, and she deserved this night. If only that ugly incident hadn't kept him from going ashore with Nora Lane!

But when he was alone with the darkness he weakened. He wanted consolation for something tangible he had missed. He started walking down the promenade deck towards the actress' suite with some vague notion of demanding to see her the next morning. Suddenly he came upon a girl, standing alone, looking back at the lights on shore. It was Jane.

She was more surprised than he. "Dirk!" she said.

He faced her, slightly hostile. "Did you have a good time ashore?"

Her eyes were as bright as the stars. "A marvellous time!" she replied. "Oh, I've never been so thrilled. I came out for a last look at—Paradise."

"Then I gather," he said coolly, "that you got exactly what you wanted on this cruise."

She sensed his withdrawal, but she went on rhapsodising the charms of the island. "We took the most adorable drives in a carriage. The air was scented with jasmine. There was the most gorgeous display of color. And, later, we danced on the terrace!"

"And I suppose your moonstruck opera star was most romantic?"

"Tino was an angel," she said. "He told me all the lovely things a girl wants to hear. And he was a perfect gentleman."

I KNOW," Dirk said. "He has all the graces. Flowers, bouquets, orchids, compliments—"

Impulsively she reached out and touched his hand.

"You wanted to meet grand people on this cruise," he reminded her. "Color and glamorous romance!" He added, a little bitterly, "Not just someone who has a sawmill job ahead."

"Yes, that's what I wanted," Jane said, and her chin was up when she said it. "Poor Tino—I'm afraid I led him a merry chase to-day. He was so tired. When we came on board just now he went straight to his stateroom to bed. But, on a marvellous night like this, I couldn't stay inside."

She was leaning against the rail, looking up at him. She went on, "I'm sorry this murder came up to spoil your cruise. You would have had a good time ashore." She hastened to add, "—with her, with Nora Lane."

"I was right here most of the time," he said disconsolately, "looking towards the shore, wishing I could be there dancing—"

"With a lovely lady," she concluded. "Oh, but you have what you wanted most on this cruise, too. You didn't want to meet a girl without a job. You wanted to meet a famous dramatic star. Well, you did!"

"Yes, that was what I wanted," he said stubbornly, and looked away from her towards the twinkling lights. "I haven't changed my mind."

"We both have found what we wanted—but there's still this gorgeous night," Jane said, taking in the heavens with a sweep of her head. "I can't go to bed. Why don't we—"

Suddenly his eyes were eager. "Go on." "You finish it," she said. "What did you think of?"

"Why don't we put deck chairs under the stars and not go to bed at all?" he said.

The giant twin-screw propellers were already churning at the stern; they were under way. They sought the deck under the stars, and Dirk placed their chairs where they could watch the lights on the island slip away in the night.

"First I want to tell you," she said, "that I know you aren't implicated in that murder and that I'm on your side."

He didn't want to talk about that.

"We're on our way home now," he said, "with a stop at more islands in the sea."

"Tell me about your job," she begged.

"For me, that's part of this grand feeling I have. I've got to see some shape to my life. And I'll have to carve out my little niches—literally. I'm designing a new kind of ski. Now, that's out. Let's talk about you."

"There's nothing about me to talk about!" Jane said. "I'm just—me."

But he was indignant. "There's everything about you," he said.

Gaily, she laughed. "And what does that mean? I'm afraid we're being deliberately naïve."

"I don't know what you mean?" he said, and they both laughed, their laughter reaching up towards the stars.

And presently they were silent. Jane closed her eyes for a while, opening them now and then to watch the disappearing outline of the coral reefs. At last the islands were swallowed up in high seas which blotted out the horizon.

She stirred, a little restless. She said, "When we came on board they said the barometer was falling. We had noticed it in the little boats. The seas were rough, and long black rollers—"

"There's a blow coming up out of the Caribbean," Dirk said. "We had a radio report. But we'll outrun it, if it does come our way. High winds won't bother a big ship like the Oceanic."

But already the winds were playing havoc with the seas. Black rollers struck the sides of the ship and faint spray came up in their faces. Dirk's hand caught Jane's.

"There!" he said. "Now you won't be afraid of the old wind."

She stirred, restless under his touch. A few nights ago he had kissed her. She sat up, looking at him, and for a long time she couldn't take her hand away. Then she arose.

"Well, good-night," she said.

"Why must you go? I don't want you to," he said, smiling.

But Jane was gone.

THE next day was an anxious one for the girl. The barometer was falling steadily and she watched the glass, fascinated almost as a bird is fascinated before the serpent strikes.

Towards teatime Jane saw the detective in the bar. He was at a table in the corner, and he asked her to sit down.

"Did you have a good time in Nassau yesterday?" he asked.

"Of course. Tell me, do you know anything about storms at sea? Do you think the ship is in danger?"

Snowshoes smiled. "This is my first experience with tropical waters," he said. "From what I hear, though, a hurricane is a nasty blow. But it's late in the season for hurricanes."

"All the passengers," said Jane, "are like scared rabbits. They say if it strikes, it'll come to-night."

Snowshoes saw that Jane was genuinely disturbed. To get her mind off the hurricane he asked if she'd like to take a few laps on the promenade deck, and she agreed.

They were walking along, chatting, when Jane caught his arm. He looked out on the sundeck and saw a man and a woman standing behind the fog horns. Tino Rossi towered over the slight figure of Linda Bayes in a threatening attitude.

"Don't talk so loud," Linda said distinctly.

Tino caught Linda's wrist and pulled her into the shadow and, as he did so, Jane saw him twist the wrist sharply. An anguished cry escaped Linda's lips. She said, pleading, "Oh, Tino, leave me alone! You can't hold that over my head now."

He said, "I saw you talking to Dutch Lenz in the bar to-day. Why?"

"YOU know I used to work for Dutch at the Tip-Top Club. But I don't want Ken to know I've done the hot spots. I'm crazy about that boy. We're going to be married. Please go away now."

But it was too late. Ken Martin came along the deck and saw them. Tino still had his hand on Linda's wrist. Jane saw Ken's whole body stiffen; he walked forward and said coldly, "Oh, pardon me if I have nipped a budding romance. A ship is such a small place." Then he turned on his heel and walked away.

Linda ran after him. "Ken," she called. "Don't be such an idiot!"

Jane turned to the detective. "What does it mean?" she asked.

"Tino has something on the girl," Snowshoes replied. "Linda knows the black-mailer, Dutch Lenz. I wish I could get her to talk. She's drawing a net about herself. The boy, Ken Martin, showed me the warning note she got last evening."

Jane said, remembering, "A good girl will keep her mouth shut." I read the note, too. Linda says she knows nothing about it, but will obey it to the letter."

"I'd say that Dutch Lenz had that note sent to Linda," Snowshoes advised. "Dutch and Linda both know something about this crime."

Jane's eyes were still troubled. Taking leave of the detective, she caught up with Toni Rossi, as he stood watching the rollers pound against the side of the ship.

Jane's voice made Tino jump back from the rail. "Darling!" he said, in his soothing voice. "You frightened me."

Jane's challenge was direct. "I saw your little scene down here with Linda Bayes," she said.

"You are too observant, my dear!" he countered. "And what did you see that would detract one bit from my great love for you?"

Her eyes were a blaze. "I saw you twist her wrist, and that isn't a nice thing for a man to do to a girl."

"Darling—you American girls! On the Continent—"

"I don't care what you do to girls over there, but it's still a quaint way of showing your—"

She hesitated. "Just what was the simple little act, anyway? Love?" she asked scornfully. "And what does it mean?"

"Darling," he said again, trying to soothe her. "After we're married you are not going to ask me about all my girls—in the past?" he said.

This took Jane by surprise. She hadn't felt that Linda had been around with Tino; it simply hadn't occurred to her. "Oh!" she said, and her tone now was much more conciliatory. "I didn't dream—oh, well, you Continentals are a case! And I suppose your artistic temperament accounts for that attitude toward my sex."

Sarcasm was not absent from her voice, and she went on, "Just how many times have you told girls about kisses and moonlight on the Italian lakes? It must be shop-worn by now."

"Darling," he said his voice a little pathetic. "You are so wrong. Your attitude is so wrong. But I can forgive. Tino is full of forgiveness! The fine spirit you show intrigues me! You are like a fighting tigress, aroused. I would know you better. But you are too exclusive," he repeated inexorably.

"I'm sorry about this," she said. "But promise me you'll leave Linda and Ken alone. They're so terribly in love; nothing else matters. Let her keep her secret from Ken. Why do you threaten her?"

Tino said, "I wanted to find out if she was in the know on that crime. I saw her talking to Dutch Lenz."

Jane threw up her hands. "Now, I've done nothing but meddle in an affair which was no business of mine. I had no right—"

"But now I give you the right," Tino said, smiling. "Come, we will go to my suite, and have cocktails sent up there. I want no more of this crowd—such fretting contacts one must endure on shipboard! You and I shall have a little supper in my rooms. I want to talk to you. I want to tell you about all my plans," he went on, his voice modulated to persuasion. "Don't be jealous. Come. Tino forgives you, and now—we go for cocktails, yes?"

Jane permitted him to take her arm, and she felt herself unwillingly going toward his suite. The very tone of his voice impelled her; she couldn't refuse. She had to know more about him.

But she was aware of herself and of him. Completely aware, she thought now. She sensed the danger in carrying on this flirtation with Tino Rossi. Shipboard romances were all dangerous. The absence of restraining contacts left one adrift. A ship was a separate community. It represented a suspension of time in an ordinary life cycle. The easy camaraderie deceived one about the things that really counted. One couldn't go sailing into criminal sunsets forever.

ONE inside Tino's suite Jane felt sudden alarm. What had she done? A steward brought up cocktails, and then took their orders for dinner. After the first cocktail Jane felt her panic leaving her; she had been merely a silly, unworthy girl. They would, of course, go on to the dance after dinner. There was nothing to fear at Tino's hands. She was sure of herself.

Tino was charming. He laughed and told her about the gay times they would have in New York together.

But the glow of the wine and Tino's flowery speech made Jane see things clearly. Her mind worked swiftly, and she found herself correlating all the events that had happened on shipboard. She saw them all with kaleidoscopic vision. It was like watching a photographic print come out in the chemicals of a developing pan.

Tino had to bring her back to him with the touch of his hands across the table.

"Darling, you haven't touched your salad," he said. "You're not fighting me, you know. We're together now. In my suite."

At nine o'clock the barometer was still falling. Milling crowds stood about the glass in the lounge, and some of the faces were pale. These were the faces of those who had already been through high winds on the Caribbean. And this looked like a real blow. Already the ship was being buffeted about by high waves. There was an occasional shudder which shook the boat from bow to stern.

"That's the propeller out of the water," someone volunteered. It only increased the feeling of alarm.

Only a few reports came down from the bridge. High winds had struck the Florida keys early that morning with devastating results. A few had been killed. The storm had skipped the mainland, and was proceeding in a north-easterly direction at about 30 miles an hour. The *s.s. Oceanic* was not directly in the path of the hurricane, but one never knew which course the tricky winds would take.

THE ship was expected to outrun the hurricane! There was a sense of something diabolic in a wind which chased one and indulged in crazy whims. The mere thought of running from death made one more terrified.

The ship rode the great swells, but the black rollers, white-capped, which came pounding against her twenty thousand tons in the darkness, made one's teeth chatter.

No one was allowed on deck. The crew guarded all passageways. There had been no report from the bridge since dinner, and some of the passengers regarded this as an ominous sign.

One said, "The winds are already here. Just listen to them shriek and howl out there. There'll be three hours of this before the winds will reach hurricane force. Then we'll have a blow, a nice little one that will send mountainous waves across the decks. Then it'll be nice and quiet, just a 50-mile gale, until the real blow comes. That one will be a honey! It'll last for hours and hours. There'll be no air inside the ship, but plenty of it outside. Your cardrums will be pushed in until they're ready to burst. It won't do you any good to scream, because you couldn't hear a scream for the shriek of the wind. Hours and hours in the night—"

The recital became so real that one woman went into a faint, her small child started screaming, and the night's weary vigil had begun. The seas were already high.

The hurricane winds had reached them, because a ship's officer came in and began shouting orders to the stewards to batten down the heavy pieces like the grand pianos. Things might go amok and crush the passengers.

Something fell on the hurricane deck outside, and one knew that there was no longer any doubt but that the *s.s. Oceanic* was in the path of the hurricane. She was struck!

Stewards ran about through the passages, shrieking orders. All passengers to the lounge with lifebelts on! The order to desert the cabins seemed to cause more confusion than ever. People ran here and there. There was really no hurry, because much time would elapse before the winds would be high enough to reach hurricane force. And there was no indication at

present that the ship would not outride the storm. Other ships less mighty than this sleek greyhound had.

But there was the danger now of striking a reef. The ship had been caught in a chain of them! That was why the officers' faces which the passengers saw were ashen.

Jane heard the steward bellowing up and down the passage, and Tino opened the door. The steward's white face was framed there for an instant. "The lounge deck!" he cried out, "and wear your belts." And then he was gone, pounding on doors, delivering the same frantic message.

Jane's hands flew to her throat. She didn't know whether she should return to her stateroom or not. She had her coat with her, and flung it over her shoulders.

When she looked at Tino for some reassuring word she saw that his eyes were wild with fear. She hadn't counted on this! But the sight she saw was a little repellent; his face was like the face of a stricken, cowardly animal.

It was strange to her nature, but she didn't feel sorry for him. This wasn't the way a man on a threatened ship should behave.

"The ship—won't—go—down?" he said slowly.

In this moment Jane thought about Dirk—strong and reassuring in his glance. She wanted to see him, if only for a minute, so that she could blot this ugly picture of fear out of her eyes. She had to see Dirk now. She turned and fled from Tino's stateroom, and Tino didn't call after her.

Some of the ship's passengers were taking the approaching hurricane calmly, and their behaviour quieted the crowd which was pouring into the gameroom, lounge-room and ballroom on the boatdeck, life preservers in their hands.

The first wild panic ceased, as people realised that the real blow had not even begun. The orchestra in the ballroom began to play. Stewards went around talking to the huddled groups, reassuring them. The long wait had commenced.

CARD-TABLES were set up like magic until the recreation rooms resembled a bridge tournament in a big city hotel. Bridge would take their minds off the high winds outside.

But the approach of a hurricane has a curious psychological effect on the people who wait, at sea. One lives with the spectre overhead—that dread hobgoblin which is uncertainty and fear of death in unnatural surroundings. For a strange element ensued. The high winds outside created a vacuum inside the rooms, and people began to notice the tingling of their eardrums.

It was a diabolic torment. The slight pain involved wore down one's nerves. Some nerves snapped, like taut wires. The air became close, and then a little suffocating. Luckless hay fever sufferers and asthma victims began to cough, and their rasping efforts to breathe induced acute physical discomfort in all who were about them.

Some were instantly sick, and the sharp rise and fall of the ship in an angry sea presaged illness for nearly all but the hardest sailors on board.

Doors banged open and shut. Outside the winds shrieked and howled, and the ship gave herculean shudders from bow to stern, like a giant animal emerging from water.

"I bid two spades."

"Three diamonds."

"Bye."

"Bye me. What was that?"

A woman coming into the lounge with two small children shrieked and went into uncontrollable hysterics.

"Go on. Go on. Bid! Don't pay any attention to that. My cardrums are about to burst. Throbbing like a taut drum. Play. I wonder if Ely Culbertson would play a good game to-night?"

"It's silly. There's no real danger now. When the blow comes you'll know it. It's a steady roar whose volume can be detected—like a train coming. You hear it roaring, and you can't run, then it smacks. It isn't so bad after that. You get used to it. It just roars and roars—"

OH—oh—oh—h—h!" Another case of hysterics in the gameroom. A woman doubled up, shaking with a tremor likeague, eyes wild.

"I can't hear the orchestra now."

"They played 'Nearer, My God, to Thee' when the Titanic sank. I knew a woman who came through that. Her hair turned white in a single night."

The tension was greater as the hours wore on.

This was Jane's first knowledge of the hurricane. As she went hurriedly from room to room, looking for Dirk, she caught these snatches of acute distress, which remained forever closeted in her brain. It had little effect on her now except to create an atmosphere of confusion in which she didn't know exactly what she was doing.

Then she saw Dirk. He was assisting a little old lady, who looked about 64, down the stairs into the lounge. The woman was still gowned for dinner, and wore some jewels. She was laughing and gay, but had to depend on her cane.

"My boy, I've crossed the ocean 300 times," she said. "My husband was a mining engineer. I've taken to boats more than once. One time we were boarded by a Chinese pirate ship off Hongkong, and I fought with the crew. For my bravery I was awarded a bloody cutlass and a pirate's hand. One of the fingers had a lovely jade ring on it. I had it made into this lovely brooch. See?"

Dirk was laughing. "You give me your arm!" he said. "This is my first storm at sea."

When the little old lady was seated in the lounge, and beaming with intense self-satisfaction on all those around her as if to say, "This is my day!" Jane came to him.

"Oh, hello!" he said, and searched her face for any signs of alarm. When he didn't find any he smiled. "A bit of a blow, as the steward informed me." Then his voice was stern. "Young lady, where is your lifebelt?"

"Why, I don't know. Where do I find one?"

"In your stateroom, of course. Come on," he said, grabbing her arm. "We'll go get it right now."

Jane's confusion came to an end with the feel of his strong hand. She felt buoyed up, in some way strengthened. She could depend on Dirk.

"Where—where is yours?" she said, almost breathless in their hurry.

"Oh, I gave mine to a little two-year-old boy. There are not enough to go round, as usual. I suppose people take them away

for souvenirs or use them for fishing tackle. I can swim."

On the way to Deck B they passed a door where a steward was pounding with some force. The door opened suddenly, and Madame Doremus stood inside in her lace negligee.

"I don't want any room service!" she said. "Go on away. I came on this cruise to get some rest, and you've been pounding on my door for the last hour. Where is the fire?" she ended scornfully, and slammed the door.

Dirk knew she couldn't hear very well, and stopped to help the steward, who was on the verge of tears. The boy couldn't get her out. They knocked again, but Madame was expecting it. "Go on away!" she bellowed.

But when she opened the door in a rage, she saw Dirk standing there. "Oh, it's you!" she said. "I'm sorry. I can't see you now, I've gone to bed. Otherwise I'd ask you in for a pot of tea."

Jane said, "The ship has been struck—!" That got over to Madame. Her hands went up, but she betrayed no inner excitement. She looked around for a dressing-gown, and sat down. "I didn't know there were any icebergs at this time of the year!" she said, her voice screaming out because she couldn't hear it.

The steward's eyes went to the ceiling with a prayer. "We are in the Gulf Stream, ma'am, just outside the Bermudas. No icebergs. It's a hurricane!"

"I don't need a cane!" she said. "But get my jewels out of the box there under my pillow. I thought I'd fool people by saying they were paste. But they're not! They're worth a fortune. Where is Millie? I called her, but she didn't answer."

Millie, the little companion with the hands like sharp claws, was not in the other bedroom. She was gone! And the jewel-box was not under the pillow.

Madame Doremus stood up in sudden alarm. "Why, she's taken them while I was asleep! Millie! I always suspected her references were not in good order. I'll look them up when I arrive in New York." She sat down again, breathless, fanning herself, and fainted.

CALL the doctor!" Dirk said to the steward, and he was gone. Jane worked over the prostrate figure.

Dirk said, "I'll go get your lifebelt and bring it here. I want Snowshoes to come here, too. I think we've learned something about the jewel theft."

He catapulted himself down to Deck C, and ran down the passage to Jane's stateroom. He paused long enough to snatch her lifebelt from the rack, and then suddenly he remembered that the actress had her new quarters on this deck. He hadn't seen her since yesterday. In his haste to help other passengers he had forgotten about the actress, Nora Lane.

He pounded on her door, and she opened it to him. She was already dressed. "I'm so glad you came," she said. "I think I'll need some of your amazing strength." She was completely poised. Her voice was calm. "The detective gave me the warning, and told me to stay down here until he came again. But I don't think it is quite fair. I'm feeling well, and I might be able to help the other passengers during the night. Some of them are quite unnerved—"

Dirk was amazed at her complete rea-

covery; last night she had been a harried individual, close to a breakdown. He told her about the old dowager, and Nora Lane insisted on going there to help.

Madame was busy explaining to the detective how she hid the jewel-box each night under her pillow. "The little girl can't get away," he was saying. "Perhaps she was only afraid of the storm, and got excited, ran out with the jewel-box instead of warning you. People do strange things in a panic."

But Madame Doremus said, "Strange things! They commit murder. Could Millie have stolen the Kokinor diamond, too? Could Millie be this horrible creature who kills?"

No sooner had she uttered these remarks than every person in the room remained stark still. They heard it coming with a roar. It grew steadily until there was no sound but the roar. It blotted out one's thinking for a moment, but then one knew it had come! Big winds, blow! Human bravado answered the sullen roar, and they were at least glad that the long wait was over. Nothing seemed to happen except that one's eardrums ached. The ship lurched high and the twin-screws were lifted out of the water. The great ship quivered, as if it were shaking itself apart.

The roar went on and on until Snowshoes began talking again. "It's here!" he said. "We may as well go up to the lounge."

The steady, dull roar of the wind endured outside the ship's bar, but most of those inside didn't pay it any heed. The tension had been too much for some of them; they were as high as the winds. Men who had given up their lifebelts to women and children sat about the small tables with scotch at their elbows, and told lugubrious tales about shipwrecks at sea. None of them had experienced them, but they told them with bitter relish, indeed.

"The ship hit the reef, and cracked up like a shell. The lagoon was infested with tiger sharks."

Nobody would believe Dutch Lenz's tale. He had come into the bar, his face as white as paper, and begged in a trembling voice for a drink. He told the bartender about it, but Ed only laughed. All the men laughed. It was a better tale than anybody else had told.

THEN Snowshoes came in, and Dutch cornered him at the bar. "It happened, I tell you!" he said piteously. "Here, I'll give you 500 dollars to guard me the rest of this cruise. Mammie was my pal. I don't know why he was killed, but now—they're after me!"

The detective said, "Get a hold on yourself, Dutch. I won't be your bodyguard, but go on, spill it."

"I was down in my stateroom, when that awful roar began, the big winds. I was sitting on my lifebelt, standing before the mirror." Dutch's voice broke, and he had to take another drink. "Standing before the mirror, I saw the doorknob turn and a gloved hand with a pistol thrust inside. I jumped down flat on the floor, and yelled—"

"I'll bet you screamed," the detective said.

"Call it anything you like, but the hand disappeared. Don't you see? Mammie Jackson was my pal. Now the killer wants to get rid of me—thinks I know who he is. But I don't know him. I don't know nothing."

The hulking brute was piteous, as he stood there with quaking hands, downing hard liquor, trying to steel himself against the recollection of that close call from death.

"Stick close to the bar," Snowshoes advised. He didn't know whether to believe Dutch or not, but the blackmailer's panic was certainly not a sham. Dutch was completely unnerved.

Snowshoes went out of the bar, and walked through the recreation rooms to get an eye on the whole of the scene. He went to find Millie, the old dowager's companion, who had disappeared with the box of jewels. The winds had slackened a bit, but the roar kept on. Everyone knew that the big blow was yet to come. It was after midnight now. They expected the winds to reach hurricane intensity shortly after 1 o'clock.

THE scene in the recreation rooms was uniform. People stood or sat around huddled in groups. They fingered their lifebelts nervously, and tried to hide their separate fears. A few people continued to play bridge, but one couldn't hear much for the wind. The orchestra played on.

Snowshoes didn't find the dowager's companion. He came up to Jane and the party about her—Dirk, the actress and Madame Doremus. "No trace of the little girl," he said, "but I'll poke around the ship. Dirk, you stay here with Miss Lane. I haven't forgotten my job. Don't let her out of your sight."

But Nora Lane was busy entertaining a group of little children. She had a Punch and Judy set, and was giving a whole performance, wagging the dolls appropriately with her hands. The children could hardly hear her, but the pantomime in the dolls' hands was enough to amuse them.

One by one, the children ceased crying and responded to the spell of the puppets. And the actress was perfectly happy at this job! Gone were her fears of blackmail and extortion; all her personal fears had vanished.

In time of extreme danger it's only the preservation of life that counts!

Dirk was trying to quiet Madame Doremus, who seemed to be more disturbed by the loss of her jewels than by the storm. Then he and Jane sat on the floor and watched Nora Lane's show.

In this hour Jane felt herself drawn to Dirk. She sat there watching him covertly from the side. He seemed to be fascinated by the puppet show, but his eyes roved about the room at intervals, as if he were looking for something to do that would help others on the ship. He was so immeasurably strong. She sensed his amazing strength of character.

For her Dirk had some of the same attraction she had felt when she first saw him on shipboard. How she had wanted to know him! His vitality animated her. And then childish ambitions had come between them.

Last night she had fought off an overpowering urge to stay with Dirk on deck under the stars, but the moment was lost.

Now Dirk sat watching Nora Lane, and when Jane spoke to him he didn't even hear her.

Dirk and Nora Lane belonged to the brave, the stars in this world. They were secure in the realization of their own strength.

Jane felt suddenly alone, and looked about for something to do to help others.

She tried to comfort the old dowager for the loss of her jewels.

The storm raged outside, and one felt the ship driven before the wind. On the bridge the captain was fighting to keep her on the course, off the reefs. Thus far he had won, but his face was ashen; he had aged in the past three hours. He swatted the big blow with his chin grimly set. It would take all the seamanship in him to keep her afloat until morning. But it was the reefs which bothered him in the night.

The detective, exploring below, found not a single person in the cabins. He did the job thoroughly, though there were a hundred places where a person might have remained concealed during the hurricane. The disappearance of Millie and the jewel-box from Madame's suite had baffled him more than any other thing, not excepting the thing he had discovered in Suite AA, the scene of the murder.

He hastened to the bar, hoping to find Dutch Lenz there to tell him this amazing thing.

But Dutch was not there. Snowshoes found him seated with the tiny tots watching the Punch and Judy show, but looking about him apprehensively at times. Dutch was so scared he wouldn't even trust the men in the bar. He had joined the women and children.

But before the detective could attract Dutch's attention he became aware of the increasing intensity of the storm. It seemed to rise crescendo as he stood there listening. The roar rose like a vast volume of sound, like a howl that had no end. And the winds began to shriek and tear things loose on the decks outside. Crash after crash resounded through the din, and then pandemonium reigned.

Every person in the recreation rooms paused and listened. They thought they had become used to the storm, and then these new furia were added. It was the big blow, and human bravado didn't answer this one. People stood up, with their hands to their throats. This was what they had all been waiting for, the last three hours since the first onslaught of big winds. It was 1 o'clock, and the winds had reached hurricane force.

THE first great surge of the wind seemed to lift the ship clear of the water. The answering shudder shook the very timbers loose. The ship rolled terribly. One of the grand pianos broke its lashings and went sliding across the room, to the accompaniment of shrieks of terror. Stewards stopped the plunging instrument, and tried to lash it again, but it went amok, pinning a man to the wall, cracking his ribs like sticks. His cries added to the terror.

Outside deckchairs were torn loose from lashings and splintered like kindling, and one great wave rolled up the side of the ship and pounded over the boatdeck. The sound of that water pounding against 20,000 tons of steel was more terrible than the wind. The ship listed badly.

The roar didn't slacken, but one became accustomed to the added fury of the storm. People stared at one another, wide-eyed, and those who had not donned their lifebelts hastily complied with the order. No one played cards. Momentarily the orchestra had stopped. The careering piano had unnerved them.

Dirk saw the detective and came to him just as Dutch Lenz turned his head. Snowshoes motioned to Dutch, who came within

hearing shot. "I just came by Suite 4A," the detective said. "I thought something might turn up at the scene of the crime. Can you imagine what I discovered? The long black box was gone. The corpse had disappeared."

Dutch's hands dropped to his side, and he was quaking with terror again. He clutched the detective's hands, suddenly, pleading like a child. "You see! The murderer's loose in this storm. He won't stop at anything to cover up his tracks. He'll try to dispose of me—like the corpse. Please!" he begged. "Give me some protection. Don't let him get me! I don't know nothing about the crime."

"Corpect?" Madame Doremus cried. But she did not faint. She paused, and said angrily: "Who cares about a corpse in this storm? Have you found Millie and my jewels? I've just remembered that she was a problem child. Oh, dear, surely my little Millie hasn't run away with the corpse?"

Snowshoes shook his head solemnly, and one saw that he was, as he had said, stumped.

Dutch looked about him wildly. He began to move towards the cabins, shaking with fear. "I got to get something," he said, and ran down the stairs towards Deck B. Snowshoes followed him.

THE steady roar of the big blow drowned the sound of every other thing except the pounding noise of the waves and of decks awash. The great giant shuddered and shook off the countless tons of water. People simply looked at one another and asked the awesome question, "What is going to happen now?" But they no longer experienced the first wild panic. The looks on their faces were those of people who were resigned—to whatever fate was in store for them.

In this moment they seemed to huddle together, like stricken animals. There were family groups, and friends. There were groups of those who had been joyous companions on this cruise. There were people who sat or stood alone. They all simply stared at the scene, and waited for events. It was like a grotesque, bad dream with a lot of white faces staring at one.

Nora Lane took up the Punch and Judy show, and lured small children, eyes stark with terror, into play again. The orchestra in the ballroom played, trying to allay the fears. People stood around listening, trying to forget the shrieking elements outside. Ken Martin sang.

Down in front of the orchestra sat Linda Bayes, the little dancer. As Ken sang of love, his voice was clear as a bell though he was choking with his real emotion—fear for Linda's safety. They had waited so long to be married. He had proved his love for her, but why did Linda hold a secret from him? The note warning her to keep her mouth shut had filled him with doubts. Discovering her in an intimate chat with Tino Rossi had only added to those doubts.

Ken knew that the detective thought his girl was in the know on the murder of Mannie Jackson. And even as he sang his eyes watched the whole scene in the recreation-rooms, fearful. He was afraid that the killer, apparently loose on board, might fulfil the veiled threat during the course of the storm.

Something of Ken's anxiety conveyed itself to Jane, who sat momentarily charmed by Ken's crooning for love.

Jane knew what Ken's fears were. She

sat close to Linda, thinking it might help Ken to know she was watching Linda, too. Feeling these things intensely, Jane thought she was witnessing a love which transcended all the petty avowals of affection one heard in the course of shipboard romance.

But then it happened before Jane's stricken eyes. There was a freshening of the rear outside, and a roll of the boat as the waves pounded amidship. Ken was flung from the orchestra stand, and going down his head hit a corner of the piano.

When Linda reached Ken his face was white and a thin trickle of blood coursed down the side of his head. She worked feverishly over him, calling out his name, "Ken! Ken! Speak to me. Oh, Ken, speak to me!"

The blow on his head had stunned him. The ship's doctor was tending one of the desperately ill on board. Somebody cried out for ammonia, brandy—any stimulant. None of these was at hand, and Linda stood up, her face lined with distress. She faced Jane.

"Oh, he can't be—" Linda couldn't bring herself to say the word. "Oh, I love him. I love him. Can't somebody do—"

She tore herself loose from the crowd, and ran across the ballroom. "I've a medicine kit in my stateroom," she called over a shoulder to Jane. Jane had to run to keep up with her. A steward tried to keep them from going below, but they broke loose from him when Linda kicked his shins.

The lights were dim in the passage-ways. In Linda's stateroom they glowed feebly, almost extinct. "My lifebelt is under the lower berth," Linda said. "Get it for me while I find the kit."

Jane knelt beside the berth, reaching for the life-preserver, while Linda went inside the bathroom.

Linda pulled the mirror back and grabbed the medicine kit inside the case. She slammed the mirror back and reached up for a bottle of ammonia. She faced the mirror, and then at the sight she saw over a shoulder she clutched the medicine kit to her, and screamed.

Not observing Jane in the dim light a masked man had entered the stateroom and was crouched over Linda, preparing to strangle her!

When Linda screamed he lunged towards her, but a roll of the ship sent his body crashing against the wall. She slipped away from him and came to Jane, who had heard her scream and stood wide-eyed at the sight of the man lying on the bathroom floor. It was too dark to see him plainly. She grabbed Linda's hand and they fled from the room.

BREATHLESS, they reached the recreation-rooms on the boat-deck again. Linda went to Ken, who was murmuring feebly now, calling out her name.

Somebody had produced a bottle of brandy, and was pouring a few drops between his lips. Ken shook his head, then stared up at Linda. For a moment he didn't know what had happened, but his first thought was for Linda.

"Darling!" he said. "Don't leave me. I'm afraid for you."

She gathered his head in her arms, and the tears which she had denied herself all the evening, since they had quarrelled about the interview with Tino Rossi on deck, flowed. "You fool!" she murmured. "You adorable fool. How can you doubt—?"

Linda didn't say any more. She merely

looked down at him, and she knew by all the signs that a woman knows that he trusted her. But she was going to tell him now.

She looked up and saw the detective standing over her but she did not falter. "Yes, I knew Dutch Lenz. I worked for him at the Tip Top Club in New York. I didn't want you to know, Ken, that's all I've kept from you."

"I don't want to know anything about your past," Ken said. "All I want to do is keep you safe—now!" She kissed him, still tearful, while the people looked on.

But the detective said, "I couldn't find Dutch Lenz below when I followed him. Did Dutch write you that note, warning you not to talk?"

Linda sat up, her eyes revealing the terror she had experienced in her stateroom. She couldn't bring herself to talk about that. "I—don't—know," she said. "It may have been Dutch. I knew too much about him, but no more than you know. Since reveal it's blackmail—extortion. I can't connect him with the jewels."

SNOWSHOES rubbed the shiny bald spot on his head. He knew no more about any of the crimes than he had known at the start, and now the corpse had disappeared. Millie had disappeared with Madame's jewel-box and was nowhere to be found. And Dutch Lenz had been swallowed up somewhere in the bowels of the big ship while Snowshoes followed on his trail.

While Linda bestowed loving comforts on Ken, the orchestra began playing again. The people around them had momentarily forgotten the storm outside, but it still raged nevertheless. The waters pounded along the boatdeck outside, and now they heard one of the lifeboats torn loose from its davits and hurled out to sea.

Jane tried to tell the detective about the assault of the masked man below, but she had to wait until the noise abated. Then she told him.

"Why didn't you tell me this right away?" Snowshoes said, indignantly. "Why, the killer's loose down there below! He was trying to dispose of Linda, following up his threat. Come on," he motioned to Dirk Strom. "Let's go below and get him. If it's Dutch Lenz, he's likely to have a gun by now—"

But Dirk stood his ground. He couldn't correlate events he had observed. "But Dutch was quaking with fear himself," he put in. "Fear of the killer. He couldn't fake that exhibition of terror. Why, he screamed like a woman when you told him the corpse had disappeared. He's no actor. He's simply a yellow rat. There must be more than one man loose on board—"

The winds increased their ferocity outside. Waves poured over the boatdeck and came against the portholes of the recreation-rooms. Then somebody who stood at a porthole yelled, and the horrified passengers who were close by stared out on the deck. Snowshoes and Dirk ran over to a place where they could see.

Coming along the wave-swept deck in the semi-darkness, clinging to every vantage point in the lee of the wind, was Dutch Lenz. He was drenched but fighting hard to reach the lounge. He pulled himself along by main strength against the wind, and in a flash of light they saw his face, white but grim. He was putting up a fight to keep from being swept overboard.

But then above the sound of fury outside a shot rang out. It was an angry little

bark, and they distinctly saw the white flame in the dark.

Dutch faltered, hanging on to a post with one hand, while another went to his breast. He went to his knees slowly, and then his grip on the post relaxed. Before he had reached the floor a wave, cascading high, poured over him, lifted him high, and flung him overboard, lost.

The horrified passengers simply stared. There was nothing anybody could do in this storm.

THE shooting of Dutch Lenz brought about panic among the passengers. Their murmurs rose crescendo, but the fresh onslaught of the storm hattering another lifeboat from its davits and hurling it out to sea, brought about a more active sense of their danger. They began to mill about aimlessly.

They had been calm, but now they moved about, chattering like shrill monkeys. Rumour flew. Why had there been no reports from the bridge? Had the ship been driven off the course—inside the reefs? Were they all doomed?

It was suddenly every man for himself. It was a mad scene of fear stark and in some cases abject. For some reason the men crowded out of the bar. The alcoholic spirits inside them no longer compensated for the lack of life-preservers about their waists. Some of them looked menacing.

Instinctively the family groups drew closer together, clutching their lifebelts as if they were afraid of having them torn away. But no such move came from the men. In the moment of greatest danger they merely sought the companionship of human beings in the lounge. There were perhaps a hundred men who had given up their preservers to the women and children.

Two of the ship's officers, their oilskins dripping water, circulated about and tried to calm the people. There was no relaxation in the stern discipline the crew maintained, but the passengers misinterpreted these gestures. They thought the ship was doomed.

But the orchestra played on. Ken Martin, recovered from his blow and sensing renewed panic in the crowd, began to sing, and Linda Bayes watched him. She joined him, and hand in hand they sang, high above the huddled groups of people. Some of their courage went out to the audience. Two lovers in the storm, they had come together. Linda had proved her love for him at last! Ken was content.

The detective wanted to ask Linda if she knew anything about the person who had started to strangle her in her stateroom, but he questioned Jane instead.

"You didn't recognise the man?" he said. "Are you sure it was a man?" He looked at Madame Doremus. "You're sure it wasn't Millie? Madame says the girl had a neurotic background."

"Of course it was a man!" Jane said, "but he was masked, and had a cap pulled down. I couldn't tell whether I had ever seen him before. It all happened so quickly, and the lights were dim. He had on a heavy coat and he looked rather large, bulged out. I don't think he knew I was in the stateroom with Linda. The roll of the ship flung him against the wall, and saved her from—"

"I believe there's only one man in this," Snowshoes said. "The man who killed Marnie Jackson, stole the Kokinor diamond, and then to cover up his crime made attempts on the lives—successful in one

instance—of Dutch Lenz and Linda Bayes, is that man. He's aboard on the ship."

"Dutch Lenz may have committed the first crime," Dirk said obstinately. "Now he's dead. The Kokinor may have changed hands."

But then Snowshoes looked more puzzled than ever. Jane watched him, for her own mind was racing along impossible channels. The detective said suddenly, "If Dutch Lenz didn't send that note to Linda Bayes, who did? Who else could it have been? Somebody ashore in Nassau," he added quickly. Then his eyes had a sudden light in them, and he said, low: "There is a passenger on board this ship who is not a passenger. He is the corpse! And he's walking around on two legs like any of the rest of us."

Jane was aghast. "You mean, a man came on board in that long black box? Somebody ashore—"

"That's just it!" Snowshoes said. "It could have been arranged. We'll have to question the ship's officers who had the body in charge, but they're on heavy duty now, trying to manoeuvre this ship through the storm—"

"But if there is another man in the crime, who stole the Kokinor diamond from Nora Lane's suite?" Jane said. "Where is Millie?"

Snowshoes was rubbing his bald spot again, and he had to grin with discouragement. "I think I'll just go round up the corpse, and let the rest go hang until the storm is over. I don't like the idea of a corpse running around below."

WITH Dirk at his side the detective went down to Deck B, and cautiously approached the stateroom where Linda had been attacked by the masked man. The ship took a bad roll once, and they were thrown into a heap on the floor, while the lights dimmed completely and then glowed feebly again. They listened to the tons of water running off the deck above.

They were lying there, breathlessly still, when they heard a sound of tapping in the passage-way. They lay still, and listened. There it was again, and it sounded more than a tap. Something was beating against the door of a steward's linen closet. Bang! Bang! Bang! But the sound was almost drowned by the wind, and came to them like a tap.

They approached the closet with due caution. There was a simple lock on it that might have slammed shut. The key was in it. But there was undoubtedly some person behind that door, trying desperately to get out.

Dirk propped himself in the aisle, and Snowshoes unlocked the door, swinging it open. Something tumbled out headlong and lay on the floor, uttering one shrill cry which was lost in the noise of the hurricane.

It was Millie. She still had on her dressing gown, and her hands like sharp claws clung to the jewel-box missing from Madame's room.

"Why, it's Millie!" the detective said, but before they could touch her she ran away from them, up the stairs and into the lounge. Her eyes were filled with terror.

They ran after her and caught up with her just as she flung herself, sobbing bitterly, at Madame's feet. She clung to the old dowager and handed the jewel-box to her.

"Millie, what have you done?" Madame

was saying. She charitably placed her coat over the girl's quaking shoulders.

The companion was almost hysterical. "I've been locked up in that closet for hours," she sobbed. "I thought I was going to die. I screamed, and screamed, and nobody could hear me. I was running from him, and climbed in the closet to hide. When I closed the door I was locked in—"

"Running from whom?" the detective said.

"That man! They woke me up, the stewards running up and down when the storm started. I wasn't quite sure what it was but I heard a noise in the suite next door. They were dragging something heavy over the floor. It was in the room where they put that corpse! I was shaking all over and hid my head under the covers for a long time. But then I heard something in Madame's bedroom, and I got really scared. I thought it might be the thing—come to life again. I put on my dressing gown and went in. When I saw the thing—it wore a mask and was poking around in the dark—I ran to Madame's pillow, and snatched up the jewels. She can't hear, well, and didn't wake up. I got by the thing to the outside door and ran down the deck and got away from him. There were so many people running up and down. I saw that closet open, and climbed in. I don't know whether he followed me or not, I was so scared."

Madame was murmuring, "You poor child, you risked your life to save my jewels!" when Millie broke down. "I don't want to drown," she sobbed, brokenly. "I haven't got a life-preserver. Everybody else has one but me. The ship's sinking, I know. And I was locked up in that black hole, going to drown, drown—"

The detective said, sighing, "Well, at least we don't have to find your jewels, Madame! They're safe."

They paused while the ship went through one of those herculean shudders again. The waves rolled over the boat-deck, and drowned out the sound of the orchestra, still playing. The ship's cabaret went on, Linda and Ken, in their roles, carrying on.

But suddenly the detective knit his brow closely together. "We haven't a single clue," he said. "This man is interested in diamonds and won't stop at murder to get them. But we're stumped. It may be any one of these suspicious-looking touts on board. We can't keep track of them in this storm. And it may be the corpse that walks like a man, and throws his coffin overboard in the storm," he ended unhappily.

THE old dowager scoffed. "There have been queer doings on this ship since I came on board. I wouldn't be surprised at anything. Let it walk! Nothing bothers me any more. If I've stood this much excitement my heart is good for a few years more—"

"We won't find the murderer until we find the Kokinor diamond," Snowshoes insisted stubbornly. "And it may have changed hands on shipboard. And it'll probably show up in a diamond cutter's shop in Amsterdam, in a dozen pieces."

Still no report came down from the bridge, though the crew was standing tensely by at stations. But the passengers had no doubts about the intensity of the hurricane which held the ship in its turbulent grip. Water was breaking over the bow, drenching the boatdeck, flowing off over the rail like a torrential flood.

The whole world seemed to pitch underfoot. Passengers were flung headlong on the floor. The ship shuddered violently as her propellers were lifted out of the water. The nervous strain had reached the breaking point, with all the passengers huddled in white-faced groups, when a sudden grinding noise, that was different from all the other noises of the fury, assailed them. It was a sharp, grating sound as of steel on rock.

Then there was a shock, which flung half the passengers on their faces while the boat quivered from bow to stern.

A WHITE-FACED ship's officer came running through the lounge, and spoke to one steward after another, until a welter of hushed voices went up to the ceiling. "On a reef!" The ship had been driven off the course, and was now held fast on a coral reef, and water was coming into the hold.

Orders came in short barks now. The S.O.S. was flashing out from the radio control-room, telling the whole world that the de luxe cruise ship Oceanic was fast on a reef, and at the mercy of the hurricane.

When the passengers knew it had happened, their plight was different. Nothing mattered now but the saving of lives. Word came down that the ship was not sinking, but all passengers were to be prepared to take to the boats. They knew that lifeboats would crumple up like paper on the surf-beaten reef. Members of the crew were marshalling them into order, where they remained, miserably huddled together, clutching their life-preservers.

After the shock the orchestra kept on playing. Ken Martin sang, and his songs were for Linda Bayes, who sat calmly, merely looking up at him, their love triumphant over the awful scene.

A steward found a few lifebelts, and there was a mad moment of fear lest the men should stampede for them. Grateful feminine hands received them. But one little girl of four or five, separated from her mother, was found snivelling in a corner, terrified. She hadn't a life-preserver, and there were no more to be had.

Jane hugged the child close to her, and Dirk looked around to no avail. He came back to Jane with this desperate message in his eyes, just as the child's mother, face racked with fear, came to snatch up the child. The mother gave way to hysterics, and the child sobbed bitterly in her arms.

They tried to calm the parent. In this time of crucial danger Jane sensed Dirk's amazing strength more than ever before. His vitality seemed to flow out and radiate on those who were around him, and needed it. Every person in the lounge seemed to know his presence, his lack of fear.

Jane had a glowing sense of reality in this moment as she sat with Dirk, facing the perils of the storm. She saw in Dirk the very security and protection she had most earnestly desired. She could face anything with him. Glamour and the worldly things didn't matter any longer.

He seemed to know what she was thinking about, and smiled at her.

"We were blind," she said, and he smiled more deeply, knowing just what she meant. But she wanted him to know, now, in this hour of danger. "I didn't love Tino. I had come to distrust him. To-night, dining in his room, I was even afraid of him. When the first awful blow came his sudden fear wasn't a pretty sight. He seemed to go to pieces. Then his romanticism was a little-obscene. I saw him for what he was—a self-seeking, vain—"

"Why do you tell me this?" Dirk said, but then he answered his question. "Of course you know Nora Lane was being only kind to me. But what's become of the handsome, moon-struck opera star?"

"Probably with the women and children," Jane said. "When I left him I don't think I wanted to see him again. But I suppose I shall."

She let her eyes rove about the great lounge, seeking Tino Rossi, and she saw him where she had expected to see him. He was huddled close to the boatdeck, with a group of passengers, his face ashen with terror. He didn't see anything.

"Tino!" she breathed. His face still carried the wild fear that had repelled her when she had left him at the onslaught of the storm. Then she saw that under his heavy coat Tino concealed a lifebelt!

Of all the men on board Tino Rossi was the only man who had on a life-preserver. But Jane gave him a chance to redeem himself in her eyes. If he gave up his lifebelt to this four-year-old she could forgive him for a lot.

With this mission in mind she got up and approached Tino. Dirk came after her.

Tino saw her, and tried to smile, but his features were distorted with fear. "Do you think the ship is breaking up?" he begged, looking at Dirk. He stood up, and Dirk saw the unmistakable bulk of a lifebelt hid under Tino's coat. Dirk's eyes narrowed.

Jane said, "Tino, there's a little girl of four over there who hasn't a preserver. Her mother is frantic—"

SEVERAL men had observed the lifebelt now, and made threatening gestures. Tino quailed with fear. Then there was an angry murmur of masculine voices which rose above the sound of pounding waves out there on the reef.

"No, I can't give it up!" he said, in a thin, agonised wail. "The ship's going to break up. A man hasn't got a chance in that sea!" He hugged his coat closer about him, and began to look around him furtively.

She was right. Tino was a coward. And this was the romantic, glamorous person upon whom she had fastened her dreams! But suddenly Jane's thoughts raced inward, and Dirk saw her eyes become as still, china eyes.

Before Jane could speak a man hit Tino on the mouth, felling him. An angry crowd surged in on him. Tino scrambled to his feet, blood on his mouth, and whipped out a pistol from an overcoat pocket.

"Stand back!" he commanded, in his shaking voice. "Stand back, or I'll shoot." Then his voice mounted to a scream. "I won't give up my lifebelt! I won't!" Holding the men at bay with his gun, he backed slowly to the door, flung them open with the weight of his body, and disappeared along the boatdeck.

Jane cried out on impulse, and Dirk was the man who obeyed. He lunged through the door onto the deck.

It was a weird manhunt the passengers of the stricken s.s. Oceanic witnessed on the boatdeck. The waves still broke over the bow and flowed along the polished boards, rendering footing difficult. It was almost impossible for a human being to make headway against the wind.

Tino had a start, and was clinging to the rail, pulling himself hand over hand against the wind. His progress was in-

credibly slow as the rivers of water sucked about his legs, but Dirk's progress was not much faster.

Dirk was in a crouching position, head down, making his way into the wind, trying to keep in the lee. He struggled up the cabin wall, occasionally holding on to a demolished deck-chair in its lashings.

It was like a pursuit in slow motion. Tino's face was white and drenched with spray, and agonised. Dirk's was drenched but grim.

A false hand-hold, one bad step, would lose for either in the race. Tino lost his footing first, and a wave coming down the deck left him floundering like mad in the middle of the floor. Somehow he scrambled to his feet, and got hold of a deckchair before he was swept away.

Dirk was close behind him, moving cautiously now, for he saw that Tino, tiring rapidly in this strenuous work, was clutching his gun menacingly.

The lights were dim on deck. Tino plunged into a band of blackness, and Jane saw the yellow flash and then heard the bark of the gun.

One expected every minute to hear that the ship was breaking up on the reef, but to Jane this chase and death-grip was agony. She realised now what Dirk really meant to her. She loved him! She had been mad to let him go out there after Tino. Tino had a gun, and he was so racked with fear that he was desperate.

But with her face glued to the panes, she saw that Dirk was on the floor, rising on his hands and knees, unhurt.

In this moment of relief Jane's thoughts raced along an impossible channel. Her mind was doubly alert; she correlated past events, time and place, like a drowning person. All in a flash. After a moment she turned to the detective and said, "Now I know. I know. Tino isn't just a coward, afraid to give up his lifebelt to a little girl. He's the murderer. He's the one! Tino killed Marnie Jackson and Dutch Lenz."

An angry murmur ensued from the people around Jane, but Snowshoes simply stared at her. "How do you know? If you had any clue that connected Tino with the crimes why didn't you reveal them? You were with him, on deck, at the time Marnie Jackson got his." He shook a finger at her, admonishing; "You can't accuse the opera star, just because you've turned against him, a shocking coward who's threatening the life of the one you really care for—"

JANE looked up and saw Linda Bayes standing before them. Her eyes were blazing. "Tino's no opera star!" she said. "I know him. I'm the only one on this ship who ever knew him, or heard him sing—except Dutch Lenz. Tino worked at the Tip Top Club. We have both worked for Dutch Lenz in our day. He's a rotten singer. That's why he refused to sing at the ship's cabaret. His name isn't Tino Rossi. He isn't even Italian!"

The detective's eyes were keen with excitement now. "Is that why Tino twisted your wrist? Is that all he had on you—the fact that you had worked for Dutch?"

Her eyes sought Ken Martin's, and the look he gave her was assurance enough of his trust. "That was all," she said. "Tino was masquerading as an opera star, making a play for Jane. I knew his kind. He was a phoney all around. I had warned him to leave Jane alone. But I didn't tell Jane

he was phoney because I was afraid of him. I didn't want Ken to know that I had worked the hot spots in New York; Tino said that over my head. But it doesn't matter now."

Snowshoes looked at Linda squarely. "Did Tino send you that warning note?"

"I believe he did. But it could have been Dutch. At the time I rather suspected Dutch of the murder. I was afraid to talk! I never suspected Tino. But Tino was afraid of me. I knew too much about him."

"Do you think he was the masked man who attacked you in your stateroom? If we only had one clue! You can't accuse a man of murder because he's masquerading as an opera singer."

"I DON'T know. It could have been Tino! It sounds rational enough. He was afraid I'd talk. And he would have been mortally afraid of Dutch. Dutch knew he was no good. If Tino did kill Mannie Jackson, he would have feared Mannie's pal, Dutch. Dutch would have found him out. Tino would have wanted to do away with Dutch in the storm."

But the detective was still perplexed. He turned to Jane. "What prompted you to say outright that Tino is the man we're looking for? You must have some bit of evidence. Think hard. Mannie was murdered between eleven and midnight. You were with Tino on deck. Was there any time that Tino could have left you and entered Nora Lane's suite to kill Mannie Jackson?"

Jane couldn't answer, for her eyes were glued to the pines again. She could see Dirk crawling along the boardwalk on his hands and knees. She couldn't see Tino, but suddenly three shots rang out in rapid succession, the flashes revealing Tino's position at the far end, close to the wall. A ship's officer rounded the deck, and Tino turned to empty his gun at the other man, who ducked to safety.

Then Dirk was on his feet, lurching against the wind. He sprang across the deck like a leopard, and plucked Tino. A short struggle, and he had Tino's arm twisted at the back, and was struggling with him towards the lounge, the wind at his back. They let Dirk in.

Ready hands wrenched the lifebelt away, and Tino stood still, quaking. "I know I'm a coward," he said. "I don't want to die. Now leave me alone. I'll behave."

Tino regarded the incident as closed. They were handing the life-preserver to the baby girl when Jane, with a deft movement, took the cork in her hands. She ripped open a seam in the cover, plunged her fingers in, and drew out the necklace with the Kokinor diamond! It blazed forth in the electric light.

"There's the murderer!" she said, pointing at Tino. "And this is all the evidence you need. That's why he risked his life to keep the preserver."

Tino turned and threw his weight against the door again. It yielded, and he plunged headlong on the deck outside before anyone could lay a hand on him. He got to his feet, struggled against the wind, but then a great wave, cascading down the deck, threw him against the rail. He clung there, as tons of water poured back out into the sea, and slowly his grip was torn loose. He screamed, and was swept overboard into the raging sea, a self-confessed jewel thief and murderer.

The hurricane took a crazy twist and passed on. Long before daybreak even the

high seas had subsided, but the ship was fast on the reef. In the dawn the fear-racked eyes of the passengers on the stricken liner saw a rescue ship on the horizon. They were taken off safely; the rescuing vessel steamed towards the mainland, omitting the Bermuda call.

Towards evening Dirk found Jane talking earnestly with the detective on deck. He came up to them, and said, "Snowshoes, you're a wonder!"

Snowshoes said, smiling, "It was Jane who did it. It wasn't I. I'm only a body-guard. I've got to keep an eye on Nora Lane for the rest of this cruise. She's gone back into seclusion. It's too bad she can't hide from her—unhappiness."

When the detective had gone away, Dirk faced Jane.

"How did you know?" he begged. "How did you know the Kokinor diamond would be hidden in the lifebelt? It sounds like a long chance—woman's intuition, or one of those things?"

Jane smiled. "Imagine my embarrassment if the diamond had not been there! We had nothing on Tino except that he was a café singer posing as a famous opera star."

"Go on, tell me," he said. Dirk was impatient to know, for he had something else on his mind he considered important. "The only thing I've guessed is that Tino actually threw the corpse overboard in the storm—to cover up his first crime. Then he shot Dutch Lenz."

"Of course!" Jane said. "But I'm afraid I can't take credit for being a great sleuth."

She said, "Tino simply gave himself away. Panic and fear brought the diamond to light. When the ship went on the reef, with the prospect of every man being thrown into the sea, Tino knew that no place was safe except his own lifebelt. Naturally, he didn't want to give it up. He made a great fuss over giving it up, to the extent of pulling a gun and holding the whole ship at bay."

DIRK ran a hand through his blonde hair almost exasperated. "But how did you know he had the jewel? You had to have some clue."

"No clue," she said. "There was no clue. I'm not a detective's stooge. You see, I had known Tino well during those few days. Shipboard romance! I knew the human side of him. I knew just how he'd react to any situation. I already knew he was a self-seeking opportunist. A cheap flatterer! But when I saw how much he repelled me, for his cowardice when the ship went on the reef, I began to hate him. I hated him so much in those few minutes that I simply thought: 'Tino loves himself more than anything else—honor, love, chivalry—any of those things. But Tino is also a shocking physical coward. He wouldn't have the nerve to hold a whole ship at bay, and then go out on deck and face the hazards of the storm, if there wasn't something more valuable to him, than his life. What would Tino value more than himself? He was vain. His vanity was his weakness. He would want money, a great deal of it. The Kokinor diamond. My knowledge of his character, then, was his undoing. The Kokinor had to be in the lifebelt. With the ship on the reef there was no other place where it would be safe in Tino's hands.'"

Dirk wagged a finger at Jane. "Young lady, you know too much about—people. Suppose you start on me, and tell me what

I'm thinking of right now. But I still think you couldn't have known. Even human nature changes. If you were with Tino at the time Mannie was murdered—"

Jane flushed. "Sorry. My vanity got him that alibi," she said. "I didn't recall it until the detective's steady questioning made me go over the night of the crime minute by minute, telling everything I did. There was a time Tino could have got the jewel, and killed Mannie. When we left the deck I stopped at my stateroom to powder my nose. Naturally Tino stayed outside. It was only a minute or two—"

"And in a woman's mind that means at least ten, long enough for Tino to have entered Nora Lane's suite, shot Mannie Jackson, who was probably there looking for blackmail evidence, obtained the diamond, and rushed back to murmur pleasant things to you. Young lady, your vanity shouldn't last so long! You're too human yourself."

"TINO was clever," she added. "He used me for the perfect alibi. Nobody would have suspected Tino! He was making love to me all the evening on deck. If he hadn't been panic-stricken the storm we might never have suspected him of a thing. And he left no clues any time. But you can't hide from yourself, especially when panic grips you in a storm."

"And you can't hide from yourself," Dirk hastened to add, "in love. One always knows. At least I do. I don't harbor illusions any longer. I'm in love with you just you."

"For you," she advised, avoiding his intense gaze. "It was just a cruise to nowhere. I'm sorry. You didn't spend a moment in those romantic islands in the southern seas."

Dirk scoffed. "It was hardly a cruise to nowhere! For me it has been a trip to the sun and the moon and the stars. But I feel safer—I'm back on earth with you. But surely you don't want to marry a man who is going to run a sawmill? There's nothing romantic and glamorous about lumber towns."

Jane said, "We can't hide from our fate by harboring precious illusions any longer. We both looked away out yonder for romance, but here it is—in our heart. You just ask me to marry you, and I'll say what I'll say."

He moved to kiss her, but as he took her hands a dry, waspish voice interrupted him. It was Madame Desmues, bobbing on the deck with her cane. "Shipboard romance," she said. "Go ahead! Go ahead!" she insisted, wagging her cane at them. "I'm an old woman, but I can stand anything no where is that bald-headed detective Snowshoes?" She cackled, drily. "He promised to teach me how to ski at La Placid. I'll probably take one jump, and break my fool neck, but I'll try anything now for excitement. It's good for my weak heart!" With a gesture of defiance she threw her cane overboard, and walked down the deck.

"Yes!" Jane repeated, almost insistent to Dirk's question he had never asked. "Yes!"

Then he kissed her.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

Printed for the publisher by Sydney Newspapers Limited, 311 Pitt Street, Sydney, and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 162-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.